THE SATURDAY EVE[illegal]

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Volume 199, Number 23

DEC. 4, 1926

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MR H TAYLOR
BOX 787
LANCASTER
PA 37-7

Norman Rockwell

CHRISTMAS

Buy Vegetables

as you buy fruits

You know how to be sure of quality in canned fruits. Why not be just as certain — in vegetables?

Many tempting varieties — all with the same dependability — the same uniform goodness and natural flavor.

Be sure you say

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"Take a letter Miss Byrne"

President Sutherland takes a shot at George Burt's "economy"

. . . And right here, George, is where I start saying "I told you so." Four years ago, when we decided to build that Morton plant and put you in charge as superintendent, I let you have your say on the specifications. One item you balked at was a Barrett Specification Roof—said you could get a roof that was O. K. for less money.

Now let's face facts.

We have nine plants scattered over the United States. Eight of those plants have been built anywhere from eleven to sixteen years. On those eight plants we have Barrett Specification Roofs. To date not one cent for roof repair or maintenance from those eight roofs. But what about the Morton plant, *your* plant, built four years ago with your just-as-good roof? That roof cost us last year $367.00 for repairs, plus damage to stock from roof leaks amounting to $2160.00.

Do I have to point the moral?—that cost per year of service, and *not* initial cost, is the important factor to consider when buying certain things. Roofs for instance.

Yours very sincerely,
R. K. Sutherland
President

* * * * *

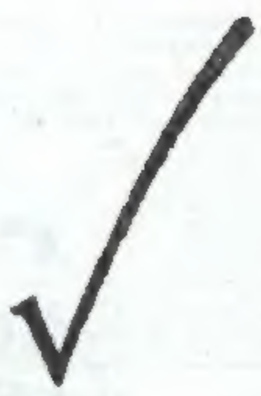
Experience has proved that a Barrett Specification Roof will show the lowest unit cost (the cost per square foot per year of service) of any roof.

With a Barrett Specification Roof the owner receives a Surety Bond which guarantees him against any expense for roof repairs or maintenance for 20 years.

Add this: Service records on file tell of great numbers of Barrett Roofs of this type laid 35 to 45 years ago which are still weather-tight—and never a cent for repairs or maintenance. Finally — Barrett Specification Roofs take the base rate of fire insurance.

Sounds interesting? Write The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City.

Barrett SPECIFICATION ROOFS



This column is addressed—

to men concerned with School, Factory, or Apartment building maintenance

FOR several years The Barrett Company has performed a rather unique service for building owners.

From time to time, at the request of men interested in the maintenance of large buildings, highly trained Barrett Inspectors have made careful surveys of the roofs of all these buildings and rendered detailed reports.

In many instances such examinations have resulted in large savings in building maintenance; and in the case of factories have undoubtedly prevented the loss of operating time and the damage to stock which often result from roof leaks.

Today Barrett is organized to offer this service to a wider list of owners. (The chances are it would prove valuable to you.) *Any recommendations will be impartial and based entirely on the actual conditions found.*

Ask yourself these questions:

"Have I any definite knowledge of the condition of the roofs for which I am responsible?"

"Are repairs or replacements necessary now? Do I know when any repairs will be necessary?"

"Is there danger of unforeseen interruptions caused by roof troubles?"

"Are all our roofs absolutely fire-safe?"

To answer these and any other questions, The Barrett Company with its 68 years of experience in the built-up roofing field offers you the benefits of its Roof Examination Service, free of charge or obligation.

Note: This service is available for big buildings, structures with roof areas of 5,000 square feet or more that are located east of the Rocky Mountains.

For detailed information regarding Barrett Roof Examination Service, address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City, or—

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector St., New York

Please send me full information about your Roof Examination Service. I am mailing this coupon with the understanding that there is no charge or obligation involved.

Name of Firm.....

Your Name.....

City..... State.....

Size of roof area.....

12-6-20

IN CANADA: **The Barrett Company, Limited**
5551 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec

ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES
No. 7

"Please don't call them blouses, mother —*they're shirts*"

"OF course, Tommy calls them '*shirts*,' now," smiled Mrs. Warner,* "but sometimes I still forget and call them '*blouses*.' He's so grown-up these days that he brushes his hair and changes his blouses without being told."

We were talking to Mrs. Warner about laundry soap. We had met her in the course of a day in Detroit while asking women what kind of soap they used and why they liked it. Hospitably she had invited us into her pleasant, sunny living room and shown us three or four blouses which she had washed for Tommy just that morning.

"I *always* use P and G," she said, "and it is very easy to tell you why. It gets the clothes *clean*. P and G requires remarkably little rubbing—neckbands and wristbands, sometimes, and places like that.

"Then, I like to be careful about my clothes. I hate faded colors and with P and G my things stay bright and fresh. Take these blouses, for example. They get awfully dirty at the wrist, yet you can see the cuffs haven't faded. This lavender striped one is over a year old and has been washed just about every week.

"P and G is a wonderful all-round soap. I use it for my dishes and all my cleaning, too."

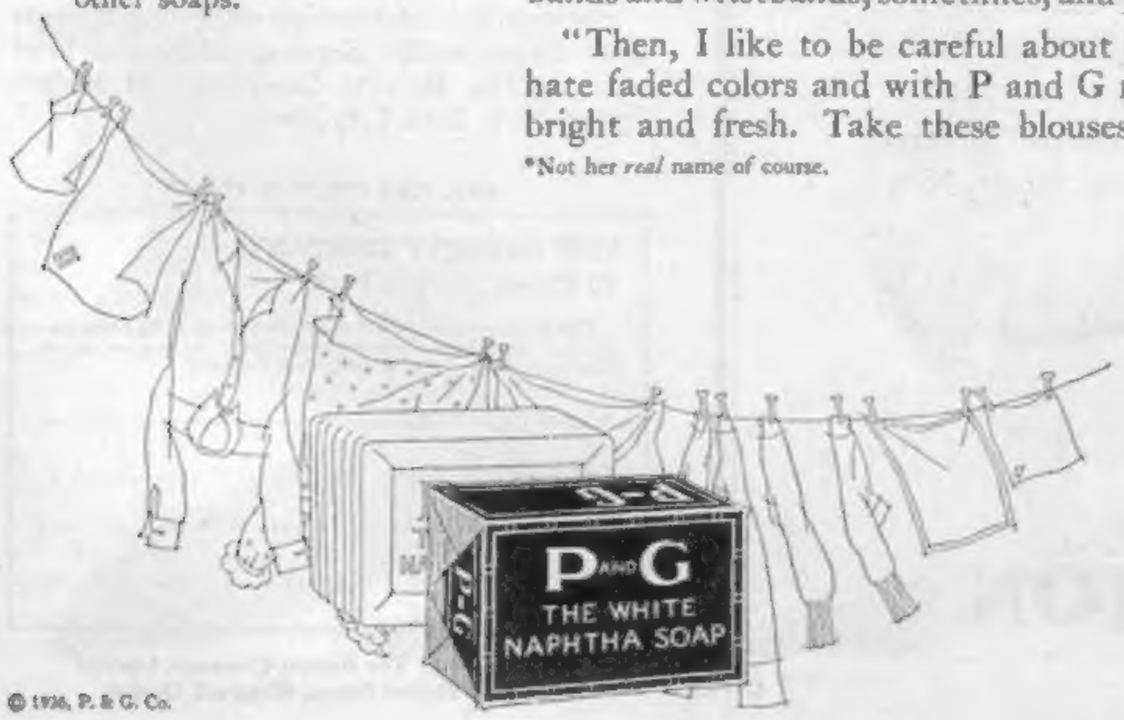
Millions of women have found that P and G is an ideal "all-round soap." Clothes come out dazzling white from P and G tubbings with a minimum of rubbing. And they have a fresh, clean fragrance afterwards that smells like sun and wind and all outdoors. With hot, warm, or cold water, P and G works beautifully—washes clothes, or dishes, or bathroom, or woodwork to absolute spotlessness. No wonder it is the largest-selling laundry soap in the world! We would suggest that you try it yourself to discover how much real help it will give you with *your* washing and cleaning.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*Not her *real* name of course.

The largest-selling laundry soap in the world —that is why it costs so little

P and G became popular because it was such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.



A time-saving hint from Mrs. Warner

"I iron my sheets at the same time that I iron small pieces. I simply place the sheet on the board ready to iron and then iron my napkins and handkerchiefs and other small pieces right on it. As the sheet gets ironed, I keep it moving. This little trick saves quite a bit of time."

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
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THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

By Corra Harris

I HAVE no idea what kind of story this will be, beyond the fact that it will not be a masterpiece and shall lack all the petit-point characteristics of that kind of literature. It shall be easily read and easily forgotten, like a song that goes and comes again in memory. I think the reason we love life for itself is because it is not a masterpiece, but something we can adjust to what we really are, without considering the rules of art or rhetoric. What I shall write will be a record of experiences not too great or profound to be beyond the wisdom of the humblest man or woman.

A masterpiece, in my opinion, is only a good thing if a master in living writes it, but if he is a little fellow it is his size. The masterliness of the performance consists in that—the perfect fit to the dinginess, the ugliness and the petit-point meanness of his own imagination.

PHOTO. BY W. ARCHIBALD WALLACE

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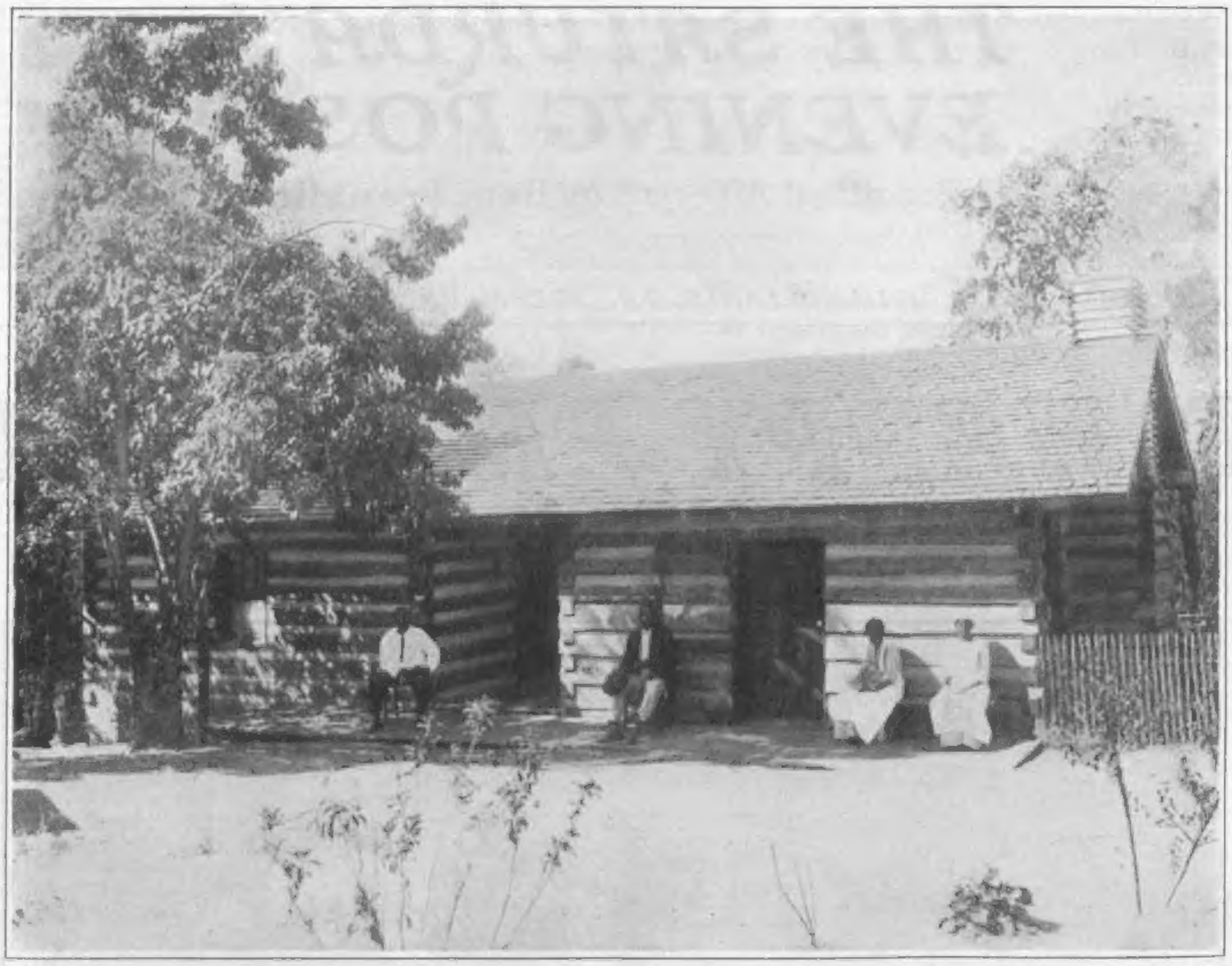
Corra Harris From a Recent Photograph. Above—The Home of Mrs. Harris, an Indian Cabin, Built and Occupied by Chief Pine Log Prior to 1830

Consider, for example, the first chapter of a lately popular novel. It bears all the earmarks of a masterpiece of literature, but it depicts one of the grossest scenes in everyday life—a pudgy, bald-headed man waking up early in the morning, blowing his nose, going through the whole process of bathing, shaving and dressing for the day. The author does not even spare the reader the sight of the wilted towels his hero leaves on the bathroom floor. He belongs to the school of modern fiction which makes a fine literary art of dramatizing all those incidents in Nature which we perform, but of which we do not speak in polite society. These authors are sophisticated literalists interpreting only the mental and animal life of men—really plagiarists, if you want to know the truth, of the same kind of stuff written in the medieval period with more vivacity and less malicious effort.

We are producing the same kind of material from which elder romancers like Walter Scott created their heroes and heroines, but the glory and a glamour have faded from the minds of men. Gerald Chapman has been substituted for Robin Hood. We are no longer related to life as the bead is to the wine. We are the transient reporters of ugly hours in living. A thousand men and women of our times write more brilliantly than the elder novelists did, in vain. They and their works perish quickly because they lack the verity and richness of the human heart to interpret life. They are not wise or brave, only intelligent. They no longer believe the best about men and women, and show a new kind of genius for portraying the worst without calling it by that name. They cannot interpret the loveliness of love, because for them love has fallen. They tell it shamefully, for others to read. They are primitives in literature, striking at life with the cloven hoofs of a primordial imagination. They do not know that it still takes the noblest thinking to interpret the meanest man. They do not realize that brains badly cultured make no records to glorify what men really are in spite of everything; that it is idealism, love, honest faith which produce the fadeless colors of human life in the written word.

It is with the gravest trepidation that I lay the scenes of my latest adventures where so many of these smarter people have lately gone before, teaching and preaching their doctrines. The shadows of their minds are bound to fall upon me. In fact, I now believe they had already dimmed my sight before I started upon these travels. But the halcyon period of my memories has passed, and I have written so many of them into the Circuit Rider stories to avoid the hysteria of suppressed spiritual instincts that the readers of these tales already know how many times I have made an end of one existence and started upon another without the prefix of death to account for the next one. There was never any change of scenes, always living my days over according to a change of circumstances, always bobbing up in the next volume accompanied by the same old Scriptures and the same honorable perversity of a woman determined to grow old and die in just her virtues.

This is the point: If you go on thinking one way and the world in which you live starts thinking like a house afire in the opposite direction, it is time to sit up, take notice and do a little revising of your personal copy, or die in the debit column of human souls. If you are teetotally out of drawing with your times something is wrong. No one can be that much nearer right than the majority. The atrophy of even a good character is not commendable. You can make a comedy of your virtues which is as ridiculous as any other comedy of errors.



Charles, Henry, Lula and Lena Resting at Their Cabin After the Day's Work

You understand, of course, that I am writing out only the ultimate conclusions that started me off on these adventures. The process by which I reached them was devious and incoherent, as you will see from the record that follows. They are confused and contradictory, like all the thinking we do before we copy it down according to the rules of the best writers and speakers. In this connection I may as well face the charge sometimes made against me by critics—that I am not cogent. I am accused of stopping in the midst of a narrative paragraph to interpolate several pages of reflections, extraneous matter that interferes with the flow of the narrative. It is a fact. I do that frequently. I am probably writing the tale just to get the chance to do it. It is only where you write fiction, make up your heroine and hero, predict beforehand precisely what they will do, that you can keep them busy doing, according to the literary rules of cogency.

In real life there is no such thing. You do a deed, dramatize your love affair or commit a crime. Then you sit down and talk to yourself by thinking about what you have done, or about something else suggested by it. What you think is nearly always more interesting than the measly little thing you accomplished—that is, to an intelligent reader, not a lazy one, who wants to jump upon the horse behind your hero and ride at a gallop through the tale. That sort of thing is hard on the author. He becomes no more than the slave of his play-boy reader, writing a merry-go-round to hold his attention and keep him from falling off.

Besides, if a famous novelist belonging to the latest school of fiction can spend a thousand words telling how a cat looks, with its tail up begging for breakfast, it does seem to me that a pleasant old person like this writer might enjoy the privilege of pointing up a decent little scene by rising above it with a few lofty reflections. Cogency can be a dreadful thing if you keep on being cogent when you should be decently silent.

Some critics of my work have also been unreasonable enough to complain of the tiresome similarity between the lives I have lived and published. As a matter of fact, the lives of all men and women are singularly alike, viewed from the inside. The considerable library of letters contributed to me by the readers of the Circuit Rider stories proves that they do not write to praise the tale. They must know that it is poor stuff considered from the literary point of view, but from every walk of life they have written to tell me how they have felt, thought, suffered, bled and died as many times as I have, with precisely the same hopes, defeats and aspirations. And they are comforted to discover that their own lives bear such a striking family resemblance to mine. This is sometimes a trifle embarrassing, but it is a fact that I do recognize a sort of third-cousin kinship to the best of them and a strong anti-family likeness to the worst of them. Let any honest man who has sufficient bravado publish not a mere confession, but the very truth of his secret heart, and he will be confounded at the cosmopolitan cloud of witnesses he raises who will confirm the record. We are all vain repetitions of each other, playing our rôles in different scenes and under different circumstances.

An egotist is a person with an inward sense of inferiority that frequently leads him to omit his own personal pronoun and hide behind the smallest numeral noun known to man. He will say, "One thinks thus and so." This has the appearance of modesty, but modesty is one of those dimmer, doubtful virtues that spring, oftener than we realize, from cowardice, or a sly effort to get the underhold in the argument without betraying one's identity by literally indorsing what one thinks.

I have sometimes been faintly annoyed by such people. They resent as brazen even the printed photograph of my own heroine pronoun. But imagine beginning an anonymous record of yourself as: "One" was born on such and such a date, or "she" was born, by way of indicating your gender! This is an affectation that would remove you at once from an intimate relationship to your reader. I have no such finicky feelings toward mine. My business and only worth as a writer is to stick as close to him as the ticking of his own heart. When I use my old gray-headed, plain-faced personal pronoun I give it a gallant stride across the page. I endeavor to enliven it with the wit, wisdom, tenderness and courage those other people have who never publish theirs—all relatives of mine!

Now and then one of them draws back shocked and writes to tell me that she never had any such views or feeling. I do not reply, but take a grinning satisfaction in the fact that she recognized them when she saw them on the printed page. In any case, what I have said that she denies is the truth for somebody. I sometimes put in a sentence portrait of myself to please homely women, or I drop the tear of one of my own thoughts to comfort one who grieves, or I say something to interpret the meanest little good woman I might, could or have been, by way of giving tongue to a great many men and women who would like to do the same thing—but never ceasing to pray for a moment of loftier inspiration in which to tell something noble about myself on behalf of those dumb great ones whom we always have with us. In short, it is not actually reprehensible to use your personal pronoun if you know how to use it, and it all comes to this: No man or woman is justified in writing a book, autobiographical or otherwise, if he cannot cast some kind of friendly light upon the vast adventure of living in this world. But if he can discuss the evils of it with good-tempered wit, give credit where credit is due, even if he has no merit in himself; if he can predict happiness and prove that we move as usual toward some "far-off divine event," he is justified.

We are all migratory by nature, never domesticated except by circumstances or necessity. Even then we keep our traveling minds. The poorest man who cannot escape for one day from his labor plans a trip now and then. The weariest woman thinks she will go away somewhere after a while and take a long rest. But neither one of them ever goes. The only rest or change they get until after the funeral is this wing motion of their thoughts. I have gone on many a long journey in my imagination and made stopovers in half a dozen foreign countries between dark and bedtime, especially after a hard day's work. But the next morning I was always at my desk as usual, copying the wings and tail feathers of an idea. My belief now is that I should have spent the remainder of my life in this valley without going out of it for more than a few days occasionally if Nature had not staged one of her little private tragedies by which she so frequently destroys a man or makes him over without taking him into her confidence beforehand.

Aunt Mary, for Many Years a Member of Mrs. Harris' Household

During the year 1924 I wrote three serials and passed through a severe drought on the farm here without being entirely defeated by either the editors or the weather. I should have been in good heart as usual, having always enjoyed a sort of vehemence in living, no matter how hard the going was; but by the end of that year I was out of conceit with myself. I began to feel pathetic inside where we all really live. It is a strictly human sensation, accompanied by tears, and has nothing to do with your obvious fortune or misfortune—the mood a woman is in when her husband asks her "What is the matter?" and she tells him "Nothing" in a sad, accusative tone which convicts him of some kind of occult guilt, in spite of the fact that he knows himself to be reasonably innocent.

But when you have neither husband nor family to sacrifice upon the altar of your grief it is difficult to react into your normal self.

My feet hurt me sometimes when I have been for a long tramp through the fields, but never in my life have I known what it is to be tired mentally. For nearly thirty years I have put in from ten to fifteen hours a day at my desk and finished up with the animation of one who has been on the wing all day. But that winter, every time I sat down to work, mere facts stuck to the end of my pen. It was as if the adder of the commonplace had stung me. I suffered from the virus of those literalists whose veracity can take the pigment out of the loveliest truth.

I have no artistic instincts. I am incapable of that elegant, cold-hearted thinking, out of which the finest literature comes. I could never paint a landscape with mere words, but I have what may be called a sanguine temperament toward Nature, and receive my best inspirations from scenes in the open, to be sketched into copy with any words that pop up, as one uses symbols to convey unspeakable meanings. Or maybe I get a lift from reading the will of God in the wind. I have been caught up in it many a time, like a funny old disheveled Elijah in petticoats, thinking about how it comes and goes in changing moods, but the same one that blew in the beginning.

I am not criticizing the author of Genesis, you understand—a writer who has held the interest and baffled the speculations of scientists and theologians for thousands of years as the greatest chronicler of natural phenomena known to man. Still, if I had written that book, I should have put in something historically convincing about the wind that must have blown the elements of creation together and been the great scene shifter of that period. What a blast that first one must have been that divided the waters from the waters, with these continents of dry land showing up age after age between! The earth splitting and the mountains bubbling high from the fierce heat below furnished the features and gave the earth its varied countenance, but I am telling you that the wind and weather had a sight more to do with setting things in order.

There is no science in such ideas, but a fool has as much right to exercise his imagination as a scientist. I am merely explaining the process of intoxication I have practiced as a writer, tanked up on the glory of God, never doing any thinking of my own, always getting inspiration from one source or another on the outside, borrowing my own thoughts from every man, the wind, Moses and the prophets; setting love, hope, faith down to such a tune, helter-skelter, and calling it a book. And invariably I got by with it, for no reason that I can think of, unless it is that many people prefer to have their aspirations doled out to them in some kind of literary powders, and their emotions recited to them in the golden words of another person, rather than hunt the wind and the stars for the cue to themselves.

It is a breath-taking business, and I was no longer equal to making the ascent. For the first time in my life I was sane and sober as a judge. What I mean is that I was very dull, incapable of imagining the brighter garments of truth. My vocation and higher life in the written word had been taken away from me.

Day after day I sat down to my desk, and remained there inarticulate, like the chief mourner at a funeral. I always keep the titles of a few short stories on hand like seeds in a flowerpot. I tried to bring up one with the singing romance of innocent young love. Nothing doing! The facts of modern life had me by the heel. I realized that love is no longer a little-boy Cupid, but an arrogant, sophisticated young adventuress who takes her lovers just as any other game is taken. Six months earlier no one could have taught me such diminishing information about love and lovers! Then I tried out another story, entitled The Multiple Man. The conception I had was of an ordinary man who can frequently produce half a dozen manifestations of himself in the community where he lives, some good, others bad, and still show up in the climax like the scarred young veteran of his transgression, ripened into an admirable character. The world is full of such men, and as a rule they develop more moral courage and strength than the perennial good ones. But no sooner did I have this one going both ways than it was time to call the police, which is a scandal I have never come upon before in my own creative work.

He was totally unsuited to the flights of noble thought I always make in the interest of the meanest character I undertake to portray. After days of scribbling I could not mix the best with the worst of him into a savory hero. Every time I drew the scratch of a pen on him he darkened into more and more of a blackguard. He had a vocative moral conscience, purely ornamental; his very virtues were predatory, if you can imagine such a thing; and he retained a light and joyful gift for rascality—no powers of secret repentance in him which afford the writer I have always been the best opportunities of interpretation. I could never get beyond the damnable deeds he accomplished. He had no better moments. Otherwise he was an engaging young man, thoroughly equipped with brains, romance raptures and an industrious disposition for producing copy for his outraged creator.

Corra Harris When She Was 34 Years Old

I had him by the scruff of the neck and could do nothing with him peculiar to my own way of thinking. I tore him to pieces, plucked out the vices an abler man might have changed into some kind of backhanded virtues, only to have him cut the wisdom tooth of still more entrancing wickedness.

This story was also abandoned, and I sat back mystified at my own performance. I was embarrassed. How had a woman who had used her imagination to climb so many ladders to the heavens come by so much circumstantial evidence of evil in the masculine character?

Vague rumors had reached me of a "Group" in New York being some kind of centrifugal force in modern literature, but as I never produce that kind, their goings on did not interest me. If I had been pinned down to expressing an opinion I should have said these little whirlwind movements prove nothing and rarely accomplish anything. They are like the dust spirals the weather publishes when it is about to change. I did not suppose these writers were doing anything worse than acquiring a certain amount of harmless publicity by entertaining book reviewers, joining hands, beating their brotherly fists together on the table and shouting "Give us liberty or give us death!" referring, of course, to the censorship of the arts which is not always liberal enough if you have written a doubtful book or have been seen performing the offices of a hostess sitting in a bathtub filled with the liquid you serve. These excesses must occur if you are entirely liberated from the shackles of common decency in the production of your arts. Now I am not actually accusing anybody or any group of persons, or endeavoring to shift the responsibility of having caught myself writing too many of the primitive traits into the scamp I was about to create, but I am setting down a certain suspicion for what it is worth. Diseases of the mind are and have always been more communicable than those of the body. We are subject to some kind of clairvoyance in this matter. The devil's dance swept like wildfire through Europe in an age when there were no morning papers or any other form of rapid transportation to carry the infection. And I merely submit that an innocent person, living in a remote place, with a good old mind, might contract the malady of modern thought just by being alive in the world at the time it rages. The New York group may be the guilty victims of the same circumstances.

About this time Miss Winnie, a good little old spinster of this neighborhood, fell sick unto death. She had never stood very high among us, being negligible and very simple. She had queered herself by the claim she made that she could see God and actually did commune with Him. This is not done now, and it put her out of drawing with a great many of the more enlightened saints. Personally I do not doubt her testimony, for she was literally pure in heart, but she could never describe in words the countenance of her

(Continued on Page 101)

Mrs. Harris and Senator Felton, Who Lives at Cartersville, About Twenty Miles Away From the Valley

Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Russia's Army is the Seediest-Looking Layout I Ever Saw. They Look About Like a Chamber of Commerce in Evening Clothes Lined Up to Meet Queen Marie

Leningrad, Russia.

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE,
Newly renovated White House,
Washington, D. C. [Drown Care].

Well, I guess you been watching Sectry New's help pretty close to see if they was bringing a letter up from the old front gate to you from me. I had a special delivery on this, but a fellow in Russia heard it was worth ten cents and he licked it off.

This is the town they used to call St. Petersburg. Then when the war come along with Germany and they got afraid Germany would capture it, they changed its name to Petrograd so it would fool the Germans and they wouldent know what town they were capturing. Well, that worked fine. Germany couldent find it, and just when the Czar and all his board of strategy was gloating over their clever ruse, why, a fellow named Lenin found out where it was, and he had never had a town named after him; in fact, they had always kept him moving so fast that he couldent tell whether the town was named after him or before him.

Well, he said, "If I take this town, will you name it after me?"

They replied in the affirmitive. So he found it and took it, and now it is named Leningrad. I found it; so if you hear of it being called Rogerskofsxzy, why, that will be partly in my honor.

From what I could gather from the old-time residents there, it used to be quite a place; kind of a cross between Hollywood, California, St. Louis and Chicago. It had the drab night life of Hollywood, the color, dash and brilliance of St. Louis and the pistol and rifle fire of Chicago. It is situated at the mouth of the Neva River; and when I say the mouth of the Neva I am wrong. I mean the mouths of the Neva. It's plural, and it's also singular that it should have so many mouths, but it has. It just can't make up its mind how to get out of Russia and empty in the Gulf of Finland. Nurmi is the capital of Finland.

The ground is very low under Leningrad; in fact, it's the only town in the world whose altitude is just exactly 0. There is towns that are above sea level, and there is towns that are below sea level; but Leningrad couldent make up her mind which she wanted to be, so she just split the difference.

You have to move twice a day in Leningrad—at low tide you live downstairs and at high tide you move back upstairs. It's built on poles driven into the mud and clams. Peter the Great settled it, but that is not why he was called Peter the Great. He lost an election bet—the other side spent too much money—and he either had to build a town in some odd place or roll a wheelbarrow around the living room, so he decided on the former. He got even with all the other Czars, for he put a Joker in the 19th Amendment of their Constitution, so they would have to live there. Like our old-time Presidents used to have to live in Washington in the Summertime. Winter starts the first week in July and ends the last week in June. Spring, Summer and Fall are not what you would call long, but they are comfortable—all three days are very pleasant. But with all its flatness, it's much the most beautiful City in Russia. The streets are all laid out straight and cross at right angles. It has some wonderful buildings and marvelous Churches.

It was the Capital of the Country when the Bolshevikis got it, but was so close to the Gulf that they got afraid somebody would come up there with a big Battleship and drop a few shots among the assembled Senators. You know, Communists like to throw things themselves at various Governments and prominent people, but they don't like the idea of being on the receiving end of anything in the nature of a bomb.

The city is much more modern and European than Moscow. Moscow has more of the Far East in its appearance, with all of its Mosque-like domes to all the Churches. It's really ancient, while Leningrad has been made to order. The main street is the Nevskii Prospekt. The Soviets have changed the name to the 25th of October. That's the date of a Revolution. They changed the old names on everything that was connected with the Czar's régime.

Now when these people took everything over and run everybody out that had anything, they took most of the Palaces and big places that belonged to the rich and made Museums and Schools and Clubs and Public buildings. Of course, they have not been able to keep them up in very good shape, but you can see what they must have been when the old Gang were going good. Course the main one most everybody is interested in is the Czar's Palace, or the Winter Palace. It fronts out on a great big square, composed of big old worn Cobblestones.

It was formerly called Palace Square, and is the one you have seen in most pictures showing the Czar's Armies and Revolutionary scenes; in fact, just about everything of any importance that wanted to happen in Russia for hundreds of years back had to wait for their turn to happen on this square. And it was in it that the present Government captured it from the Royal régime. It's now called Uritzsky Square. He was a Socialist that was killed here. They, as I say, always name things after the last man killed there on their side. If you get killed on the side that don't win, you don't get the place named after you; but if you do win, why, you can die knowing you had a square named after you, provided you are the last one killed. You must always be careful about that—pick your time to get shot. Get these names: The Garden of the Toilers another square is called; then there is the Square of the Victims of the Revolution. One of their bridges is called the Bridge of Equality.

This Palace was practically the constant home of the Czars. It is now a Museum. Part of it is given over to

what is called the Revolutionary Museum—more about that later. The Palace has seven hundred rooms. If a young Czar ever forgot the number of his room, he would be an old Czar before he found it. The Apartments of Nicholas I, Alexander the II and Nicholas II are shown as they were as historical memorials, including all the big rooms of State.

Then you come to the Apartments of the late Czar and Family. It almost looks as if they had left it that morning. All their personal photographs of people we are familiar with in these times, with personal writing on them, are there—a great many photos taken with King Edward, and enlargements from what must have been snapshots of various groups of the family. The whole thing looked like the rooms in any wealthy man's home with a family—that is, one that has always been wealthy. Everything was modern and up-to-date. No big Gold furniture; all things that you could use in a home today and not attract any attention.

They had a Telephone connection, with a little switch thing on it that they could connect with the Opera and hear everything.

They had even the Children's colored Easter eggs, and dozens of pictures of them on their Ponies and in sleighs. Pictures in all kinds of little silver and some just ordinary cheap frames.

In the Czarina's bedroom the ceiling and the Tapestries are covered with some sort of blue floral design. Her devoutly religious nature shows very plainly by the fact that the rooms are full of Icons and many images of Saints. There were lots of little personal keepsakes that had been given by friends. In the drawing-room is some Louie the 14th furniture given them as a wedding present by King Edward. The Czar's rooms is just about what you would see in a Gentleman's Apartment today, only a great many Japanese things—gifts received on a visit of his to the Far East.

It looked like these folks, when they got away from the pomp and parade of appearing in public, tried to live like human beings. It was so simple and modest that I doubt if an Oil millionaire or a Moving Picture Star would have lived in it without having it redone.

There is one thing that this Soviet outfit has certainly done, and that is go in strong for Museums. I think there is some 700 museums in the various Cities and towns. They are trying to develop Art, and they have some of the most wonderful art treasures in the world. You see, they not only have the State but all the private collections of all the rich nobility that have had it handed down in families for dozens of generations.

Now I don't know just how far that Art thing is going to get them. I am not so strong on art myself as a commodity. I think most countries have kinder overestimated the importance of our Artists and underestimated the importance of people that did something to help provide Corn Bread and Bacon and cheapen the things we had to have. Athens, Greece, was mangy with Art. Now they ain't eating regular. Rome had nothing to recommend it but art and broken columns till Mussolini come along and made 'em all throw their paintbrushes in the Tiber and go to work at something productive.

So, after looking over Russia, I believe there is a hundred things I could think of to improve them with besides Art. Russians need meat right now worse than they do naked Statues. The thing about all these Museums is, when you have gone through one of them you have gone through all of them. You take the Hermitage in Leningrad—which, by the way, is one of the most famous museums in the World; it's right next to the Czar's Palace and had an entrance from the Palace. You take it and the Louvre and the Metropolitan in New York, and the big ones in Rome and London—they give the ordinary man just about all the art he can digest in one lifetime.

Russia don't need to develop so many men who can paint or sculpture a beautiful, well-rounded human body. What they need is somebody that can provide the wherewith to fill out that well-rounded body. Los Angeles got the right idea. Instead of having seven hundred Museums, they got seven thousand filling stations. If you got a big family, art is all right for one son to indulge in; but you want to have the other 12 to bring home some revenue and feed him and humor him. It should only be indulged in by every 13th member of a family, and then only after unanimous consent and sacrifice of the other 12.

Now we go into the Red Museum, which is part of the Palace. Oh, Baby, talk about a Chamber of Horrors! Huber's Museum and Madam Tussaud's waxworks would be children's nurseries in comparison to this blood-and-thunder outfit. It was founded in 1921 and everything in it is connected with revolutions; not only Russian Revolutions but anybody else that happened to have had a good bloody Revolution and had any old Guns or Bombs or skulls or anything that would make particular decorative atmosphere.

On account of its short life, they make apologies for the small amount of material. But I couldent see any need too. It looked to me like they had done pretty well, and the only way they could get any more horrors in there would be to get some more people killed. So I think in the Revolutionary Museum line they can well report Progress. They can just load up the old Bombs they got there now and blow up half of Europe.

As you enter, there will be a wax-size figure of an old boy with a Bomb drawn back just ready to shy it at a Czar out on a Balcony. Then there are big loud-colored paintings all over the walls that look like Movie Lithographs, showing Cossacks charging Women and Children and cutting

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Why, There is Only Two Pair of Trunks in Russia, and They Were Being Mended the Weeks I Was There

It is Hard to Be a Rich Man's Son

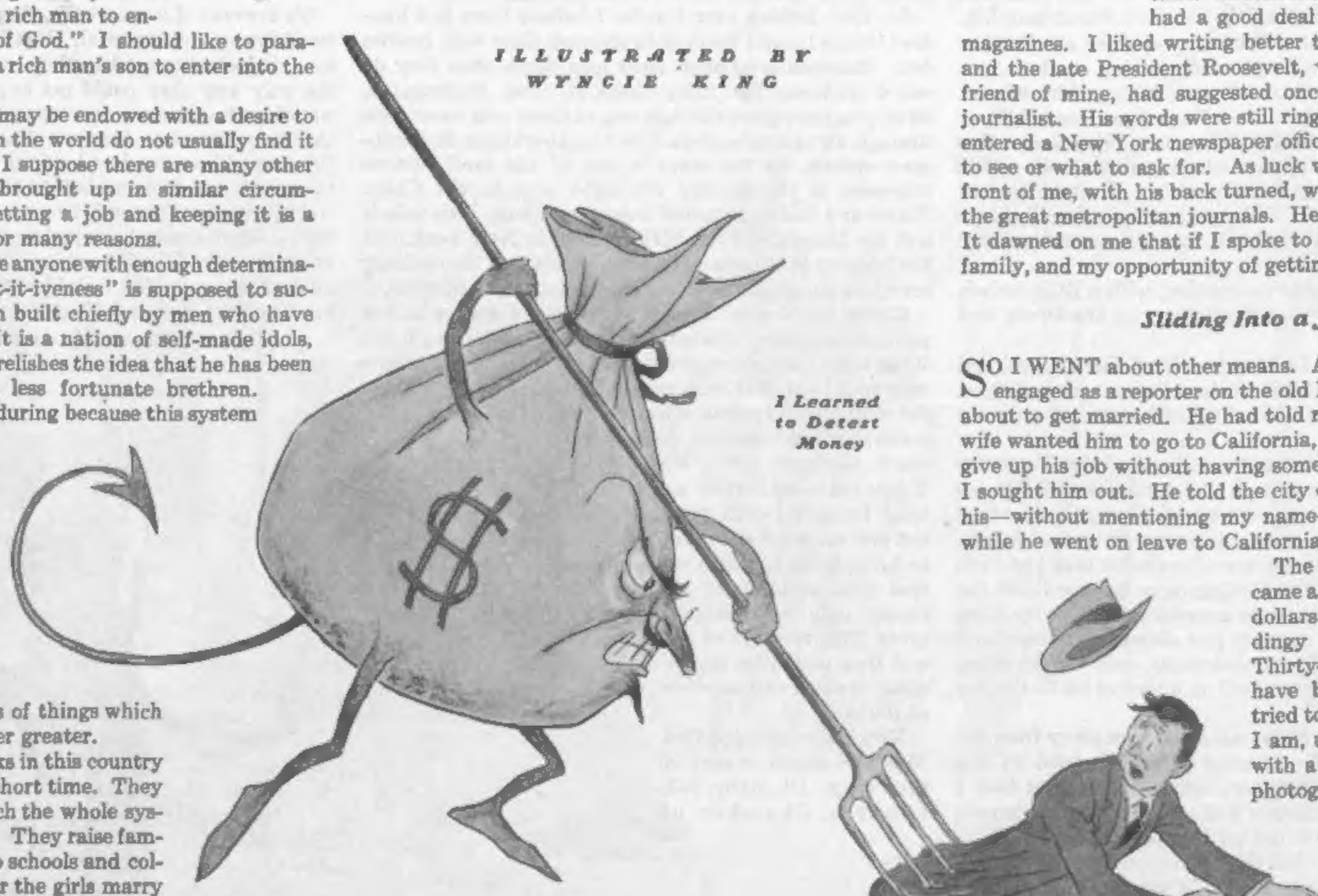
By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

THE Bible says "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." I should like to paraphrase this—"than for a rich man's son to enter into the business world."

Rich men's sons who may be endowed with a desire to accomplish something in the world do not usually find it easy. Invariably—and I suppose there are many other young men born and brought up in similar circumstances—the task of getting a job and keeping it is a difficult one; difficult for many reasons.

America is a land where anyone with enough determination, stamina or "go-get-it-iveness" is supposed to succeed. America has been built chiefly by men who have risen from the ranks. It is a nation of self-made idols, almost any one of whom relishes the idea that he has been able to rise above his less fortunate brethren. America is great and enduring because this system is permitted to exist. Foreign countries would not tolerate this type of business autocracy. Maybe, however, that is why America leads the rest of the world in industrial and financial achievement—because she has learned how to tolerate all kinds of things which have in the end made her greater.

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING



I Learned to Detest Money

Men rise from the ranks in this country of ours in a surprisingly short time. They become pillars upon which the whole system of the nation is built. They raise families; their children go to schools and colleges; and sooner or later the girls marry and the boys go to work. A century or two ago, when our earlier families of great wealth were making a reputation for themselves, their male descendants joined the companies which their fathers had founded, and helped them come to the fore. Today industrial activities in the United States have assumed such gigantic proportions that it is difficult for any man, Henry Ford excepted, to rule any business single-handed. Today there are boards of directors, executive committees, and the like, who operate the business enterprises of the land.

The sons of the executives of these great modern corporations, if they are instilled with a desire for service, find it unbecoming to endeavor to help along that business without first having obtained a groundwork knowledge of the manner in which it is conducted. On the other hand, many of the sons of well-known men, on account of the manner in which they have been brought up, do not relish the idea of beginning at the bottom. Most of those who even condescend to such a thing, give up their jobs long before they have learned the essentials necessary for leadership.

A Waste of Good Money

THAT is probably a reason why business people generally look with so little favor at the rich man's son who may earnestly desire to be given the same opportunity in life as the son of the man from down the line. But regardless of what it is, a rich man's son, intent upon making a name for himself, has as difficult a time as can be conceived.

First of all, no man burdened with a prominent name is ever given half a chance at anything unless he just forces his way along regardless of the consequences.

Next, no matter how hard he tries to accomplish something, he is confronted by someone anxious to criticize. He is condemned before he has begun to achieve. His most earnest endeavors are ridiculed by people who claim, by his attempting to work, he is robbing some less wealthy person of a position.

Later, if he has been fortunate enough to get that far and create his own business enterprise, the animosity of his rivals is constantly at work. The rumor goes out that this new business is no competitor for older, more established firms, but is, instead, a rich man's toy, put into being just in order to give the individual something to do, and that whether it is successful or not makes little difference to the founder and his pocketbook. Too, he is beset by people who try in every conceivable fashion to entwine themselves with him and his enterprise. However they obtain entrée makes little difference. The fact remains to outsiders that they are his friends or his business colleagues. For a while even the most hardened of these keeps his peace; but time and circumstances will tell. The professed friendship develops into a grandiloquent scheme of usury; and unless the individual so pressed exerts a powerful will, he is the target of an unscrupulous group of individuals.

Further, the rich man's son who goes after a job on his own accord, should he be fortunate enough to find and to keep that job, will be constantly faced with the fact that his pay check is often lower than that of the man next to him, though they are both doing identically the same sort of work. If he should question this, he will learn, usually, that the firm does not believe he really needs the money, so why should they give it to him to throw away!

It is seven years since I made up my mind to go to work. I was just out of Uncle Sam's Army, having served many months as a buck private in France. Previous to my war experience I had been brought up in private schools and by private tutors and governesses in all parts of the world. I had traveled an extraordinary amount for a child so young, and I had acquired a lot of book knowledge as well.

Of life as it really existed, I knew next to nothing, though I had seen life at its worst in my two years in the Army. My parents wanted me to continue my education, to go through college—I was headed for Yale, and had passed my entrance examinations. After college they thought I might like to try for a degree in an English university. And after that I was expected to enter my father's business and learn how to take care of the investments in which he and members of his family were interested. With the true characteristics of many of our old-time families, my parents never thought to consult me as to the life they were planning for me to live.

But I had ideas of my own. Where they came from is difficult to imagine. Evidently some of my great-great-grandfather's blood flows in my veins. Perhaps, also, my army experience changed my point of view. Regardless, without telling my parents for fear they might intervene, I set out quietly one morning to try to find a job.

I had been thinking it over for some time. In school and in the Army I had had a good deal of experience editing magazines. I liked writing better than almost anything, and the late President Roosevelt, who was a very good friend of mine, had suggested once that I try to be a journalist. His words were still ringing in my ears when I entered a New York newspaper office. I had no idea who to see or what to ask for. As luck would have it, right in front of me, with his back turned, was the editor of one of the great metropolitan journals. He knew my family well. It dawned on me that if I spoke to him he would tell my family, and my opportunity of getting a job would be lost.

Sliding Into a Job

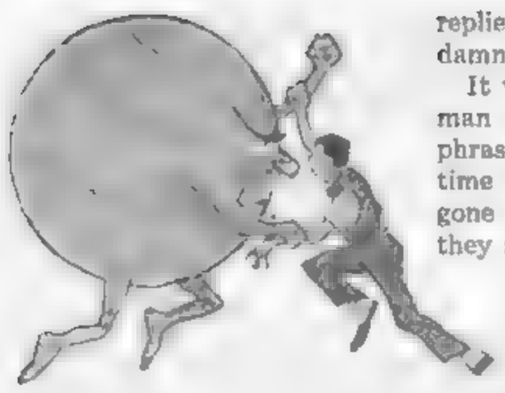
SO I WENT about other means. A friend who had been engaged as a reporter on the old New York Herald was about to get married. He had told me previously that his wife wanted him to go to California, but that he could not give up his job without having someone to take his place. I sought him out. He told the city editor that a friend of his—without mentioning my name—would fill his place while he went on leave to California.

The following day I became a cub reporter at thirty dollars a week, in the dark, dingy old print shop at Thirty-fifth Street. It would have been useless to have tried to keep my name quiet. I am, unfortunately, blessed with a face which has been photographed so often that it is recognizable almost everywhere.

To me the glorious privilege of being independent, of earning my way through a process of brain and bodily energy, was about the most wonderful thing on the horizon. I was not worried then concerning the consequences or the pitfalls that awaited me. I did not know in those days the things I know now—of the hardships to be faced, of the toil and the sleepless nights just because I happened to be a rich man's son.

At home that night I said nothing. Next morning the American press did all the talking that was necessary. Shortly afterward my parents summoned me, and I was told, with no mincing of words, that I would be given just twenty-four hours to resign my job. To the ordinary individual such treatment is difficult to understand. It was to me, even though I knew my parents better than anyone else. I could not understand why they would not be proud of me because I had wanted to work, to add to the annals of American life and letters something that might live as long as the name and the fame of my ancestors. But, no; their decision had been made. It stood iron bound. It was their will or mine.

Years and years ago, while returning from a railroad inspection trip in the Middle West, Commodore Vanderbilt, my great-great-grandfather, then president of the New York Central and affiliated lines, was disturbed in the middle of the night by an energetic reporter, who is said to have forced his way into the old gentleman's private car, as reporters are wont to force their way sometimes, and inquired for an interview. Awakened from a sound slumber, the old gentleman was not very courteous in his reply, whereupon the reporter, using a bromide amongst newspapermen, said that "the public were demanding to know something"; and the commodore



replied, "The public be damned."

It was a newspaperman who coined that phrase, and since that time those words have gone around the world; they are on the lips of executives and employes. Often descendants of the old gentleman have winced at their usage; and certain it is that every means under the sun has been used by my family to eradicate them, but to no avail.

Later, as industrialism crept from infancy to its present-day stage, newspapers came into being; and whilst some took the middle ground, others turned the light of publicity on individuals and tore to bits the scandalous doings of people of affairs. For years my family had suffered with the rest; and though I can conceive of few more innocent old-fashioned people, they had been accustomed to being painted in garish hue by the press of the land. To them, therefore, the press existed in this manner or lost in its race for supremacy. As a result, my family did not believe it possible for any man to succeed in the publishing business until he resorted to such methods. Constructive journalism was to them simply a name for something that could never be achieved. Newspapers, in their thought, existed merely for the abuse of persons who had acquired wealth.

Nevertheless, later in the day I tried to argue with my family that my joining as an apprentice and learning the business had nothing whatsoever to do with such methods in the newspaper field; but my words went into deaf ears. The result of it was that I remained in newspaper work, but not without the greatest animosity possible from almost every single member of the family.

Soon after securing my job my troubles on the outside began. Every day I realized more than ever just what a man had to undergo because his father happened to be wealthy. I learned to detest money. The idea of vast sums of wealth made me thoroughly sick. In my own way of looking at things I was the same as anybody else, but it did not take me long to realize that the other fellow didn't think so, or if he did, he didn't like to acknowledge it.

The Old Shoe

J. K. OHL, in 1919 managing editor of the old James Gordon Bennett New York Herald, once said to me, "The joke of it all is, Vanderbilt, that people either fear, respect or despise you because you are a rich man's son. None of them know you as we do here. If they did they would realize you are more like an old shoe—worn and tried and worn again—than the sort of egotistical person they expect to find."

But before they knew me on the Herald, I found they were inclined to minimize my going to work. All sorts of exaggerated reports were in the air. It was said that I used a high-powered car to cover my assignments. Rumors were out to the effect that a detective was constantly with me; other rumors that I had gone to work merely as a publicity stunt—as if I had not received enough publicity all my life and craved some more. Some of the editors seemed afraid to give me difficult jobs; the easier assignments crept into my letter box; other editors liked to show off, and sent me on the most unheard of errands. Everyone with an ax to grind seemed eager to whet it on me.

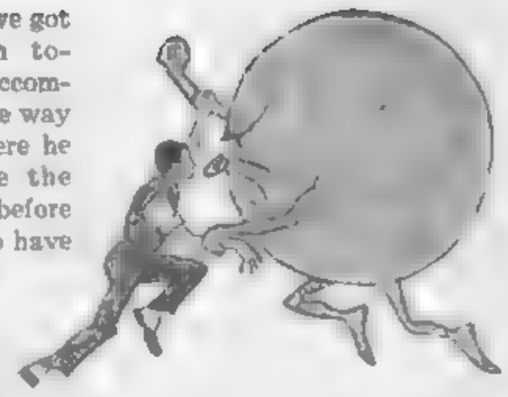
At every turn in my new chosen field there was an obstacle of some sort, erected, it seemed, by any individual who had it in for the rich man's son. Many times I was sent off on assignments to places where I was recognized, and where at once I was met with every kind of proposal other than in line with my business.

On one occasion I had been sent to write up an old-fashioned dance, given in a little village on Long Island not far from New York. I arrived just before the dance began and told the servant at the door that I was a reporter. He looked me over from head to foot in a most upstage fashion, and must have decided I was too shabby to be admitted to the ballroom; whereupon he informed me I could get my story by looking through the window.

I had been at the window for perhaps a half hour when someone inside the room evidently recognized me. A moment later I was led into the room, where many apologies were offered. The next thing my overcoat was off and I had been pushed to the head of the line and asked to lead the Virginia reel. Whether it was hospitality or the thought of my unknown host of securing publicity for his dance through the use of my name, I was never quite able to determine; though I strongly suspected the latter.

Others sought me out, thinking that through my inexperience in journalism they could get free publicity by attaching themselves to me. Still others threatened me personally when I turned up for a story which bordered on making trouble for them. On one occasion a prominent man under arrest for murder threatened to bring suit on me for the manner in which I trailed him constantly when he was out on bail. I was the first correspondent on the American continent to secure an interview with the Prince of Wales. All my colleagues in New York said, "Of course Vanderbilt got it. We could have, too, if our name had been Vanderbilt." But they never took into account that it had taken me five solid weeks of the hardest work imaginable, of disguises galore, of jumping freight trains, of holding telegraph wires, and of every kind of stunt in order to get near to His Royal Highness; and that not once in the whole procedure did I use my name for any favor at all.

Another time I was sent to cover a radical leader who was traveling through Canada under an assumed name. I found him in a Vancouver hotel, after a seemingly fruitless search of many weeks. I told him I was a cigar salesman, and we got to be quite good friends. He was going East and so was I, so we got a drawing-room together; and I accompanied him all the way to Montreal, where he quietly gave me the slip a few days before a big strike was to have occurred in the United States.



I did not like to wire the Herald that I had lost this man, for I knew they would all be saying to one another down there: "I told you so. You can never be certain of a rich man's son"; so I hunted all over Montreal. That evening in the ballroom of one of the largest hotels I spied him. After the dance was over I did not show myself.

Parlor Pinks and Society

OUT in the hall he accidentally dropped a piece of paper out of his pocket. Later I picked this up. The address was that of a clothing shop in the old part of town. Next morning I went there, asked for him and was ushered into a little room in the rear where he was sitting. The door was closed and I heard a bolt snap. The radical got up, told me he had known who I was all along, and that, since I had come after him, he wanted to know what was my game. He drew out a revolver and brandished it menacingly. I told him I represented an American newspaper and that they desired to know about the strike. At first he would not believe me. He thought I was a spy for the railroad of which my uncle was president. Then he told me there was not going to be any strike. He got more and more menacing in his threats to me, and I was really beginning to be afraid. At this juncture the bolt was unlocked and someone came into the room; I stepped back quickly and sidled out, expecting every moment to hear a bullet whiz past. Out on the street I saw a policeman. In my best French I asked him to arrest a man who carried a gun and who had threatened me. A moment later my friend, the radical, was in the strong hand of the law, and as is the custom of the police, they frisked him. They gave me the papers he had in his pockets to go through. The one I wanted "accidentally" slipped into my own pocket. The radical was then arrested on a technical charge of threat to use force.

Next morning the Herald carried a complete schedule of the strike, how the communists would function, and all other details. In New York they said: "Vanderbilt got that because he's a little bit of a parlor Bolshevist himself, you know."

Which brings to mind that all wealthy young men who break away from family ties and traditions, and do not dissipate, are supposed to be a little parlor-pink. Members of society generally, and their friends, have an idea that one must be socialistic if one desires to get out with the rest of mankind and hustle for an existence. It does not seem to be generally understood that the scion of a wealthy family imbued with the service idea can follow the middle ground as well as anyone else. The man in the street has an idea this young fellow must be a representative of the interests; his family and friends, that he is a Bolshie.

Few rich men's sons who try to make a name for themselves escape the daily-mail deluge, more prevalent perhaps after his picture has appeared in the papers. All kinds of mail come to hand—from the begging epistles to the mash notes, from blasphemous lines to the eulogistic. It is no wonder that most persons in the public eye resent the affability of the individual, ever present on some occasion of note, who calls him by his first name and indignantly demands to know why his letters have not been answered. Last year just as an experiment I figured up the total amount asked for in begging letters. It aggregated $8,345,676.26, and there were 21,456 letters of request. Too, last year I received more than 19,000 mash notes from young women in all parts of the globe, of whom 11,000 sent their photographs and complete descriptions.

I resigned from the Herald, and two weeks later secured a job on the New York Times, where I remained for

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Just Because I Happened to be a Rich Man's Son

THE LIGHTHOUSE ON LONG ACRE SQUARE

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

The Site Was Commanding; a Building Thereon Could Have Been Seen From Afar Off, Would Have Been Seen From Sidewalks Crowded From Gutter to Building Line by People Mostly Come to Gape

HIS name was Royal MacGregor, but he was better known in the New York building game as Rob Roy. A broker with his office in his hat fastened the nickname on him; this man sued MacGregor for eighteen thousand dollars, claiming that thumping sum as a commission on the sale of a house, and he went around wailing when the court refused to countenance his grandiose delusion. He received hollow sympathy from the builders and operators, and was comforted with crocodile tears—his auditors knew Rob Roy, and knew that he wasn't letting honest debts go to suit—but they liked the broker's nickname more than his tale of woe. It had a fine, free ring, a suggestion of ably planned and boldly done forays. It seemed to make of Royal MacGregor a symbol and a stereotype, a fixed quantity and calculable; the dark-gray eyes in his large pale face would look at them thereafter less inscrutably.

His office was down on Wall Street where people get suddenly and hilariously rich, where office boys forgo their noonday hot dogs in the Ann Street Busy Bee for the sake of cleaning up twenty thousand dollars apiece, or even less, and as the fruit of such denial, borrow a nickel apiece at five o'clock to ride home.

Rob Roy was not in Wall Street of necessity—he would have been as well placed in Cedar or in Pine, and better in Forty-second. The Stock Exchange was across the way from him, and the Curb Market—looking, as always, like a rowdy chowder party—was carrying on between the littered gutters of Broad Street around the corner, but Rob Roy never put down a bet. He would have ascribed this to caution—he thought he was a cautious and fearful man—but it was probably the fact that his own game absorbed him. Then, too, he was always short of money, having only a very few million dollars and every dollar earmarked. He was in the real-estate business, to be inveigled into operating by cunning brokers, going by preference and with confidence into building.

His office was a sober little three-room suite that had once housed the business activities of a well-known state official. Rob Roy's distinguished predecessor had shone in public life. During his term he was one of the most influential officials the state ever had, but he didn't step out of office to become the finest business man. He failed, honorably, but utterly. His picture, framed in burnished gold over molded plaster, was still on the office wall. It looked resolutely at the safe from which his name had been rubbed; it looked at the solemn furniture of American walnut that had been his, and its gaze was not flustered when it encountered a trace of the auctioneer's red chalk. There was a presence in the three rooms, and bluffly bawling contractors and calculatedly excited brokers couldn't lay it. Rob Roy, promoter, speculator, forestaller of the city's space needs, builder of a daring that spelled foolhardiness to many wise men, but vestryman of his church and a sober-sided family man, liked his quarters, liking conventions and settled ways.

People coming to New York are wont to gape more or less sophisticatedly at the big buildings. Even the native-born raises his eyes once in a while and is surprised to see what's been going on since he looked up last. New York's annual building program is something like a billion dollars. There is no boom, and yet there are peppy municipalities between Key West and the Golden Gate that don't build that much in a very good year, and even admit it in private. Visitors walk down streets of dumpy little brownstone fronts, the quaint little domiciles that saved our merchant princes of the 70's and 80's from undesirable publicity, and they see a watercourse of granite, and massy portals of bronze, and a curtain wall of Indiana limestone that causes them to crane their necks, and they are before a brute of a building that seems to lean right over them. And there's another one going up there—and look at that whopper!

East Side, West Side, all around, shooting up ever faster from the steely blue gneiss of Manhattan. Most of it speculatively built. Rob Roy had his string of speculative builders, men worth from fifty thousand dollars to ten times as much, but willing to make a modest turn on a big job for the sake of his cooperation.

His *modus operandi* was simple. He selected a site, sewed it up on a shoe string, exhibited a few penciled figures to the controller of a lending institution and got a tentative promise of a building loan. He then offered the proposed job to his builders, agreeing to go behind the building loan and take a second mortgage for his trouble. Without being

told, the builder knew that he was paying Rob Roy handsomely; that when he agreed to give his patron a second mortgage for a hundred thousand dollars Rob Roy wouldn't have more than twenty thousand of his own canny dollars in the job. But the builder commonly found it worth his while; there were imponderables. Standing in Rob Roy's shadow, his credit was A1; subcontractors didn't put 10 per cent on their bids for insurance. The lending institution didn't watch him like a hawk for fear he would grab a payment and leg it away. He couldn't be frightened into renting under the market; he wouldn't make a bum trade while he had one of the city's keenest appraisers at his service; Rob Roy's private lawyer, Jake Wolf, wasn't hovering hopefully around the corner with a complaint in foreclosure behind his back.

Among Rob Roy's jobs was the Ladies' Wear building, a block front in the West Thirties with a ground area of two hundred by two hundred, fourteen stories high, and costing fourteen hundred thousand; the cost is genuine prewar. Jim Moore, the builder, took a quarter of a million dollars cold-cash profit out of that job, and promptly sank it without trace in a job of his own. With that dizzy profit in his fist, and with Rob Roy a hundred and a quarter richer for doing just nothing—the phrase was Jim's—Jim decided that he was easy; and so he was. His next job was a five-story walk-up in the Bronx.

Rob Roy put up, under one of his dozen aliases, the Three Theaters building on upper Broadway, a structure having a two-a-day vaudeville house on the street floor, and a moving-picture palace upstairs, and an open-air show on the roof for the summer. Another of Rob Roy's jobs was the Hohenzollern—prewar—a fourteen-story apartment hotel filling a whole block between Amsterdam and Broadway; that house has a kitchen on every floor. The ultimate investor was a bit of an economist, and he put in a cooperative store to save his tenants' money, thereby insulting them and making them feel cheap. Eighty-four of them moved out in a huff. Rob Roy foreclosed a second mortgage on the economist during the war, and resold the building during the housing panic at a profit of eight hundred thousand dollars; it is a big house.

And, oh, yes—he built the Lighthouse on Long Acre Square, a building that made people nervous for months, they couldn't imagine what in thunder the thing was for. Now, there's a story. We'll come back to the Lighthouse in a moment. You know, there are drama and intrigue and human interest in the story of every one of those monstrous buildings; they don't just sprout like sunflowers. If you're interested mildly we'll look into a few of Rob Roy's sixty or seventy jobs, and we'll start with the Lighthouse, starting at home. He lived up there for years, in a heaven-bound French château, and grew as fine roses as you'd want to see, in a garden two hundred and twenty feet above the Subway kiosk. It wasn't such a queer fancy. It's queerness that incites a man to live on the street level in New York, getting traffic officer's headache from the burned gasoline, eating smoke, deafened by the infernal din, and airing his wash upon a fine flat roof.

Rob Roy had not been a practical builder, as practical builders say who are wont to go home to their wives with plaster on their brogans and brick dust in their hair. For that matter, neither were Joe and Leo Banga practical builders in that sense, and those boys share pretty equally with the New York Central the credit for today's Park Avenue. None of the Palermo clan—the group that built more big West Side houses than anybody else—ever held a union card; one was a physician, another an architect, and so on. The man whose name occurs to a real-estate man thinking of New York's palatially housed garment trade used to be a pants maker. Rob Roy appears first in history as assistant controller of the National Realties, a twenty-five-million-dollar pipe dream that went blah in 1907. It had been initiated and was managed by brokers, and was naturally full of hope. On a falling market it grabbed big houses by the handful, giving nonnegotiable bonds in trade, and made fine pickings in due course for a receiver and his merry men.

It was while playing straw boss on a West Eighty-first Street job in the cheerless winter of 1907 that Rob Roy met Mile High, the colored man who was his superintendent of construction through his great days. The Eighty-first Street job failed when Matt Morris, the builder, put his few thousand into the old swamp there without finding footings, but the job put Rob Roy on his feet. There's a story, too, but it's not this one.

Mile High—his right name was Myles Heyler—was a practical builder and no comedy character, in spite of his humorous sobriquet. He didn't even have a comedy dialect; he was born over in the old colored neighborhood north of Hell's Kitchen, and lived up in Harlem afterward in his own brownstone front. He was a huge, gaunt man, six-foot-four and able to carry a sack of cement in either hand like a bean bag. As he couldn't get a union card in the New York building trades, he worked around buildings as handy man, and learned how the things are stuck together, from water tank to fabricated shoes. He was a worker, having gone to the right school. He used to juggle tubs of mortar and loads of brick for Mike Murtagh, the mason, and Mike was one nervous, nagging devil to work for. In those days a bricklayer put his sixteen hundred brick into the wall or was given his time; well, as like as not, he was given his time—fired—anyway. In those days Mike used to stride up and down his wall like a possessed man, glaring at the forty or fifty fellows who were hurling it together, firing one of them per hour like clockwork. Mile High eventually threw up his two-dollar job with Mike and went to work for an arch man at two

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"Going to Build a Shot Tower, Sir?" Said Mile High Lightly

THE MAGIC OF THE MOVIES

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE

Some of the Power Boats and Surf Boats Used in the Production of Feet of Clay

"MADAM," said the judge of the Superior Court, on a day when I had been watching him listen to other people's words that he might decide whether one set of words had been copied without credit from another set, "I hear that authors get a fixed sum for every word they write. Is it so?"

"Some writers do, judge. But there are whole days when they cannot think of a single word."

"That," decided the judge, "would certainly be the time for them to write for the movies. It seems reasonable."

There are a hundred reasons for the days on which you cannot think of a single word, and not on any reason among the hundred do you care to dwell. And there is no reason at all for the days when your words are winged and come to you singing. These days are magical.

If a genie says "Open sesame!" and the closed door unlatches before you, you do not analyze the words—not, at least, until you face the next closed door. You let your instincts serve you, and if you have any impulses handy you tie to them. It is all you can do with magic. The straight-and-narrow path between premise and conclusion has nothing to do with it.

World Without Reason

ON THE morning I abandoned this path and set foot in this enchanted country of crowned kings showering gold on their magicians, of heroes and heroines whose feet never touched narrow paths, of romance separated from reasonableness because of incompatibility that could never be adjusted, like many another voyager on the unknown, I was entirely unaware of my direction. I had no idea that I had crossed the border between real life and pictorial existence.

I was sitting on the stone terrace of a house I had leased on top of a Colorado mountain. I had written, and sold—which is often more difficult—a novel called Feet of Clay. It had been published serially and then in book form, where it had gone into its sixth edition.

I did not know it then, but any book that goes into its sixth edition automatically commends itself to the motion-picture managers. In their world, where no effect can be counted on to follow any cause it followed before, there is little to tie to in the search for success.

If the producer offers the public a charming and delicate picture, ten to one the public will not pay a dollar apiece to see it, perhaps not even fifty cents, to pay the picture primates for all their effort, let alone a dividend on their stock.

Even if they prepare an expensive picture of amazing thrills, maybe it will pull through and maybe it won't. Right here begins the separation from reason. None of the big successes apparently are successes because of any particular reason.

They are just successful because they are. And if they are duplicated, as they usually are, the duplicates are often failures.

Sacrifice

SO ALL the picture people can do is to tie to something that has made a success somewhere—some story thousands of people have read; some beautiful woman the public wants to see; some man who keeps himself in good enough condition to jump from the roof to the cellar in a pleasing way. Sitting on this stone terrace that was mine as long as I paid my rent, I talked with the only woman motion-picture director in the world—Lois Weber. Why there are no more of them is another story, deeply interwoven with unreasonableness. This lady, being my good friend, was reading my new novel, not so much because she was my friend, but because she was my guest.

She looked up from my novel and said, "Why don't you keep the pictures in mind when you write a story? You could double your returns."

I was not insensible to the doubling suggestion. "What," I asked, "is the matter with that story you are reading, from a picture standpoint?"

There was much, of course, that she might have said. But all she did say was: "The hero has only half a foot. In the pictures the hero has to be whole."

My hero had lost the toes of one foot in the war. As he was subsequently filmed it was not half exciting enough for him to have lost his toes under shot and shell. Cecil De Mille had a shark bite off his toes. Yes, I saw the shark do it. No, I don't know how he did it, though I was there watching it when it was photographed. I saw Rod La Rocque swimming under water, attacked by a real shark who bit. I saw him bite. I saw it photographed, but I do not

Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds and Ricardo Cortez in the Beach Scene

know how it was done. Pomeroy did it—the man who made the waters of the Red Sea divide on the screen. He can do anything with a photograph. If he wanted to make that shark bite off Rod La Rocque's head, he could have done it and kept La Rocque alive during the magic process.

And of course Cecil De Mille was right; it was vastly more exciting to have a shark bite that foot than the other thing; for I saw the other thing too. I saw men torn up by shrapnel and there wasn't anything exciting about it. It was horrible; it was so desperately tragic that no one who saw it can ever forget it. It ravaged you. But it would never do for entertainment—for a thing you pay fifty cents to see in order to bring more romance into your life than is there; or that was what the picture people thought two years ago, before they had tried it on the public. Now, of course, every picture corporation is getting out its war picture. It is only another proof that it doesn't do to reason in this business.

On my stone terrace, in my pleasant rocking-chair, I deliberated over what it would do to my story to make my hero whole. I concluded that I might have done it had I known it would double my returns. But I was wrong. That story sold to the pictures because the hero had only half a foot. This was new; it was different. That part of the story that hung on the hero's having only half his foot was the only part of it that went on the screen.

It takes quite a while to photograph a motion picture; two months is a short time; three months is the average. One very hot day in July, when the California sun was beating through glass on the beautiful garden that Bel Geddes designed in the De Mille studio for Feet of Clay, La Rocque, worn with a long day's acting, turned on me with:

"Why in the name of sanity didn't you make this hero hurt his hand and not his foot? I shall be crippled for life hobbling around this way ten hours a day for ninety days."

And I thought of my stone terrace and my pleasant rocking-chair and of what might have happened had I made my hero's feet match.

Suspense

ABOUT that time, out on my terrace, there came to me several telegrams asking for permission to sell this story to the pictures—agents' telegrams. I looked on these wires with surprise; I exhibited them with interest, not only to the lady director, but to anybody who would look at them. The lady director humped a shoulder. And then, one day after she had gone home, there came a telegram that said: "I can sell your story for twenty-five thousand dollars now, and for fifty if you wait." And this was so funny to me—not for a moment did I believe it—that I answered: "You had better wait."

The De Mille Yacht, the Seaward

Presently, having more writing to do, I went home to do it. But it was not a fortunate time; it was one of those times when I couldn't think of a single word. I couldn't have thought of one no matter what I had been paid for it.

There is a peculiar feeling that overtakes you when you have to get copy done and no words come. You can't go out and kick yourself with any useful results, though you are tempted to. You frequently write anyhow. It is one of the things that shows itself in many present novels—their writers couldn't seem to find words and so wrote anyhow.

After you have done this for a while, a great longing overtakes you to do something that shows it has been done. I know of some male authors who catch fish and some female authors who garden. Myself, I prefer an oil mop on a dusty hardwood floor. A sooty, tiled bathroom floor offers some attraction, but on this day I was wielding the oil mop and wondering if a little more practice wouldn't make me a champion floor swabber, when the telephone rang with that peculiar long ring that makes you say, "There is a nickel behind that ring."

I read a good deal about high-priced presidents who cannot be reached by telephone because they are always in conference; and every member of my family is trained to pick up the receiver and say, "This is Mrs. Tuttle's secretary." But I shall never get over answering the telephone myself. So on this occasion, as on many others, I spoke into the transmitter in person.

The Voice on the Wire

"NEW YORK calling Margaretta Tuttle," said a voice. Then: "Margaretta Tuttle? Feet of Clay?"

I answered "Yes" to each of these questions.

"What will you sell the picture rights for?" I laid down the oil mop and did what I would have called "caught my breath" if I had been writing it.

"What will you give for them?" I was able to gasp.

"Two thousand five hundred dollars."

The oil mop clattered from the telephone table to the floor. But all I could see was a telegram from an unknown source that had ironically offered me twenty-five thousand dollars at once and fifty thousand if I waited. And I had waited.

"I am offered twenty-five thousand dollars," I called into the telephone. And then, fearful that the thousand miles between myself and New York might rob my words of the distinction they sorely needed, I added, "Thousands, not hundreds; did you hear?"

The answer was promptness itself. "All right. We'll call you back." That was the end. That night when the man to whom, as another had said, I am distantly connected by marriage came home for dinner, I filled the whole soup course with this telephone conversation.

The man of the house did not finish his soup. "What!" he exclaimed. "And you didn't nail it? You've jolly well lost two thousand five hundred dollars. Who was it?"

I was horror-struck. I hadn't an idea who it was.

"Didn't you ask who it was?"

"I didn't have time to," I palliated. "They rang off."

"I should think they would have rung off. Did it sound like an agent?"

But I didn't know what an agent sounded like. To me it had sounded like the owner of Gloria Swanson and Saint Peter and Saint Paul.

"*Vox populi*, no doubt," said the man, and carved the steak.

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Rod La Rocque and Vera Reynolds in the Bel Geddes Garden Scene Which Was Built in the Studio for Feet of Clay

ASIDE AFTER LUCRE

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

THE two young men were friends, and this not so much in spite of the difference between them as because of it. If they had been of equal capacities and powers, there must have been rivalry, there might have been jealousy, and there could hardly have been such a union of spirit as did, in fact, exist. They had come together at Technology, Charlie Trevett from a town in northern New York state, Hugh Manley from down in Maine. The classroom introduced them to each other; their acquaintance developed into liking, and in their final year at Tech they roomed together amicably.

Trevett had a brilliant and audacious mind; he had a way of leaping over intermediate obstacles to the solution of a difficulty. Manley, on the other hand, was a plodder. Give them the same problem to do, and Manley attacked it with a sober diligence, covering many sheets of paper with complicated computations, thinking with a lead pencil, seeking no short cuts, but trying every road in turn. Trevett, under the same circumstances, was more likely to light his pipe, stroll about the room, glance into a novel, read the evening paper, fill his pipe again, and finally fling himself down at the desk to seize pencil and pad and rip the heart out of the matter in half a dozen lightning calculations. He usually finished the task before the slower man, and he was more apt to be right than Manley too. At their graduation he ranked fifth in his class, while Manley was hopelessly down in the ruck, floundering along among those who passed but failed of any distinction.

Trevett was not inflated by his eminence. "It doesn't mean anything," he used to say. "It isn't the figures the professors set down in their little books; it's the figure on your pay check ten years from now that counts."

But Manley was immensely proud of this friend of his. "Charlie has a brilliant mind," he pointed out. "He has genius in him; he can leap over a difficulty that takes me hours to pass. Yes, sir, Charlie will be a big man in ten years' time. At the top of the profession."

He was as pleased with this prediction as though it were his own fine future he foresaw.

Trevett used to laugh at him for this, and he used to say kind things about Manley—things obviously kind. "I don't see that you've flunked any courses yourself," he reminded the other man. "Chances are, in ten years I'll be coming to you for a job."

But they both knew this was on its face absurd; both accepted it for the jest it so obviously was.

"Just You and Vinal and the Girl There?" "Yes, Just the Three of Us"

Their specialty was electrical engineering, and the summer after graduation they went to work as foremen of construction at the New England Electric Company plant, then being built by Banks and Burgess just outside the city. Work there was just begun; the plant would require three years to complete. So they took a little apartment of three rooms and dwelt together there.

The business of putting their theoretic education to the test of practical usage engrossed, for months, their thoughts and waking hours.

Manley, as has been said, was a state of Maine man; his home had been in Camden. There was an electrician at work under his direction by the name of Vinal—Arthur Vinal. When Manley first heard the name it caught his attention, for Vinal Haven lies not far from Camden, and the Vinals have been state of Maine folk from the beginning. Vinal was a youngster, nineteen or so, but he was a good workman, and intelligent. One day Manley spoke to him about his name, asked whether his home had been in Maine.

"Yes," Vinal told him. "Yes, I come from down in Maine. Lived there till two years ago. Lived at Stonington."

"I've been over there when I was a boy," Manley commented. "We used to get a motorboat and go over there deep-sea fishing, down by Isle au Haut."

Young Vinal nodded. "We used to go too," he agreed. "My father ran a line of lobster pots down that way; and sis and I used to go down with him sometimes and take some of the short lobsters and make a stew out of them. You like lobster stew?"

"Yes," Manley said enthusiastically. "Yes, very much—if it's made right."

"My sister makes it sometimes," Vinal said. "Once in a while. But you can't get real good lobsters here. They're dried out, or something."

"You've got to get them right out of the water, to be good," Manley agreed.

At other times they had other words together. Manley learned that Vinal's father and mother were dead, that the young man was studying and attending night classes, that he hoped eventually to take a degree. "You have to have one, to get far," Vinal declared, and Manley nodded.

"It's a good thing," he assented. "You're wise to go after it. Where do you live?"

Vinal said he and his sister lived together in a housekeeping apartment in the suburb near the plant. "We rent the house at Stonington to summer people," he explained. "And we heired enough from pa so we get along fine. Only I figured I'd get along faster if I could check up the school work this way, seeing the practical side at the same time." His sister, he added, was studying music at the Conservatory. "She can't sing much," he said honestly, "but she plays the piano real well." And later still, Vinal said one day, somewhat diffidently, "We'd like to have you come to supper sometime, if you want to."

Manley was faintly disturbed by this. He was apt to be a little ill at ease with strangers, and particularly with young women. Vinal's sister was, he gathered, young; probably a little older than Vinal, but still not so old. Also, Manley valued his evenings. Trevett's persuasions sometimes led him to the theater; but Manley was more apt to stay at home and devote himself to study. There was, he was discovering, a bewildering amount of literature which a young man of his profession should read; and he was finding, with a certain surprise, that his technical course had only made a beginning, had only opened doors. It was his task, obviously, to discover what lay beyond these doors, and he was engaged in explorations there.

But he was unwilling to disappoint Vinal, so he said now, "Why, I'd like to sometime."

"I'll get sis to make some lobster stew," Vinal promised.

Manley realized, with a faint relief, that no day had been appointed, and he hoped that Vinal might permit the matter to rest in this wise.

But about a week later, on a Friday, Vinal asked: "Would you want to come tomorrow night?"

Manley felt, after the first consternation, a certain relief. That would be Saturday night. If he did not go to Vinal's, Trevett would be sure to insist that they go to the theater; so the evening was lost in any case, and he might as well go to Vinal's as to some musical comedy which would serve merely to tire his eyes.

"Why, all right," he agreed. "I'd like to come."

So Vinal gave him directions. "You might as well come about six o'clock," he suggested. "We usually have supper about half-past."

Manley had, during the rest of the day, a faint sense of guilt, a feeling that he was deserting Trevett. And while they were at dinner that night it seemed to him a matter of duty to confess. He put it off, however, till Trevett forced him into the open with some word about a comedy he wished to see.

"Well, I'll tell you, Charlie," Manley said awkwardly. "I'm going out tomorrow night."

Trevett looked at him in laughing surprise. "Is that so?" he exclaimed. "Putting something over, are you? Where you going?"

"Why, one of the men on the job," Manley confessed, flushing uncomfortably. "Vinal. You know him. He asked me to come to his house, and I didn't see any way out of it." He added defensively, "He comes from near my home, and he's studying at night school for a degree. He's a pretty intelligent chap, Charlie."

Trevett grinned. "What are you so embarrassed about?" he challenged. "Vinal got a sister, has he?"

"Why, yes," Manley confessed. "Yes, she keeps house for him."

Trevett made him a laughing little bow. "It takes you quiet ones," he derided; and Manley grinned and said, "Oh, don't be an ass, old man."

There was, next day, something almost furtive in his bearing. Their work ended at one o'clock, and he and Trevett went back to town together and lunched at the University Club, and played bridge there in the afternoon. About five o'clock Manley cut out of the game, and Trevett, at another table, waved a hand in farewell and called:

"Give her my love, Hugh!"

So Hugh departed in hot discomfort, and this persisted while he pottered about the apartment, choosing a fresh shirt and tie, and while he rode to the address Vinal had given him. He found that Vinal and his sister lived in a three-story apartment house, and upon the top floor, and when he pressed the button a girl's voice came down the tube to his ear.

"This is Mr. Manley," he said, choking a little, and he thought she chuckled faintly.

"Oh, do you mind walking right up?" she asked. "The elevator's gone out for the day."

And he heard the latch click, and pushed the door and climbed the stairs. Her voice, he thought, was a pleasant one. She opened the door for him, and she explained that Arthur had gone out to buy a pound of butter. "There's always something at the last minute," she said, and bade him come out in the kitchen with her. He followed, and he was a little embarrassed to find himself grinning senselessly; so he sobered his countenance. But he could not easily sober the pulse that had begun to pound in his throat at the sight of her.

He had, next day, to tell Charlie Trevett all about it. They had an electric toaster and a percolator in their apartment, and managed Sunday morning breakfasts there, sitting comfortably in pajamas with the Sunday papers littering the floor. Hugh usually made the coffee, browned the toast; for Charlie was slow to rise, and this day he had to be called a second time. After the first cup and as he opened the paper he asked

"Well, good time last night?"

"Very pleasant," Hugh told him And Charlie looked up from his cup and grinned

"How's his sister?" he asked.

"She's pleasant," Hugh replied monotonously.

Trevett made a wry face. "That usually means they've got a harelip or something."

Manley shook his head. "No; no, she's attractive But friendly, too, so you don't think so much about how she looks. We got along fine. She has a sense of humor."

"That would appeal to you," Trevett said gravely, and they both grinned. Manley's soberness was a standing joke between them. "What'd you have to eat?" he asked And when Hugh told him, he exclaimed, "Lobster stew? Never heard of it."

"I like lobster best that way," Manley assured him. "But most people are like you—never heard of it, or don't know how to make it."

"I like lobster," Trevett suggested, and grinned.

Hugh nodded. "Maybe I can get them to ask you, too, some day," he promised.

"Just you and Vinal and the girl there?"

"Yes, just the three of us."

"What's her name?" Charlie asked; and Hugh hesitated, and then said gravely:

"Arthur called her Margaret."

"What'd you do after supper?"

"We washed the dishes," Manley confessed. "And then we played cribbage."

"Three-handed?"

"Yes."

Trevett grinned and looked at his paper; and Hugh carried the cups and the butter plates into the bathroom to wash them and put them away Afterward he came back and read those parts of the paper with which Charlie was by this time finished

By and by Charlie tossed the last sheet aside and stretched himself and yawned and lighted a fresh cigarette. "I ran into Hasset again last night," he said.

Hugh looked up. "Hasset?"

"Yes; didn't I tell you about him?"

"Don't think so," Manley confessed

"He's the technical man for the Electric Appliance Company; over here from New York. I think I'll go with them after my vacation."

Hugh felt a shock of surprise and foreboding. "Leave Banks and Burgess?" he asked. "You mean quit your job here?"

Trevett nodded "There's no opening ahead here," he pointed out. "It'll take another two years to finish this plant, and then we'll be right back where we began. Trouble with working for a big construction company; you have to start over every two or three years. And there are too many ahead of you. The Electric Appliance people are a smaller concern; chance to get ahead. Hasset's been telling me."

"What's he doing over here?" Manley asked unsteadily.

"He's been up at Tech getting some technical stuff on a new stunt they're pulling. He's only been with those people four years, and he's probably getting ten or fifteen thousand a year right now." Trevett laughed, shifted his position. "Oh, I haven't decided yet, of course. I'm going to get a day or two off and go over and see them by and by. They're always looking for men, Hasset says." He added, with a glance at Hugh, "You'd better come along."

Manley shook his head uncertainly. "I guess not. I'm not much of a gambler, an adventurer, Charlie. I'd rather stick to a sure thing. I know I can handle this job."

"Anybody could," Trevett retorted with faint scorn "That's the trouble with it—no chance to do anything I can't waste time on it, Hugh."

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So the Foursome Became a Twosome. Hugh Took it Philosophically. He Had Always Known That Charlie Trevett Could Get Anything He Wanted

PREMEDITATED

Caleb Visualized Life in That House—the Life of This Girl Who Hated Her Tormentor. And He Visualized the Presence of Fear

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

CALEB HOPE was in the state capital on business not unconnected with the political welfare of the commonwealth on the morning of the discovery of the murder and so did not become aware of it until late that night. Jinks Baker informed him of such facts as were patent and of much apocryphal matter already accepted currently as fact. It was all in the way of business that he should do so, for Jinks considered it one of his major duties to note and to report to Caleb all of importance which befell in the young lawyer's infrequent absences.

Curiously enough, there was little which did not interest Caleb. One might not have suspected him of harboring such curiosity, for he was not at all the type of male gossip. But small facts were important to him just as slight symptoms are important to a physician, and Caleb kept his fingers pressed constantly on the pulse of Luxor.

"They found Emery Battle murdered this mornin'," said Jinks.

"They?"

"Lloyd Baxter found him when he fetched the milk. The girl was settin' on the back stoop awful still, but wringin' her hands, and Lloyd spoke to her, but she didn't appear to recognize him; and he went past her into the kitchen and kind of looked around, and there, in that office of Emery's off the dinin' room, was Emery deader'n a doornail."

"Murdered, you said?"

"With a flatiron," Jinks said flatly, "and it was layin' there beside him. And the ironin' board was set up and the' was a dress of the girl's on it about half ironed."

"There are deaths that would cause more mourning than Emery's," said Caleb.

Jinks disregarded that observation. "Yestiddy Emery went to Lawyer Barton to git him to draw up a new will, cuttin' off the girl with a dollar. Accordin' to the old will, and the promise everybody knows Emery made to his wife, the girl was to git it all. Barton says the will was to of been signed today."

"If her face hadn't worn that sullen look," said Caleb, "she would have been pretty."

"Public opinion 'ud 'a' been with her if it wasn't for the will part of it. If she'd jest up and killed him because she couldn't stand his abuse no longer. But killin' him to git money's a hoss of a different color."

"He would be just as dead," said Caleb. "Whom was the money to have gone to under this new will?"

"Nellie Kaiser," said Jinks.

"The girl ——"

"—— folks said was Emery's daughter," Jinks finished the sentence.

"What have they done with the girl?"

"She ain't exactly arrested yet, but they got her shut up in the house."

Caleb shook his head. "Something was bound to happen there," he said slowly. "There were all the elements. But I'm sorry it had to be Battle's stepdaughter. And a flatiron. One doesn't like to hear of the flatiron."

"I cal'late that's about all of importance," said Jinks. "I'll drive you down or you'll be late for your supper."

Caleb ate alone and in silence. He was depressed. The picture of a girl—a girl who might have been beautiful and happy—driven to an act of unspeakable violence was one which depressed him. What, he wondered, could have been the proximate cause; what final unbearable thing could have driven her to such a deed? There was the money of course. Men had been killed for money, and by women as young and as lovely as this Carol Deane, but Caleb did not like to think of that dreadful aspect of human nature. If this were the motive, then there could be no sympathy for the girl—no such sympathy as would have manifested itself had she been the victim of such wrongs as drive human beings to madness. And there might well have been some such motive, for Emery Battle had not been an admirable man; his ways had not been upright ways and his thoughts had not been admirable thoughts.

The girl's life, since the death of her mother, had been one which might not be envied, and often Caleb had marveled that she endured it. Why, indeed, had she endured it? Was it that her spirit was broken and that the power to assert herself as an independent human being had been lost?

It was incomprehensible. And if her spirit was so broken, what had caused it to burst into lurid flame? Or had it all been pretense, and had she acted a part and waited and schemed and planned? He could make no head or tail of it.

His reflections were interrupted by the waitress, who stopped beside his chair to tell him he was wanted on the telephone.

He reared his gaunt height and walked into the office to answer.

"Hello," he said. "Caleb Hope speaking."

"This is Rooney," said a voice—"Marty Rooney. I hope I've not called you away from supper, but Seena insisted I should call."

"Yes," Caleb said noncommittally.

"Will you be in your office this evening?"

"In half an hour."

"Seena and I will be there, if we may "

"Very well," said Caleb; "at eight o'clock."

He returned to his table with a new puzzle. What did Marty Rooney want of him—and his niece Seena? Was this to be some new offer to join forces, some fresh scheme of Rooney's carefully disguised? He could not help liking Rooney, even though the man's ethics were not his own; though Rooney was more or less of a rascal, he was a pleasant rascal, not without his admirable qualities. He lifted his shoulders and addressed himself to his rapidly cooling meal. Having finished his pie and coffee, he sauntered to the office and waited.

Promptly at eight the screen door opened, and Marty Rooney, handsome, meticulously dressed, debonair, entered, with a girl at his side at whom Caleb did not look. Of late he had abstained from looking at Seena Rooney whenever he could compel himself to avert his eyes, for apprehension was growing within him. Much as he disliked her—for her high-handed conduct, her disregard of the little rights of others, her belief that the world was ordained for her benefit and amusement—he found that he could visualize her in the dark. Even against his will, he visualized her. He had only to shut his eyes, and there she stood before him, a most attractive vision. And women played no part in Caleb's carefully ordered future.

"Will you be seated?" he said in his lawyer-to-client voice "What can I do for you?"

"It's about Carol Deane," said Marty.

"What interest," asked Caleb, "have you in Carol Deane?"

Marty Rooney rubbed his smooth chin and smiled. "After all," he said, "I have most of the human emotions, and sympathy is one of them. The girl is terribly alone There is no friend or relative on earth to come forward in her behalf. And she is in a terrible position."

"A fatal position," Caleb said

"You mustn't say that," Seena Rooney said passionately. "You mustn't be like all the rest of them."

"The facts ——" said Caleb, but Seena interrupted imperiously

"Facts have nothing to do with it."

Caleb lifted his eyes to look at her and frowned

"Just a moment, my dear," said Marty. "Hope, we want you to undertake her defense. A woman—a pretty woman—always has a chance before a jury if her case is handled adroitly."

"Oh," cried Seena, "you think she did it too! I know you do! You said you didn't, Uncle Marty."

"Now, now," Mr. Rooney said patiently, "just keep your bonnet on, my dear. . . . I'm prepared to undertake whatever expense there shall be," he said to Caleb.

"Why?"

Marty flushed, then smiled. "I assure you I have no motive in this which you need suspect."

Caleb glanced at him sharply and nodded. "We'll let that point pass," he said. "Does the girl want me?"

"She's beside herself with fear," said Rooney, "but the thought that you would defend her seemed to quiet her."

"You suggested it?"

"Seena suggested it "

"There has been no confession?"

"Of course not," said Seena. "How could she confess what she didn't do?"

"I didn't know you were a friend of Carol's," Caleb said curiously.

"I wasn't," said Seena; "but everybody's against her now."

Caleb lifted his brows. "A passion for originality!" he said ironically.

"Call it what you like," she said hotly "Will you defend her?"

"Every accused is entitled to his defense," Caleb said. "I will defend her honestly." He turned his eyes upon Marty. "But you need expect no jury tricks. I will see that she has a fair trial. If that is satisfactory "

"Perfectly," said Marty.

"I tell you she didn't do it," said Seena.

"I hadn't heard that she denied it," said Caleb.

"She does," said Seena

"Ah, let us be elementary. Because you wish Carol Deane to be innocent, Miss Rooney, she will not necessarily be found innocent by a jury. Twelve men might disregard your preferences in such a matter." Her eyes flashed, but she did not answer. "Next, and still being elementary, we are compelled to admit that Emery Battle is dead and that he was killed by a flatiron in the hands of some individual who was convinced he had lived too long."

There was no answer to that.

"He was killed," said Caleb, "by someone who had a reason to wish his death—that is to say, a motive—and by someone who had the opportunity to strike the blow."

Still no answer.

"Who besides Carol Deane had both motive and opportunity?"

"A hundred people."

"Motive, perhaps, but not opportunity, so far as we can perceive. Carol had what you might call a redundance of motives and all the opportunities in the world. She could plan "

He paused upon that word and Seena snatched the moment to speak. "Do you think she could have planned it so?" Her voice was scornful. "Do you think a girl could look ahead and lay her plans to kill a man in such a manner? It's nonsense. If she had wanted to kill him—and anybody in her place must have wanted to—it would not have been in any way like this. It wouldn't be natural. A woman might think of poison or maybe of shooting, but no woman deliberately would choose a flatiron. . . . I'll be as elementary as you. If this was a planned murder, then Carol Deane did not do it—nor any other woman."

"Premeditation," said Caleb; and then repeated the word softly, "Premeditation."

They waited for him to speak again, but he was lost in thought. Seena became impatient

"Well?" she demanded.

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Beside the Softly Sobbing Carol Deane Sat Seena Rooney, Holding the Girl Gently. Caleb Walked to Her Side

THE YOUNGEST BROTHER

The West and its Share in the National Heritage

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

SECTIONALISM is a hateful word. The thing for which it stands is so despised that we hesitate to admit the existence of sectional differences or viewpoints. Rather than delve into such dangerous stuff, the subject is usually glossed over by merely asserting that we are one people and one country. Is it, then, merely idle or vicious to talk of East and West, or to treat the East as East and the West as West?

Nothing could be truer than that we are one people and one country. Similarities the country over far exceed the dissimilarities. Unity has long been triumphant over disunity; we render allegiance to one flag and one constitution. But there are differences which are better faced and understood than merely hushed up or pushed aside. Perhaps upon examination their reality and importance may fade. But most people do not search far enough to discover even that much, and apparent differences continue as live and troublesome issues.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC PHOTO BY [illegible]

A Redwood Forest. Above—Construction Work on the Southern Pacific's New Cascade Line Near Mount Shasta, California

The Parable of Uncle Sam's Sons

SO IF we search into the attitude and feelings of the West toward the East and scrutinize the relations between the two sections, it is for the sake of promoting national understanding rather than misunderstanding, accord rather than discord. There is not enough of such stock taking. There is not enough time spent by the people of one section in learning the problems of the other.

It is just as well, then, at the very start to recognize a persistent feeling in the West that that section has developed as much as it has in spite of rather than because of the East. By East is meant both the North and South. How many people hold this view no one can say. Perhaps it is only a small minority who believe that the East has actually held back the West. But uncounted thousands would agree that the East does not realize the bigness of the country, does not understand or appreciate the West, and is complacently indifferent to its problems.

Every now and then some outspoken Western citizen arises to remark that his section has not had the same consideration as the East. The case has never been more clearly stated than by Judge Frank H. Short, of California, in a notable discussion with Theodore Roosevelt at the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco on March 27, 1911. The sentiment expressed was put in the form of a parable:

Uncle Sam had four sons, East, North, South and West. To the three older brothers he long ago transferred title to all their share in his estate. Before there had been a chance to turn the youngest brother's share over to him, the three older brothers exclaimed at what a wasteful, prodigal thing it would be to let West have his share and demanded that it be administered for the benefit of all four.

"Most of the big things out here have been done in spite of government opposition," was a statement made to me more than ten years later by an engineer who has been successful in the building of dams and other development works.

"The Imperial Valley developed against the advice of the Department of Agriculture. They said the land was no good. One of the high officials of the Reclamation Service wouldn't look at the Salt River Valley of Arizona. He said we should have developed the Gila instead of the Salt."

Plum Pie

"I AM a conservationist, but I don't believe the East has a right, after having made an empire of its own, to conserve this country and keep it from development. You can't do anything out here without consulting a forest ranger. Those responsible in the East for these policies belong to the I've-got-mine club."

An official of a Far Western state remarked that states like New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois had grown rich by using up their own resources, and now want to prevent the West from doing what they once did. "And that is called conservation!"

"As one of the gentlemen expressed it here the other day, they have had their pie back East," said Frank J. Hagenbarth, president of the National Wool Growers' Association, in testimony before a committee of the United States Senate a year ago. "They have had their pie. Now they come out here asking us to give them half our pie. I think it is a homely illustration, but it aptly expresses it."

The two previous quotations were from residents of Nevada and Arizona; Mr. Hagenbarth lives in Idaho, so the sentiments expressed are not confined to any one Western state. A stock man in Wyoming, in opposing an enlargement of the Yellowstone Park, remarked:

"Men and women who are not citizens or taxpayers of Wyoming want to convert all of the state into one great park for the benefit of people from all over the country, but not for the benefit of Wyoming."

"The North American Indian was of pretty much the same opinion as our latter-day æsthetic," says an Arizona editor. "After the aforesaid æsthetic skinned the country back East sufficiently, he now feels that he can afford to enjoy scenery and his great flair for Nature—as is."

Or turning to another state—California—a business leader in voicing opposition to an extension of one of the national parks remarked that there are two irreconcilable groups—the Easterners, who have no homes in the West and therefore want as much of it as possible preserved, and

Cutting a Road Through Virgin Timber

the Westerners, with homes and property there, who desire a quick development.

"It is all bunk about our children's children being deprived of their heritage," said a San Francisco banker "That phrase became popular merely because Roosevelt suggestionized the country. He didn't altogether land California, however, because it had developed before he came along. Just look for a moment at what happened to it. The romance and lure of gold are what brought people to California. Its discovery was the consummation of the hope of the world for three centuries—the objective of the conquistadora. There was no monopoly on this gold.

"It was open to all, in a virgin country. Thus came about a flowering of every civilization. At one time there were thousands of Frenchmen, and we had the Continental charm of Spain as well. The Orient came in, and Chinamen bulked large in what was an open field for all."

International

"BUT in a few years the gold boom blew up, and men wrote books on the illusion of California. It is a wonder that most of them did not leave. If they had pulled up stakes it would have taken fifty years to start California up again. But they found ranches and timber. The land offered an opportunity for the knowing ones to stay. If there had been at that time the impress of a small, narrow, provincial civilization, there would be no California today.

"The viewpoint and outlook were international. San Francisco had the best bar in the country in the 50's and 60's. An active, creative, fine young manhood came into existence by reason of legitimate exploitation of natural resources. It was not a question of many large fortunes. Those of Crocker, Stanford, Flood, O'Brien, Fair and Mackay are about all that stand out, despite the freedom of exploitation. It was a great thing for California that it became a state only two years after the discovery of gold. There were no absentee owners to lock up the remaining resources and tell the pioneers who had made good where to get off. As it was, California came near to petering out, and would have done so under repressive conditions."

Where the West Begins

HOW representative of general opinion these quoted statements are, I cannot say. But they do disclose a general feeling among widely separated but influential citizens that Western development has been, if anything, retarded by the East through the Federal Government's policy of conservation.

The West which these men are talking about and which I am writing about is, of course, the Far West, and not the Central or Middle West. That the central section—the great Mississippi Valley Corn Belt region, of which Iowa is so typical—has its own bone to pick with the financial and industrial East is sufficiently well known. But that is quite another subject; a very different one indeed.

It is true that the Far West and the Central West both feel that the East desires to buy their raw products too cheaply. But that is where the resemblance ends In fact, the Far West includes the Central West, as far even as Kansas and the Dakotas, in what it describes as the East. It does not regard the Central Western states as any more sympathetic with its point of view than those on the Atlantic Coast.

Ask a congressman from one of the Rocky Mountain or desert states what he thinks of the make-up of the Agricultural Committee of the House of Representatives if you want to know what the Far West thinks of the rich and populous central states. This committee of twenty-one does not contain a single member from any of the eleven Far Western states, not even from California with its immense farm production.

A Mountain Road in Arizona

The West of which I write consists of eleven states those in the Rocky Mountain, desert and Pacific Coast region. It is by far the largest but, taken as a whole, the most sparsely settled and at present the poorest section of the country. Story and travel writers have devoted many an eloquent passage to defining exactly what they mean geographically by the West or Far West. Usually they refer to it as a state of mind, even though they do bound it in a more tangible manner

Forgotten

SUCH writers usually prefer to leave out the coast, especially of California, and do not define the West as extending beyond the eastern slopes of the Sierras and Cascades. It is true, perhaps, that where population concentrates around Los Angeles and San Francisco, and possibly Seattle, conditions more resemble the East than they do the West.

Yet in the larger sense all of the eleven states

(Continued on Page 197)

A Scene on the New Cascade Line in Oregon, Between Eugene and Klamath Falls

SPORT MODEL

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

PAPA wouldn't buy that car for three good reasons: First, because he wouldn't buy that car; second, because he wouldn't buy that car; third, because he wouldn't buy that ——

It was funny about papa. Here was Fanewood growing up into a real live town; spreading out along the river like something seized by growing pains; new suburbs marching bravely upstream; new houses raising their proud skeletons and their asbestos-shingled roofs above the willows, making rusty-red marks with their chimneys against the background of faint hills. A new skyscraper on Bank Street! The New Imperial Hotel! A country club and a polo club and plenty of jazz in the air!

Oh, boy! Fanewood was awake. America was awake. The wide, wide world was awake and stepping out. The gospel of Rotary was the gospel of the new day. "Be a Fanewood Fan!" said the large buttons worn by the inspired citizenry at the last chamber-of-commerce banquet. And even in the more rarefied atmosphere of the polo club there were polite echoes of the general trumpeting.

At the polo club you drank pink cocktails and said, "What has New York to offer you that you can't get right here in Fanewood?" Sometimes "Paris" or "London" or even "Vienna" was substituted for "New York."

The tone of the polo club was cosmopolitan and very sporting. Why, there was even some talk of having a polo team!

Yes; everybody had waked up except papa. He was still in a coma. He still rose at seven A.M., put on in leisurely fashion his neat blue serge business suit, his high black buttoned shoes, his starched collar and his sober tie; consumed a sober breakfast of fruit, cereal and two eggs boiled four minutes by the sand-glass; read the Fanewood Clarion, rose and kissed mamma and drove off to his insurance office in the sober old sedan that had served him so loyally these seven years past.

And he never got home from the office till six P.M., except on Saturdays, when he came home at 2:30 to take mamma for a nice little drive. Papa never drank cocktails, never played golf and never seemed to know that he was missing half his life—that is, until Doris told him.

So She Speeded Up a Little, Swung Her Blue Beauty Around the Curve and, to Her Utter Horror, Saw Standing Placidly in the Middle of the Road Not Fifty Yards Ahead of Her a Large, Red, Ridiculous, Impossible Cow

You see, Doris was his daughter; and by all the portents she should have been a quiet girl. A nice, quiet, rather homely girl, who would go driving with her parents on Saturday afternoons, sitting dutifully on the back seat of the old sedan and thinking perhaps of hymn number 365; the sort of girl who would paint on china and put down crab-apple jelly in the fall. Or aren't there any such girls left in the world?

But Doris Weston was one of those accidents that happen. On a certain Sunday morning, a few days previous to her nineteenth birthday, Mr. James Penny Weston—papa—looked across the breakfast table at Mrs. James Penny Weston—mamma—and said, almost accusingly, "Allie, did you know that Doris was beautiful?"

"Why, yes, Penny dear, I knew it."

"Then why," demanded Mr. Weston, "didn't you tell me?"

"But—my soul, Penny, couldn't you see for yourself?"

"No, I couldn't. I never looked."

"Never looked—at your own daughter!"

Papa began deliberately to fold up the Sunday Clarion. "You know what I mean, Allie."

"No, I don't, Penny. I wish you'd explain yourself. Of course Doris is beautiful. She's the prettiest girl in Fanewood. Everyone says so." Mamma's tone was mild, but there was a solid complacence in her manner that caused papa a vague uneasiness. Also, her eyes questioned him, as though to say, "What sort of man are you, James Penny Weston, after all?"

Papa said, rather sadly, "I should have been told of this. Oh, of course I knew that Doris was not a homely child—not homely, no. But to discover, all at once, that my daughter ——"

"Our daughter," murmured mamma gently but firmly.

"As I was saying, to discover that Doris has become the prettiest girl in Fanewood, is—I must admit—a distinct shock to my mind."

Mamma smiled ironically. "How did you discover it, Penny?"

"Why, Doris told me. She told me herself—last night—during the course of a—a conversation."

"She told you that she was the prettiest girl ——"

"No, no; not in so many words. No, not at all. She merely gave me to understand that she was, in a way, grown up and—well, she did speak of her looks, though not conceitedly. You wouldn't say that Doris was conceited, would you, Allie?"

"She knows her good points," answered mamma. "And why not?"

"I'm sure I don't know why not. But—well, here's the gist of what I'm trying to say. . . . I wish you'd stop stirring your coffee, Allie, and listen to me!" Mamma very softly put down her spoon and inclined her ear. Papa went on: "The fact is—— H'm —— Well, I want you to understand right now that I will not buy that car!"

"Oh, Doris was talking to you about the new car again?"

"Yes, she was. She said she'd rather have it than anything else on earth. She said she could see herself zooming—zooming, mind you!—out to the polo club in that kippy roadster and knocking the bystanders for a collection of antiques. That's precisely what your daughter said, Allie, I give you my word. I—er—I memorized it."

"And what did you say, Penny?"

"I said—well, I said, 'You would, eh?' I said. And then I said, 'Well,' I said, 'since no member of this family belongs to the polo club, I don't see what good it would do you to go zooming out there. Ha-ha!'"

"And what did I say to that?" sang out a vibrant young voice from the doorway.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston turned at the same moment and beheld, with varying emotions, the entrance of their lovely daughter into the sober parental dining room. Doris was up early this morning—it was only nine o'clock. Doris had been up late the night before. And yet Doris looked as fresh and dewy-eyed and glowing as though she had just finished sleeping around the clock.

She was slim and buoyant and very blond. Her eyes were blue and shining. Her hair had a natural wave. Her figure was one of those figures. Gazing at her now, Mr. Weston remembered suddenly a stunningly pretty girl he once had seen in a musical comedy, a popular prima donna who had come dashing in just like that, with the same brilliant, confident smile and the same toss of a golden head.

And this was Sunday morning too! Papa coughed, rattled the Clarion and was completely appalled

"Well, papa," demanded Doris, floating up to the table, "why don't you break the news to mother?"

"News!" coughed papa. "What news? What on earth do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know? I thought it was all settled last night." Doris slid into a chair, stretched her shapely legs under the table and sat in an entrancing curve, her chin on one delicately crumpled hand. "You know, mamma," she said gravely, "that it's about time the Westons joined the polo club."

"What?"

"Doris ——"

"And also," continued the girl rapidly, "we're going to buy that sport-model roadster, aren't we, papa?"

"No!" exploded papa. "No, no, no, no, no!" But even in the fury of his denial he had the most disconcerting feeling that he really was going to buy that sport-model roadster.

"Oh, all right," purred Doris. "If you don't want to discuss it nicely."

"But we've discussed it and discussed it ——"

"Yes, I know. And I've proved to you every time the subject came up that it was the only thing to do. I've absolutely proved it! But, of course, if you just want to be cross and shortsighted and ——"

"Now, Doris!" breathed mamma soothingly.

"But, mamma, it's for his own good as well as mine. It's for the good of the family. I mean, I don't see why you should think I'm being just sort of mean and selfish when I suggest buying a decent car and doing something rather progressive, like joining the polo club."

"Now you look it here——" began papa sternly. When papa became really excited he always started off by saying, "Now you look it here."

But in this instance mamma got in ahead of him. As he paused to draw breath and assemble his arguments she said: "Doris dear, your father and I both understand why you want to do these things, and we're sorry to have to refuse you anything. But the truth is, honey, your father can't afford expensive cars and expensive club memberships and all the rest of it. He's going through rather a hard time at the office just now ——"

"Never mind about that," interrupted papa, bristling courageously. "That's my worry. I hope I'm not the sort of man who brings his business troubles into his home and worries his wife and daughter half to death with his—er business troubles."

"It's true just the same," murmured mamma. "You are having a hard time"

"Of course he is!" cried Doris. "And how silly not to talk about it! As though I didn't know that papa was almost sunk!"

"Sunk!"

"Doris, what are you saying?"

"I'm saying that papa's insurance business is darn near on the rocks. I know it is. I'm not a baby. And I'm perfectly game to go down with the ship if we ever hit bottom. But I'd a lot rather swim than sink, and I just know that if papa'll do the right thing he can pull out."

Mr. Weston leaned tensely across the table. "Let me tell you, young lady, that I am doing the right thing! I'm doing the best I know how, and I intend to pull out. Haven't I practically reorganized the office force in the past three months? Haven't I got that young Collender up from New York just to bring a little new blood into the business?"

"Yes," said Doris, attacking her grapefruit, "that's how I found out things. Your young Collender was at the polo club last night. We had a few dances together—quite a few—and then we went out to look at the Big Dipper."

"Why," demanded papa, "did you go out to look at the Big Dipper?"

"Because Johnny said he was interested in astronomy."

"Johnny!"

"That's his name, isn't it? He told me it was his name."

"Oh, he did, eh? And besides that, he told you that your father was almost sunk! That the Weston Imperial Insurance Company was on the rocks! That the business ——"

"Not at all," countered Doris. "He was as tactful as could be. But you know, mamma, when a man's interested in astronomy, and—I mean, when his mind's sort of on the Big Dipper, you can usually find out what you want to know. . . . It was such a lovely night! So after a while we were talking like old friends, and we talked about the business, and I told him I thought papa ought to step out a little and buy a new car and sort of join the polo club so that people could see how progressive he was. Because you really are progressive, papa. You can't tell me you're not. I mean, way down inside. And Johnny Collender absolutely agreed with me."

Papa rose from the table. The Sunday Clarion, clutched tightly in his right hand, described a tremulous arc in mid-air. "Collender agreed with you, eh? Just wait till I see that young man! I'll tell him a few things! Just wait till I see him!"

"You'll see him after church today," said his daughter serenely. "He's coming here to have dinner with us."

"Coming here—to have dinner? Who invited him?"

"I did," said Doris. "And now, papa, if you don't mind, I'd sort of like to finish my breakfast—because I'm going to meet Johnny at church this morning. He's awfully interested in religion too. And, you see, I'll probably have to hurry a little."

Mr. Weston, speechless, stared for a moment at the curve of loveliness that was—he told himself in utter bewilderment—his nineteen-year-old daughter. What irresistible vitality, what unescapable power was in that gracefully draped and lounging figure! "O youth," he thought, "be merciful to me, a miserable parent!" But what he said was, "Now you look it here!" And then, for some reason too involved to explain, Mr. Weston turned and fled—he had a definite sense of fleeing—from the room.

Doris and her mother looked at each other. The girl's exquisite eyebrows were lifted interrogatively. There was a faintly questioning smile on her lips.

Mrs. Weston nodded and smiled in return. "I was just wondering about the roast," said mamma.

II

TWO hours later the good old family sedan was rolling sedately to church, with papa driving and mamma sitting contentedly beside him. On the back seat sat Doris, looking like a blond angel who has been reading What the Young Cherubim Will Wear. Doris was not thinking of hymn number 365. She was not thinking of anything in particular. She was just being herself.

And then, as they proceeded, gently squeaking—the rim on the right rear wheel had been loose for the past three years—along Front Street, something happened, or almost happened.

A cream-colored touring car shot indiscreetly out of a driveway and forced papa to put on his brakes so suddenly

(Continued on Page 80)

"Four Thousand a Year Isn't Much, Is It?" Doris Inquired of the Silver Mist Veiling the World About Them

SEALED SECRETS

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"Tread Water, Alois. Alois, Tread Water. I Will Save You."
And Then She Dove In

Matrimos Publishing
Company,
New York.

GENTLEMEN: You will probably remember me as being the party from this town who wrote you in August, inclosing coupon as directed, and requesting by return mail your Supreme Revelation Book entitled Matrimos, or Sealed Secrets of the Art of Wooing to Win. And I can only add that in due time this volume arrived, and being well pleased with same, I paid the mailman three dollars plus a few cents for postage as per agreement.

And that is the way it all began, gentlemen—that is the way it all began. And I should like to state here frankly that I did not send for this book with the purpose of winning the heart of Miss Clara Kobus—of whom more later—though I will admit I had observed this party once or twice since her arrival in town about the middle of July. No, gentlemen, I might as well state first as last that in spite of reading the ad I did not take your Supreme Revelation Book altogether serious, and sent for same merely with the idea that I would have some fun by showing it to a few of the boys.

The book arrived by the afternoon mail delivery, and thus was waiting for me when I returned home from the office. But I did not have a chance to look it over until after supper, when I took same up to my room and opened it at Chapter Seven, which you have entitled Spiritual Jiujitsu, or Supreme Methods for Gaining the Affection of One of the Opposite Sex.

Gentlemen, as I am at present in need of your sincere collaboration and whole-hearted assistance, I am going to state without any effort at concealment that when I began Chapter Seven I would have broke out into a laugh if I had not been living at my sister's house with the baby asleep. But, gentlemen, I was not laughing when, three hours later, I laid down your Supreme Revelation Book and walked out of the house to try to collect my thoughts. Though it did not seem possible that by following your simple instructions I could win a girl's heart, yet everything had been set down so plain that I was more than half convinced. I could see now why, in the past, my sentimental experiences had been failures and why I had never been able to interest a member of the opposite sex in myself, even when there was nobody else competing.

After walking about the streets for some time and turning over the matter in my thoughts, I decided to drop in at Sam's Dogwagon and have a bite. Bernie Woods was sitting at the counter. I was glad to see him at this moment, because I considered him an authority on the question. All the girls liked him and he had the reputation of having won many hearts.

"Hello, Bernie," I said, "how is everything?"

"Everything is O. K., Al, except that Sam has put too many onions in this Hamburger. All I asked, Sam, was to have it flavored. I never said anything about wanting to annex the Bermuda Islands. Sam, it is lucky I have not got a girl just now, or I would climb over the counter and paste you."

I thought this was a good time to introduce the subject, so I said, "What is the matter, you have not got a girl, Bernie? I thought the ladies all liked you."

"They like everybody," he said. "The secret is not in getting them to like you, but in getting them to stop liking you. I have just escaped from my last, and the next one that gets me will have to shoot me first. Some low hound once spread the rumor that where ladies were concerned little Bernie was a curly wolf. Ever since that date I have had to fight off the babes with a club. . . . Some more mustard, Sam."

"Bernie," I said, "a fellow was telling me that all he had to do to win a girl's heart was to go after her in the right way."

"What asylum was he in, Al?"

"He was not in any asylum," I answered, surprised. "Why?"

"Al, if you knew there was a cyclone sleeping in your cellar would you fool around with a forked stick trying to stir it up?"

"No," I said.

"If you saw a rattlesnake sunning itself would you rub a lot of powdered snake food on your shoes and then try to attract the reptile's attention to see if it would chase you?"

"No," I said once more.

"And if you knew where a tiger lived would you walk up and ring the doorbell and yell, 'Come and get it'?"

I shook my head.

"Well," he went on, "anybody who would deliberately try to make a girl interested in him would do all those things and would spend his spare time rocking a boat in a heavy sea and looking down the barrels of shotguns to see what would happen when he pulled the triggers. The ladies are sure to get you sooner or later, so why hurry the tragedy?"

Gentlemen, allowing for exaggeration, the remarks made by Bernie Woods confirmed what I had read a few minutes before in your Supreme Revelation Book. And on my way home from Sam's Dogwagon I definitely made up my mind to win the heart of Miss Clara Kobus by means of the Sealed Secrets explained in your Chapter Seven.

If you were to ask me why I had picked out Clara Kobus I would have hard work telling you. She did not seem to be especially good-looking or stylish. But there were two points in her favor. In the first place, she was a newcomer and did not know me; and in the second place, she did not seem to have anybody to go around with. Thus I thought she would be just right for practice work with your Sealed Secrets. And for my own protection, gentlemen, and so you will not get a wrong idea of me, I will add here, I had no intention of being brutal in the matter and winning the heart of Miss Kobus and then leaving her to her despair. I hoped to be able to arrange the breaking of the engagement, when same became necessary, in such a manner as to leave her with no worse feeling than that which, in the words of the poet, "resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain."

Therefore, the next evening, before quitting the house with the intention of getting acquainted with Miss Kobus, I read over your Chapter Seven, entitled Spiritual Jiujitsu, from beginning to end, and practically committed to memory the entire paragraph which you publish under the heading, Supreme Sealed Secret Number One.

The residence of old Mr. Henry Kobus, uncle of Clara, is at 314 Maple Street, about five blocks from the new Maple Street Bridge. It was 7:30 when I approached the Kobus residence, and I need not say I was well pleased when I saw Clara sitting on the front porch alone.

Walking up and taking off my hat, I said, "Is this Number 514 Maple Street?"

"No," she said; "it is 314. The five-hundred block is toward the bridge."

"It is so dark," I said, "I couldn't see the numbers, and for the last five minutes I have been trying to get up my nerve to ask somebody."

"Then it proves I didn't frighten you off," was the reply, made in a laughing manner.

"No, you had the contrary effect on me. That is certainly a swell front porch."

"Yes," she came back; "reserved seats on sale next year."

"Season tickets are on sale now," I said, my heart beating wildly as I put into action Supreme Sealed Secret Number One. "I have got two of them in my pocket—one in your name and one in mine."

She looked at me in a cold way, and in an unencouraging voice said, "Really I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name."

Gentlemen, two days before, this would have taken all the wind out of my sails, but remembering back to Supreme Sealed Secret Number One, I merely said, "In that case life is beginning

"Some Low Hound Once Spread the Rumor That Where Ladies Were Concerned Little Bernie Was a Curly Wolf"

for you right now, because I am going to tell you my name."

I walked up on that front porch with nobody stopping me, and at ten o'clock that evening we were still talking.

II

BY THIS time, gentlemen, you will understand that the present letter is not written with the idea of trying to get my money back on the plea that your Supreme Revelation Book was no good. On the contrary, gentlemen—on the contrary.

And I will frankly admit I do not know where I would be today if I had used all your Sealed Secrets instead of confining myself to the First only. And I will recall to you that the secret in question reads as follows:

SUPREME SEALED SECRET NUMBER ONE

Audacity and bluff. Keep them guessing. Let them know how good you are and then leave them on pins and needles. Don't be a shrinking violet and don't be too scrupulous about the truth when putting in a good word for yourself. In love and war anything goes. And after they realize through and through how lucky they are to have interested you—then the fun begins. Make them sit up nights wondering whether or not you are theirs truly. This is the First and Greatest Sealed Secret of the Art of Wooing to Win, and leads all the rest.

After I had called on Miss Kobus a couple of times and had given her some unimportant personal information about myself, as, for instance, that I liked to go in swimming and that I always had the barber leave my hair long on top, I introduced the following conversation:

"I hope I won't have to go to Madison very soon."

"Why not, Alois?"

"Oh, there is a girl there wants me to look her up."

"Well, why don't you look her up?"

"Since I have got acquainted with you, Clara, she is no longer interesting to me. But she can't let me alone."

"Alois, aren't you just terrible?"

"Yes, I suppose I am, but a man can't help feeling the way he feels. I have a good mind to write her a letter and have it over."

"Aren't you just terrible, Alois?"

"But even at that she isn't as bad as a couple of girls in Fond du Lac. They practically fight over me. They used to be good friends, but since I came into their lives they don't speak to each other any more."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Alois."

"Is it my fault? All I ever tried to do was just to be polite. I don't understand why they are always writing me letters and sending me telegrams and presents. Still, I have got one thing to be thankful for."

"What is that?"

"I don't like to talk about it."

"Please tell me, Alois. You will feel easier if you only confide it to someone."

"Well, I would rather tell it to you than to anybody else I know, but it is very embarrassing. There was a Janesville girl who got it into her head I was going to marry her, and when she found out different, started a breach-of-promise suit. And today my lawyer notifies me that she has withdrawn the suit and admitted in writing that there was never anything between us except that once I let her kiss me."

Such is the way I went on, gentlemen, and I do not have to explain that all these various girls in Madison, Fond du Lac and Janesville did not exist and never have existed and were introduced merely to carry out instructions contained in Supreme Sealed Secret Number One. And, gentlemen, to employ a slang expression, Supreme Sealed Secret Number One proved to be the goods. The third time I met Clara I kissed her good night, and later in the evening had the pleasure of inscribing on the flyleaf of your Supreme Revelation Book: "Tried Sealed Secret Number One on Miss K. Success crowned efforts."

Thus in a brief time, gentlemen, I had won Miss Kobus' entire heart and was beginning to wish I hadn't. It is not for me, gentlemen, to knock a girl. I have never done it in my entire career and I am not going to begin now. Miss Kobus struck me as a nice girl providing you didn't see her too often. But to be engaged to her was a little too much. Her idea of a pleasant afternoon was to go in swimming, and as she had won various life-saving and swimming contests, the afternoon in the water was more fun for her than for me. Also, even on land she was full of strength and high spirits and was always throwing sofa cushions at me or grabbing my tie pin or something out of my pocket and then not giving the object back until the next day. It got to be very wearing.

Moreover, there was something else. Your Supreme Revelation Book had opened my eyes. On all sides I was seeing more attractive girls whose hearts I could easily have won if I had not been tied up with Miss Kobus.

I made up my mind I had better break away, and the sooner the better. With this in view I began acting disagreeable; not because I wanted to make Miss Kobus feel bad but because I did not see any other way to make her end all between us. Our conversations began to run like this:

"Good evening, Alois. I do hope you haven't had too much to eat tonight."

"Why not?"

"Because I have just made a cake this afternoon, and we will eat it with raspberries and cream."

"I am off cake, and I am off raspberries too."

"How would you like some fudge, Alois? I made some fudge this afternoon."

"I don't like sweet things."

"Would you like to have me go in the house and mix you up a nice salad, Alois? Or have you a headache? Let me get you a headache powder."

"No. Just let me alone."

I did not like to act this way, and not only did it make me feel remorseful but also it did no good. At the end Miss Kobus, instead of giving me the air, was more attached than ever. I began to feel the way you do in a nightmare, where you have got to move and yet your arms and legs refuse to help you. And I do not suppose I would ever have had the nerve to break with Clara if one Saturday night I had not had a couple of swallows of something in the nature of gin.

I was in the midst of reading your Supreme Revelation Book to see if there was not a piece somewhere about how to lose a girl's heart after you have won it, when there came a knock at the door and my brother-in-law said, "Alois, here is a little something to make your eyes shine and polish the buttons on your coat." I drank the glass rapidly down. Two minutes later a feeling of courage and exhilaration swept over me, and picking up my hat, I started out to make what I hoped would be my last call on Clara Kobus.

It was hard getting down to the subject, because that evening Clara was feeling extremely playful and frolicsome, throwing sofa cushions, wrestling, running back into the house, and what not.

"Clara," I said finally, "the time has come to talk seriously and look matters square in the face."

"What has happened, Alois? Why do you look so grave?"

"Well," I said, "I have just been reading some late statistics, and not only is the cost of necessaries rising but the fellow says all that talk about two living as cheaply as one is bunk."

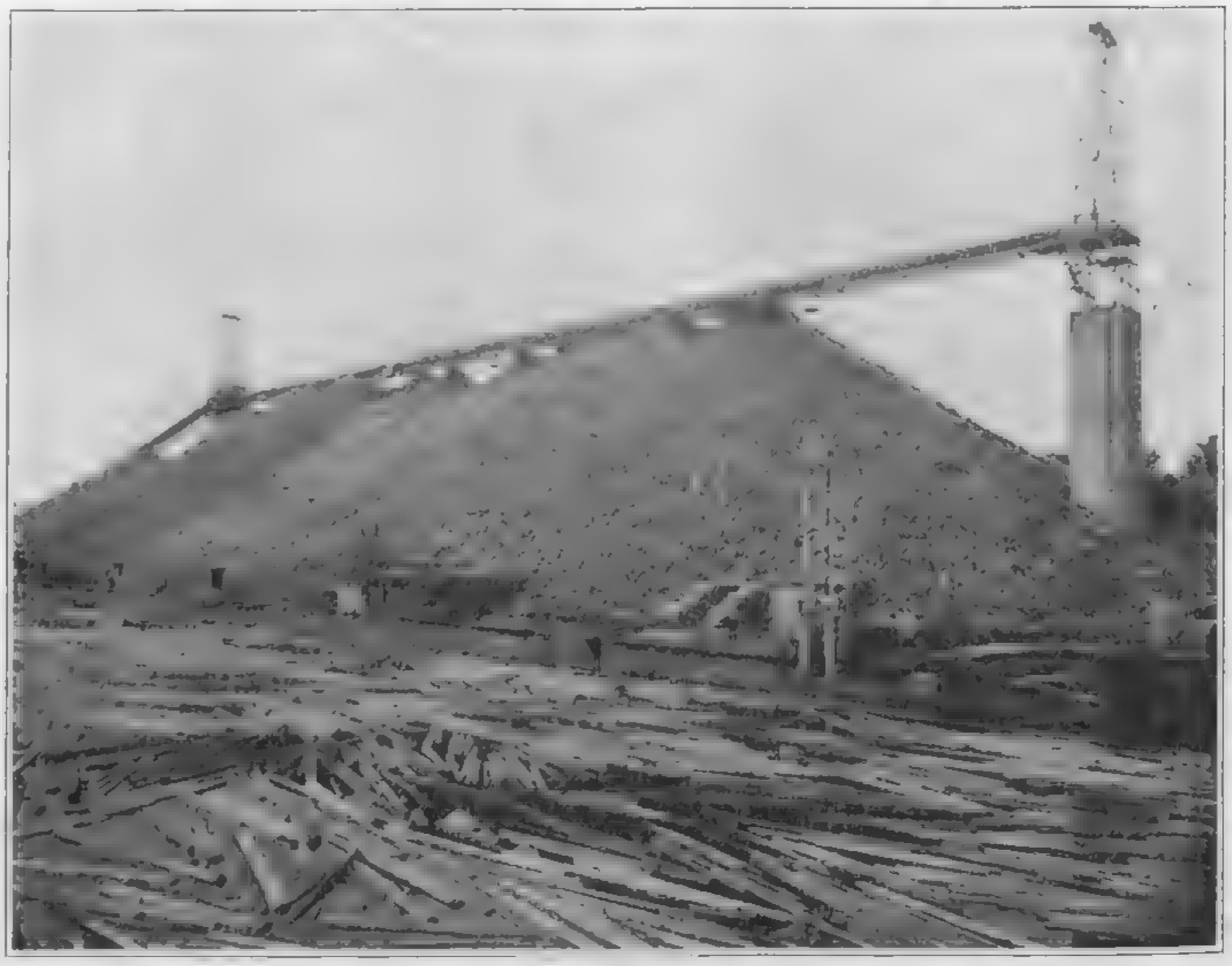
"Yes, but how much pleasanter, Alois, to have a companion in life's journey than to go to the grave solitary and alone."

(Continued on Page 134)

That Evening Clara Was Feeling Extremely Playful and Frolicsome, Throwing Sofa Cushions, and What Not

THE NEW NORTH

By Courtney Ryley Cooper



The North Country of Ontario and Quebec is Dotted With Mountains of Cut Pulp Wood

WE SAT on the muslin-screened porch of a little tar-paper house at the edge of the bush in Northwestern Ontario—a young auburn-haired woman and myself—busy with conversation and mosquitoes. A smudge burned in a corner of the inclosure, filling the air with smoke and the odor of smoldering moss. Beyond us, on the soft expanse of the Morrison River, a canoe, equipped with an outboard motor, purred to a landing at the squat log buildings of a Hudson's Bay post, there to disgorge a collection of Cree bucks, squaws and papooses, and the hind quarters of a moose, which the rest of the Indian village, flooding from deal building and tepee alike, greeted vociferously. In the room behind us a child played upon a rug of bearskin, a new addition to the little home caused by that everlasting clash between civilization and the wild.

"I was ironing," said the young woman at my side, "when I happened to look up and see something black crossing the yard. So I called my husband and told him I thought I had seen a bear."

"Then"—I asked.

"Oh, I kept on ironing," she answered, "until I heard the shot. Of course I went out then and celebrated with my husband and the children." She said it with a smile, and nonchalantly, this young woman who had been born and reared practically at the edge of New York State, who had taken her college courses in domestic sciences, in music and the languages, and then, who had found her true happiness in beating the bush. After a moment the smile faded to an expression of seriousness.

Perversity

"I WAS wondering the other day," she said, "whether I'd like to go home for a visit this fall. They don't seem to understand me—my friends, you know. The last time I was there I horrified them. I happened to mention that I loved the North Country, and that two of my three children had been born without a doctor. They couldn't reconcile the two statements."

She spread her hands with a gesture of genial hopelessness; the attitude of a person attempting to explain the unexplainable. The New North, as they call it in Canada, is a rather inexplicable thing. The lure of it, yet the somber fierceness of it, the mysticism of the bush, stretching on for miles as though daring one to attempt to conquer it, yet beckoning nevertheless; these things seem incompatible. The distances, the lack of roads, give a far-awayness to this new country of which the northern stretches of Ontario and Quebec form a great part; a grotesque country in its aloofness and in its geography. So far east, for instance, that one can reach its fringes overnight from Buffalo, New York, yet so remote that Jack Nankervis and myself a short time ago occupied a full week in traveling between two points only fifty-three miles apart! So old that its history is mildewed, so new that parts of it date, in a period of settlement, only from 1912, while others have never been penetrated; it is today's pioneer frontier, where one may hear airplanes almost any day, yet earn his living from the forest, from the trap and the rifle, even as the settlers of Illinois and Missouri earned theirs a century or more ago.

Paradox

THAT is one reason why it is hard to explain; another is the fact that such pioneer country is an enigma to the ordinary person. The cruelty of the bush, the sweep of the winter winds, the threat of forest fire, the long waiting until land can be reclaimed from so much brush and tree growth; one thinks of these things first, because they are the self-evident things; these and the mosquitoes and the black flies waiting to harass the newcomer, the danger of illness, the distance from civilization. What may come later is not taken into consideration. Today the New North stands defiant, black bushed, wild, untrammeled; the average person, accustomed to city conveniences, sees no more. But the pioneer has other ideas; that's what makes him a pioneer.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THOMAS NICHOLLS

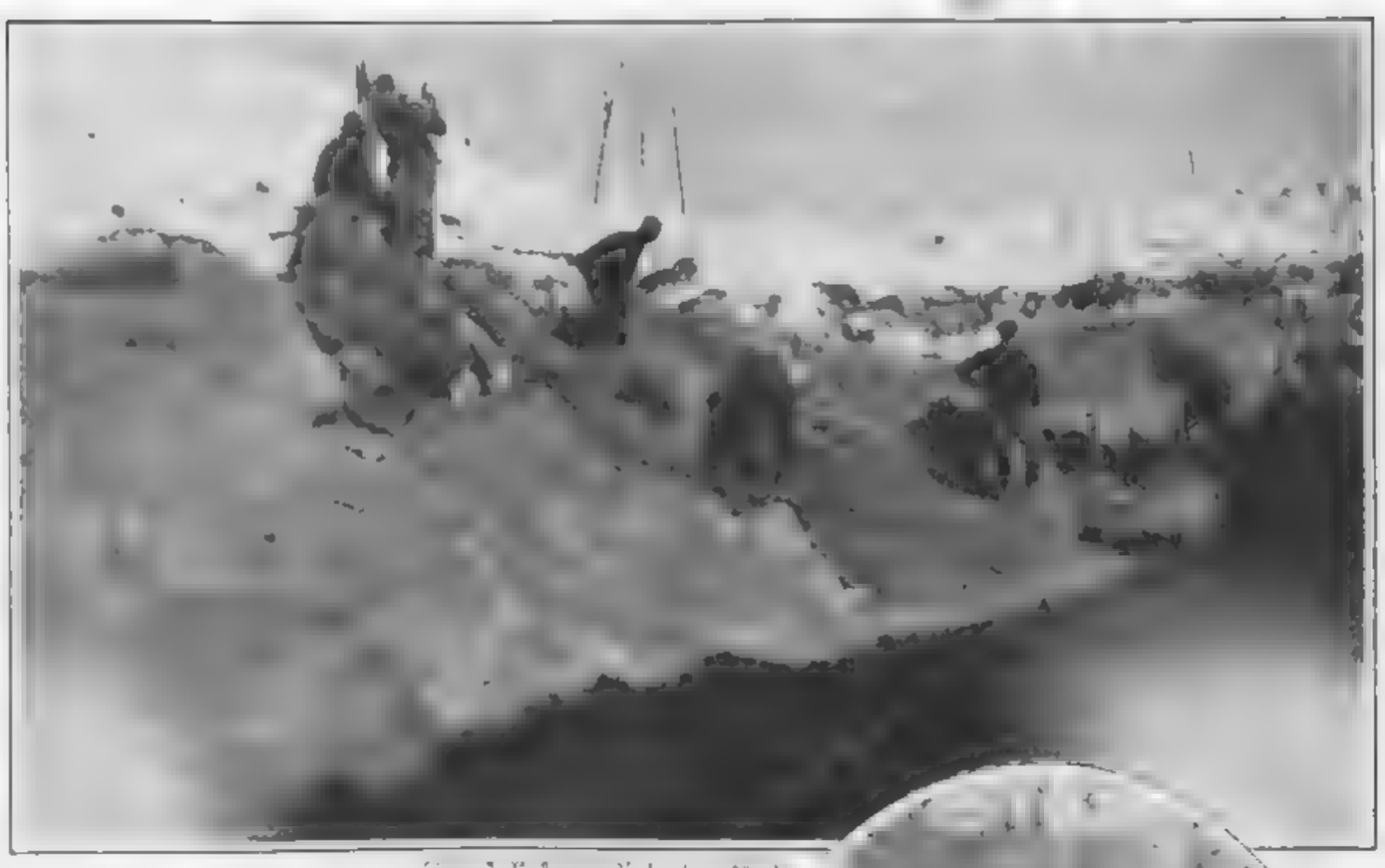
Moving Railroad Building Supplies by Dog Team, in Northern Quebec

To make the case even more queer, the New North isn't north at all in geographical comparison with other districts of Canada. On the west, for instance, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba possess towns, and even one city of 75,000 or more persons, that are fully 200 miles nearer the North Pole than this place called the New North. As compared with the Yukon it is by several hundred miles farther south of Dawson City than Jacksonville, Florida, is south of New York. On the east New Brunswick, well settled and prosperous, Nova Scotia with its ancient towns, Newfoundland with its fishing banks, are relatively north of parts of the New North districts; even the typically Yankee state of Maine extends its tip along the eastern edge of the United States to a position that stands on a meridian line with points at the lower end of the New North that are now just being explored, surveyed and exploited. The reason for the remoteness lies in purely elemental causes; it is bush country, penetrated in 1911 by the building of the Transcontinental, or northern, line of the

Canadian National, only however, to lie fallow for years owing to the war and its aftermath. But now all that is over, and the next ten years will see in the New North a land seriously contending for its place in the sun.

Perhaps this district best could be described as being in its second childhood, for it is venerable indeed in the history of the Company of Adventurers, otherwise known as the Hudson's Bay Company. A century is a comparatively short span for some of the white-painted log outposts which, in the twentieth century, are fulfilling a new duty—that of forming a nucleus for a different type of growth from the fur trade which was their original cause for existence. This was fur territory and lumber territory, nothing else, and for centuries it existed only as such. But other elements have made their appearance—the possibility of limitless riches in the deposits of minerals, a like amount of wealth in the development of water power from the innumerable lakes and rivers which splash a relief map of the bush country like gusty raindrops upon a sidewalk, the call of the insatiable maw of the daily newspaper filling the streams with pulp wood on the way to the mill, the development of railroads to tap districts which in the old days formed only the habitation of the Indian, the beaver, the moose and the brush wolf, because that was all the country seemed worth possessing.

The change which is coming to pass is a romantic one, doubly so in the romance of the arriving and the departing. One day in the late summer I climbed through the doorway of a greasy, North Country mail boat, to the platform of a Hudson's Bay post, and stood reflecting upon the changes which even this chugging, unromantic-appearing craft had seen. It was old, this boat, creakily, greasily old as motor crafts go; time was when it had seen no other duties than to drag supplies across the sixty-mile expanse of a choppy lake; gewgaws for the Indians, traps and rifles and ammunition, and in the early spring to come forth to civilization with the break-up, loaded with the pelts of beaver, of fox and ermine and marmot.



Building a Railroad Through Six Feet of Snow in the New North. In Oval—John Keenick, 117 Years Old, and His Wife, 98, Who Still Go Forth Each Year to Trap for the Hudson's Bay Company

Fashion

TRUE, it would still carry these things; true also, it was about to fulfill an ancient and honorable duty toward the passengers who waited at this far-distant post. But there was a new, a raw ingredient in the ancient ensemble; far out upon the lake a brightly painted boat was speeding by, loaded with prospectors bound for a spot 100 miles beyond—to a town which prospectors had built in last winter's snow. In the belly of the ancient packet itself were a dozen mail bags, bound for spots where, two years ago, there were only the trapper and the wandering Indian. So fleets the world.

The ancient packet's passengers were waiting: down the corduroyed platform the courtly appearing factor of the post was assisting two aged, bent Ojibwa Indians—a buck and his squaw—to the door of the boat, while the crew helped to stow their canoe, their fly-bitten, hunger-weakened dogs, their supplies and their traps for the beginning of a winter's journey. The ancient passengers were feeble, painfully so; with them was a girl, garishly dressed and adorned with everything from a string of glass beads to a four-star American war-service pin which served as a highly prized brooch; thus equipped with feminine adornments she proceeded to make use of her charms by at once entering into a flirtation with the Cree cargo handler. There was one other companion—a fourteen-year-old boy, dressed in a ridiculous mixture of knickers, moccasins, a sweater and a sailor hat, who sat wall-eyed and motionless except when he bent abstractedly to slap the deer flies from the raw, bleeding ears of the dogs, for the time was approaching when those dogs would be fed and looked upon as worthwhile beings—work days were coming, and for the husky whose owner is an Indian, work days mean food. Other days mean food, too, if the dog can find it; otherwise not.

Old John

INTO the packet went the aged woman, to slump into a knot on the floor, and, doing so, reach for her pipe and tobacco, the long-haired old man sharing a match as he knelt beside her. The factor waved a hand.

"Good-by, John!" he called. "See you next spring."

Then he sighed and smiled as he turned away. "Every year I say good-by to them feeling that I'll never see them again. But in the spring they're back again with their pelts, to pay their summer's debts. This year, I don't know. They're going farther away. Three hundred miles, maybe four hundred. And he's a hundred and seventeen!"

"A hundred and seventeen what?" I asked.

"Years. Oh, it's on the records in there," and the factor jerked a thumb over a shoulder. "This post is a hundred and twenty years old. Old John came into the world three years later. His wife's ninety-eight. When they first started trapping they didn't move from the district—according to the records. But every year it's a little farther, always a little farther. Now they're going the greatest distance they've ever known. The granddaughter there will handle the canoe

(Continued on Page 149)

A River Jammed With Pulp Wood on the Way to the Paper Mills

DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH

By Maude Parker Child

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

SYLVIA paid scant attention to the winding road which Courtney told her was to lead up to Mason's house. She realized that the cream-colored motor car in which they had come from the station had turned in between two impressive stone posts; she approved of the great trees of oak and maple which were fast turning gold and russet in the crisp autumn air; she even said with that automatic making-polite-conversation manner in which she was so adept:

"I'm glad he hasn't stripped away the native Long Island trees and had foreign things like Lombardy poplars and Japanese maples put in, aren't you?"

"Oh, Mason didn't plan the place." Courtney glanced cautiously at the windshield which separated them from the trim back of their host's uniformed chauffeur. "He undoubtedly did just what these new rich always do—bought the taste and artistic expression of some cultivated devil who had the misfortune to be poor and in need of ready money."

But Sylvia, like most polite conversationalists, was listening with only a quarter of her attentiveness. When she needed time to think, her method was to ask a question which she knew would stimulate a response, preferably a monologue; this left her mind free to follow its own thoughts.

Now she suddenly asked the question around which these thoughts revolved, "Is Mason so important to you, Courtney?"

"As things stand now, he's not only the bread and butter but the marmalade also of my bachelor solitude." His hand came over and touched her light suède glove. "But oh, my dear, it would be nectar which I could ask a lovely lady to share, if he could be persuaded to give me this new job!"

"Have you any reason to think he might?"

"Not much. And yet I can't account for his making such a point of my coming down for this particular week-end. You see, they only decided definitely the other day to open this big foreign branch, and everyone's been crazy to know whom he'll put at its head. He never chooses men the way other people do—he's as autocratic as a czar. It will be the biggest plum anyone at the bank's had for many a year—there'll be a huge salary and a house in London—and I happen to know that Mason told the directors he'd let them know on Monday who the man would be!"

"And this is Friday."

"Exactly. Now the more I think it over, the more I wonder if it isn't more than mere coincidence that he asked you down here, too, at this particular time. You've no idea how pleased he was when he heard you'd accepted. It was darned nice of you, Sylvia." A smile came over his rather narrow, well-bred face. "Wouldn't it be amusing if he made it possible for me to have you, and you made it possible for me to get what I want from him?"

Sylvia moved her shoulders in a gesture more of discomfort than disapproval. She adjusted the gardenias which Courtney had sent her, in the gray-fox collar of her coat.

"I don't see why he should feel so pleased about my coming."

"Oh, these self-made millionaires think that they've got a prize in anyone whose family has lived in New York for two hundred and fifty years."

"But compared with most of the people I know, Courtney, I'm poor, and not even very proud!"

"I love you when you laugh and crinkle up the corners of your eyes. Incidentally, they're gray today, not blue a bit."

"Wait until you see me in my new dinner gown. It cost almost the accumulated income of those two hundred and fifty years."

His voice expressed anxiety. "You—you won't be funny, will you, Sylvia? I mean, you won't do any of your imitations of the wives of famous men, or anything like that?"

The car glided around a last curve and the great house of dull-red brick, covered for the most part with English ivy, came into view. Sylvia looked suddenly very young. "But can't I be natural at all, Court?"

As they stopped under the porte-cochère, he whispered emphatically, as if in desperate need of making her understand all that she might have failed to realize before, "No! Listen, Sylvia—he's the kind of man who has corn cut off the cob and eats it with a spoon!"

A footman in livery came forward and opened the door of the motor car.

As Sylvia stepped into the hall she found herself looking directly at a tall, lean man in riding clothes. "You must be Miss Bradley. It is good of you to have come."

As she took his hand and smiled automatically up at him, even as she went on to newly arrived guest conversation about the charming vista of green lawn and giant trees, Sylvia was wondering why it had never occurred to her that Mason was a young man with nice shoulders and a waistline. She knew of course that in Wall Street he had often been compared to Alexander Hamilton, and that during the past few years he had also been called the Mussolini of finance; but she had judged from the newspaper photographs after he had made a sensational coup in the market or had been snapped at some horse show, that he was fifty at least. Now she saw that he could not be more than thirty seven or eight. As she looked at him again, she wondered if perhaps it was not his eyes which made him appear older. They were deep-set, and although his smooth hair and well-defined eyebrows were so dark that one expected them to be brown, they were the most surprisingly penetrating blue. As the two men greeted each other she noted the contrast of their appearance. Courtney's slightly wavy brown hair and well-modeled nose and chin always caused foreigners to believe that he was a well-born Englishman; Mason's rugged features had the irregularity of the American pioneer.

When they went into the long drawing-room Mason's aunt rose to welcome them. Sylvia had assumed, from the somewhat stilted note of invitation, that he would produce as hostess an aunt authentic enough, no doubt, but dressed according to the best stage traditions. She had pictured a frail old lady in black taffeta with a white collar pinned with a cameo brooch. She would be someone who adored her nephew and who, the moment he was out of the room, talked with pride of his great success and of his generosity to her.

But when Mason said "This is Miss Bradley, Aunt Mary. This is my aunt, Mrs. Day," an energetic, bright-eyed woman who could not have been a day over fifty-five arose and shook her hand.

She said, "I'm pleased to meet you."

She Had Never Seen Him in This Mood Before; He Appeared Taller and Straighter, and He Had an Added Air of Self-Confidence. He Seemed Another Person From the Man She Had First Known

Mrs. Lacey-Smith Took His Arm With a Proprietary Gesture. "You Haven't Even Telephoned Me for Two Whole Days!" She Said in Her Sweet Childlike Voice

Sylvia could feel Courtney's smile, even though it did not appear on his face. She could hear him describing the scene afterward to their intimate friends, and saying, "Well, in a word she was the kind of woman who said, 'I'm pleased to meet you.'" In order to make up for his criticism, even though it was unexpressed, she found herself making an effort to be unusually gracious.

Now graciousness was as becoming to Sylvia's spirit as soft furs and rose color and wide hats were becoming to her slender face and figure. For some inexplicable reason she had chosen to wear her most feminine clothes. Now, as she slipped off her coat and sat down to tea beside Mason's aunt, she was glad that she had decided against the smarter but more severe costume which she usually wore for traveling. Even if Courtney's eyes had not told her so, she would have known that she was looking her best in her straight short dress of rose color with a wide felt hat of the same shade.

Sylvia felt unusually important today; she knew there was something childish in her elation at being so helpful to Courtney, but nevertheless she did feel, in prospect, like the proverbial wife who made him. She saw a picture of him arising years after this at a public banquet and saying, "I owe all I am to ——"

Suddenly, as the absurdity of this picture struck her, she laughed out loud. Then she found, as if awakened from a dream, that the others were looking at her in surprise. When she recollected herself she realized that Courtney had just said: "Sylvia knows them very well. In fact, they're cousins of yours, aren't they, Sylvia?"

It was at this moment that she had laughed. Desperately she thought back to his earlier sentences. Oh, yes, he was talking about the Bradleys, whose estate adjoined Mason's.

"I suddenly thought of the most ridiculous thing that happened at their house once," she improvised. She went on into an anecdote, for the most part manufactured, which formed part of the conversational equipment of her week-end luggage; in order to account for her laughter she found it necessary to lay the scene in her distant cousins' house.

In the middle of the story she realized that an imitation was coming; there was no way she could stop it now. It was, moreover, an imitation of the wife of a newly rich millionaire. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Courtney's agonizing look; he had heard the story before and knew the precipice toward which she was heading; nevertheless, she went on. After all, she was not yet his wife. The picture of him saying, in twenty years, to an interviewer "My success is all due to her" faded as she was led on by the passionate attachment felt by the natural-born story-teller for its progeny.

When she had finished, Mason laughed heartily; Courtney smiled, but Mrs. Day blinked her bright eyes as if a little bewildered.

"I know a lot of women just like that at home!" she said. And her nephew roared.

"Well, to go back to the subject of the Bradleys," Courtney addressed Sylvia without looking at her; she recognized in his voice the thin edge of possessive disapproval with which husbands speak to wives across the bridge table. "Don't you think you should call them up and tell them you're only a step away?"

She knew what that meant. Her cousins, two indefinably elegant spinsters of old-fashioned distinction, were supposed to be the social arbiters of this fashionable section of the Island. By introducing Mason to them she would be paying for her board and perhaps helping Courtney toward his goal. It was a repulsive thought, even though when she had accepted his invitation she had looked upon it as quid pro quo. Mason had money and she had social position; each wanted what the other could give them—or at least she wanted what Mason could give Courtney. It was being done all over the world today; she'd seen Englishwomen in London pawning their birthright of good breeding and the standing of their family's achievement in exchange for the money of some vulgar outsider. She had been glad that her own income, small though it was, had made her secure against such temptations.

Now she suddenly wondered if she were not engaged in the same sordid pursuit. Only she was doing it for Courtney, not for herself. He wanted money; he felt, indeed, that money was his due. If his father had not died so dramatically his last year of boarding school, he would have had all the money and the leisure necessary for playing polo or politics or collecting first editions or doing whatever in his various moods he considered worthy of a gentleman. As it was now, he had to take orders from men whom he considered his inferiors in every way that counted.

His position in the downtown bank of which Mason was the president was dependent largely upon the unusual width of his acquaintance. To be sure, he had ability, but so had countless other young men; the thing that constituted his particular value was his ability to ride to hounds with the conservative rich of large inheritance with whom he had been brought up, as easily as he dined or lunched or went to Palm Beach and Newport as the guest of important newcomers. He was called on to do everything, from putting into the newspapers the right kind of publicity for the debutante daughter of one director, to keeping the activities of another's son out of the papers.

On his side, he craved independence. He wanted to have enough money to be his own master, which meant a great deal of money indeed to one of his fastidious tastes. And in order to serve his apprenticeship toward this goal, he had to spend his time, as he phrased it in a moment of bitterness, in licking the boots of the rich.

Sylvia had been drawn to him ever since he had told her, in a flash of desperate unhappiness, what he really wanted. She had been visiting in Florida the winter before and he had dined on her host's house boat, then been torn away on a night of silver moonlight, to go back and show his hosts the intricacies of gambling at the most fashionable place. She had felt that something of rare fineness in him—something which could have been produced only by birth and breeding and cultivation—was in battle against the materialism and coarseness of lesser men's success. She had enlisted under his banner. They had never become definitely engaged, although they had seen each other constantly after they had returned to New York, and they had eventually taken for granted that when he was in a position to marry they would do so. Whenever Sylvia thought of their relationship, she visualized herself marching under Courtney's banner.

Mason was saying, "Would you like to go upstairs now?"

And a moment later she was following a maid in a green-and-white uniform up to her room.

It was a delightful room, she saw at first glance, with a wood fire crackling, chintz curtains drawn, and shaded lamps turned on. Sylvia threw off her hat and sat down on the chaise longue before the fire, drawing the pins out of her long light hair, even as her eyes looked over the books and magazines on the low table beside her.

She was susceptible to rooms, and now she was conscious of feeling happy and comfortable and rather delightfully expectant in this one. Her bag had been unpacked; the silver fittings of her dressing case had been laid out on the Venetian painted dressing table; her negligee of blue chiffon and velvet had been placed over a chair. She had a strange feeling of belonging in this room. The walls and ceiling were painted the same shade of delicate blue green as the background of

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She Felt Like a Little Girl Who Has Gone to a Party Expecting to be Admired and is Told There is a Smudge on Her Nose

They Knew What They Wanted

Oh, Could Anything be More Wonderful Than to Have Teacher Eye to Eye, Smile to Smile; to Look Deep Into the Well of Teacher's Kindly Eyes?

Dum-dum! Deedle-dee-dum!
Gee, but that bimbo was dumb-dum-dum!
Dee-dee! Dum-deedle-dum!
He was much dumber than they come-dum-dum!

By MARY BRECHT PULVER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

UP THROUGH the open stairway from the lower hall, a symphony now of red immortelle bells, laurel rope and holiday decoration, floated the snarling passion of the Jazz-Bo Six in the living room beyond, reenforced by the passion of fifty strong young throats, wide open as feeding robins.

Mr. Thomas J. Power, who owned the hallway—and who would presently go downstairs and hand the leader of the Jazz-Bo Six fifty dollars—leaned against the upper oaken rail and listened to the refrain sarcastically.

"I'll say he is," indorsed Mr. Power. "I'll say he's so dumb he ought to think in the sign language only."

Mr. Thomas J. Power was a good-looking man, grazing fifty, a little grizzled, a little shopworn, but by no means feeble or given to leaning. He leaned now because his feet hurt a little, and his feet hurt a little because it was Christmas and he was wearing young Eleanor's Christmas gift, a pair of house slippers of maroon kid, with a handsome pansy painted on each toe. They were not anything he would have chosen for himself; but since Eleanor had given them to him he had worn them, informally, all day. You do a great many things in the season of love and consideration for others you would not ordinarily expect to do.

The reason the slippers hurt him was that Eleanor had not got around to buying him a gift until the day before, when, patronizing the shoe shop where he kept the family account, she found they were out of his size in any pattern she cared for, and she had been compelled to charge a pair a size smaller than customary. She had been so shamefaced and so sweet in her apologies for tardiness—and because she had scandalously run out of funds at the last minute, in view of there being so many presents to get for the crowd—that he had willingly and boldly worn them ever since. But the slippers had now become an irritation. Not because they scrunched up his toes—he was willing to scrunch up his toes—but because nobody seemed to notice him doing it; because it was merely taken for granted that he would do it. That's what ailed Mr. Thomas J. Power, standing at the head of his own stairs, annotating the song that rose to his ear.

It was twelve o'clock on Christmas night, and though we all know that Christmas comes but once a year and that it is more blessed to give than to receive, Mr. Power was having one of those dark-brown hang-overs incident to the hour and the day. One of those reactions brought about by what he privately called the annual frenzy, when, wrought upon by weeks of being hustled by orgiastic crowds, by a lot of useless shopping, the disillusion of torn tissue wrappings and a too heavy turkey dinner, a sense of futility steals upon the soul, and the philosophical mind asks whither and why.

Mr. Thomas Power, leaning on the stair rail, in his too tight slippers, faced with the price of Christmas and the fact of January first and its storm of bills one week off—with more immediately the expensive caterer and the orchestra for this sorority party of Eleanor's—was asking whither and why, and was pitying himself as one frankly neglected.

Certainly he had not had very much attention paid to him in these last hours; at this minute nobody seemed to pay any attention to him at all. And who deserved it better? asked Thomas Power. Who sustained the burden he did? It was enough to make any man feel disgruntled. A common mood!

It is true that nobody was paying any attention to him at the moment—certainly not downstairs at that sorority party. Down there, Mr. Thomas J. Power did not exist.

Across the open arch of doorway you could see a slice of the party. The young encoupled dancers swaying and twining in billowy tangos or leaping up and down in the fashionable bees'-nest-stamping Charleston—the males in their flapping dress trousers suggesting young crows with too long wings; the young females, the Rue de la Paix, in their silver-slippered, abbreviated golds and sapphires and vermilions. No, for them, Mr. Power was not—unless you counted the unconscious tribute paid him in the popular Dumb Dora song which, six times now, this ardent young group had rendered to sax and snare:

"Dum-dum! Deedle-dee-dum!
Gee, but that bimbo was dumb-dum-dum!"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Power, "you are right; but there's no need of rubbing it in." And he suddenly went away from the place where he stood, because two mixed members of the sorority party came out into the hall to stand inadvertently under a bough of mistletoe—and there was another thing: the florist's bill for these holiday greens would come to quite a pretty penny, the way things were done nowadays, with hundreds of yards of evergreen rope and bells of immortelle, real, not paper, and half the holly with its leaves hand-silvered, and this mistletoe: there was twice as much as last year and that had been ten dollars and, looking up and seeing him, gave him a baleful glare.

Not that there was any particular place to go to. There is no place for fathers at a sorority party, unless it is in bed. But there was no bed for him to get into. His own was occupied.

His and Ruth's room, with its somberer mahogany, its graver colors, his own masculine accouterments, had been turned over to the gentlemen. His bed, as he saw, stopping in the doorway, was being slept in by a great quantity of outsize raccoons. "Quite a stock farm they've given me," he reflected, standing looking at his bed, and he made a rapid computation in fur-coat statistics based on the estimated enrollments this year in American colleges. God help the raccoon, he thought; on its way to the dodo!

Through the door opposite he could see Eleanor's room and the guest chamber adjoining. These had been given

over to the ladies, as who should need a greater degree of expansion. There were coon coats here, too, and what was not coon was velvet and fox. All a fluffy storm. Even the air was a fluffy storm of scented powder.

"It is not raining rain today,
It's raining daffodils,"

quoted Mr. Power in sarcasm, and he shuffled on down the hall.

Philip and Steve shared the big room here. It had been arranged as a card and smoke room, a form purely, since none of the young people left off the excitements of dancing and mistletoeing to use it. But certainly Eleanor would not like him to go to bed in the card and smoke room. No, he was sleepy, but there was nowhere he could go to sleep except in a tiny, cold, extra bedroom on the third floor adjoining the cook's, and there he simply would not go.

"That's right. The man of the house, and he hath not where to lay his head when he feels like it of a Christmas evening! A pretty how-do-you-do," said Thomas Power solemnly.

There was left the party. He could go down and mingle with that. He could go and stand near the Jazz-Bos and have his eardrums blown out; or go and sit near Ruth and Mrs. Pemberlee and Helen Stanton, who had come in, and have them blown in.

Gabble, gabble, gabble! All about permanent waves and —— No, my dear, this year we decided to have a duck; and Ruth showing her new pearls.

Yes, he had given Ruth a string of pearls. Clam, not oyster. He was not in the oyster-pearl class, thank God. He was not yet able to buy gasoline yachts and ermine cloaks to put into Christmas stockings. But it had cost enough. He had paid three hundred dollars—or he would pay January first—for a very good-looking synthetic string. There were two diamonds in the clasp. Every woman of moderate means nowadays wears diamond-clasped synthetic pearls. It's the clasp that does it. Next year Miss Eleanor wanted a string of the same kind. But he felt he couldn't bear to hear it all discussed again. Nor did he care to sit behind a palm. Where, then, could he sit?

In his own private sanctum of course. There was, adjoining Steve's and Philip's room, a small back hall with a downward-leading stairs that emerged to a side door. Across this little landing was a tiny room, about the size of a large bathroom, with a slanting roof. It was called variously the old-trunk room or dad's room. Indeed, it was still both, for Ruth kept stored-up linens and woolens in the more outlawed pieces of baggage here, and several steamer trunks and other oddments had been built on these in a sort of Leaning Tower of Pisa.

But the tower had been covered by a pair of old brown chenille curtains and the immediate foreground cleared to hold tightly a forsaken morris chair, an old desk, a smoke stand, a small bookcase, in which were kept some shabby books, and a few pieces of such sport equipment as he still used—a gun, a bag of golf clubs, a racket he used when they went to Lake Garfield. These last all subject to Steve's and Philip's forays.

Thomas Power opened the door and switched on the light. The room was not warm. He had introduced a radiator, but somebody had obligingly turned it off. It cracked protestingly as he opened the valve, and sent out a hissing needle of steam.

The room had not been dusted lately, under the holiday pressure, and he saw that somebody had brought up his Christmas presents from downstairs and thrust them hastily into the seat of the morris chair, along with a pile of engraved greetings, out of the way of the party. There were other things here, out of the way of the party. A carpet sweeper, a bath brush on the bookcase, some clothes, a mackintosh tossed upon the trunk tower. On his desk lid stood a wastebasket full of lint rolls and colored paper scrap.

There were shoes and rubbers thrown about on the floor, and a great oily duster draped on the chair back. The music heard in the front hall came to you much more faintly here. But it came, unmistakably:

"He was much dumber than they come-dum-dum!"

"Oh, shut up!" cried Thomas J. Power in sudden revolt—for youth has no option on revolt, as we popularly suppose—and he went into his own sanctum and slammed the door.

II

HIS first movement was to hurl the wastebasket from his desk and sweep the Christmas presents and engraved cards out of the seat of his morris chair. The cards spread out like Alice's tumbling kings and queens. Their innocent legends lay face up before him.

To Greet You at Christmas and Wish You Every Happiness in the Coming Year!

Christmas Greetings and Sincere Wishes for the New Year!

Best Wishes and Sincere Greetings

"And some guy takes money every year for getting out original things like that." Mr. Power savagely thrust a foot into the friendly clamor and coldly eyed the near-by stack he had made of gift silk stockings, tie pins, imported handkerchiefs, kid gloves, cigar lighters—none of which he really needed—and fifty cigars from his sister in California. He hated the particular brand she had sent. By hint and plea, overt and covert, he had let Mabel out in California know that he did not use that kind.

Nevertheless, every year Mabel forgot, and extra staffs of clerks were put on, weary blue-clothed minions of the Post Office Department fought and struggled, mail vans rolled and rumbled, time schedules were set aside, official meals choked down, sleep shortened, traffic tied up, that he might safely have them. Cigars! Christmas! Thomas J. Power kicked the cigar box with contemptuous secret foot, opened a desk drawer, extracted a cheap corn-cob pipe, lit it and settled back in the now warming room. Then he saw the bath brush staring at him on his old bookcase. He picked up the bath brush, knocking over a shabby little gray book as he did so. A Christmas Carol, he deciphered in faded gilt on the back. On the flyleaf was written: Reward for Meritorious Conduct—L. R Hetzel, 1885.

Funny little sentimental trophy. Ruth and he had come out of the same country district, and the little

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"Wake Up, Wake Up, Daddy," She Was Saying. "I've Been Looking for You Everywhere"

Getting Salesmen and Holding Them

By KENNETH COOLBAUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

"The Five Men Clarke Was Instrumental in Converting He Took Under His Wing"

A BREATH or two after the current year first tested its lung power a young man called at my office. He wanted a selling position, preferably along machine-tool or drop-forging lines. None of the selling opportunities I had at the moment squared with his background.

Rising to leave, he suddenly asked, "By the way, do you ever place men with the Blanket Tool—salesmen, I mean?"

Then, for the first time in ten years of job brokerage, the fact struck me that, though I had sent hundreds of men to the Blanket Tool—hammermen, machinists, draftsmen, clerks, laborers and an occasional office boy—they had never called upon me for a single salesman. I phoned their director of personnel.

"Lord, man," he said. "Salesmen? We've got a waiting list as long as the Union League's." My caller left.

In the months that followed I thought often of that trifling incident, and then that there were other companies to which I consistently send men, that never ask me for a salesman.

The roster is brief, but its very brevity strikes Thor-like blows that forge a question of vital import, not only to the men who meet the country's pay rolls, but everlastingly so to the millions of workers who draw those pay rolls. It's important to the miner of coal and to the clerk who bills it, to the driller for oil and the men who refine it, to the setter of type and the reader who proofs it, to the forger of steel and the machinist who turns it. It's important because production, jobs, everyday living for most of us, spring from salesmen's order books. And in smaller measure it's important to you and me because as buyers we must pay the selling cost of the things we buy.

The Drawing Power of a Drawing Account

WHY do some companies get and hold the salesmen they want while others either cannot get those they want or fail to hold those they get? I can answer the question only in so far as men have answered it for me. And their convictions or beliefs are worth absorbing only in so far as we can blend them with the stubborn needs of our own business.

First of all let's limit our concern to business men who have a product or service worth buying. The ultimate consumer will take care of those who haven't. Within a quarter-mile radius of my office are a dozen investment-banking houses from which in years past I have had requests for embryo bond salesmen. I cite them for friendly hearing because I know of no other business mart in which every element of salesmanship cuts so wide a swath, and because, in the long run, there is but slim distinction in the quality of the things all twelve houses sell—things you and I would buy if we had the wherewithal—government, municipal and mortgage bonds, and occasionally the preferred stocks of railroads, public utilities and established industrial organizations. I can lift my receiver and buy the identical security from all of them; if they haven't it in their loans they will buy it for me. Several are of national, two of world-wide prestige.

But all, regardless of size or financial resource, face, wholly or in part, the common problem. And of the many spheres into which I have directed salesmen I know of none in which the problem is more clearly screened. The demand for salesmen from these first-flight investment houses is and has been as unfailing as the tide, and this in spite of the fact that successful bond salesmen seldom divert their selling power into other channels. Salesmen of about everything from baby coaches to cemetery lots have drifted my way, in good and poor times, but never a seasoned bond man.

All twelve houses have wanted and want salesmen. Yet 85 per cent of the men I have so far steered into the profession went with three of the twelve. Why? Not because they had convictions or even notions as to which house offered the best long-run opportunity. The world of finance, they frankly told me, was opaque to them. Nor was it because in my talks with them I gave one house a better break than another; as a broker I relayed only that which principals had passed to me.

Three firms secured the elephant's share for a reason as fundamental as it is trite: They offered men an immediate drawing account sufficient to meet their fixed charges during the drudging period of apprenticeship. For, on the last chalk line, bonds are not bought; they are sold, and green men sell them no more aptly than they sell old-line insurance, tractors, dynamos, paint, tool steel, ink, print paper, hardware and a chain of other things that require in men a welded background of knowledge and experience before they are converted into cash.

In substance, all three said to men:

"We believe you can make a go of selling bonds. But the only way to prove it is for you to try—for both of us to take a chance, with the chances against us both. You probably won't make enough the first year to meet your fixed charges, but if you plug, average a certain number of calls a day, week in and week out, by the law of averages you'll come through if you're a salesman. There's no limit to what you can make. The more you make the more we make. Now tell us what you've got to have to bridge the gap, and if it's within reason we'll underwrite you for that amount. It won't be salary; it'll be a drawing account, and any commissions you earn will be credited against what you've drawn. You stand to lose, say, a year of your time; we stand to lose what we pay you. Is that fair?"

A fourth house advanced the same opportunity, but in as much as its three partners frequently consumed ten days to three weeks reaching their decisions, the salesmen I sent them went where they could get quicker action. Still another firm, once it offered men positions, insisted upon an immediate yes or no. It resented their wish to think over the matter and possibly interview other houses before reaching a decision. Just why it so decreed I've never fathomed, for certainly a job seeker has the same right to look over the field before he makes his choice that an employer has to take his time sizing up the available applicants.

Reluctant to Take the Plunge

IT'S not on record that a sales manager ever said to a salesman prospect: "This is the best proposition we can offer you. Before you accept it, go out and look over the field; see what our competitors offer. Then, if you want this job, come back, and if it's still open it's yours."

Probably none ever will, but if more of them approximated it, they'd save many a dollar of the grand total that business men contribute to the training of salesmen—for their competitors.

Stripped of verbal raiment, the other houses, seven in all, said:

"There's a desk over there. We'll supply you with engraved calling cards, give you a list of leads and a quarter, third, half the profits on what you sell. Hop in, the water's fine."

The water may have been fine, but the hopping was poor. It usually is where months of unrewarded effort are the acknowledged price men must pay before the lubricating lucre comes their way. Sales managers seldom forget they once were salesmen, but quite often they forget the days they weren't even that.

But these firms that were fortunate enough to get salesmen—have they been canny enough to hold those they got?

The score of the men I placed with them shows—consider only those men who are still selling bonds—that a shade over 90 per cent are no longer with the houses that gave them their start. Every week I meet one or more of

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A SUBTLE SOMETHING

By Charles J. McGuirk

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

LATE in the summer of 1924, an ancient bearded chemist sat in his laboratory, engaged in a task only slightly younger than the human race itself—the concoction of a love philter.

The laboratory was a tiny room in the rear of a small perfumer's shop on Paris' most celebrated street, the Rue de la Paix, but, save for a few slight signs of modernity, it might well have been tucked away in an Egyptian temple six thousand years ago.

The man himself in his long black robe and skullcap would have fitted the character of a priest of Isis—a mage learned in the potencies of powders, philters, amulets, runes and charms.

Over the room hung an atmosphere of aromatic mustiness. On the long bench stood mortar and pestle, age-old symbols of the alchemist; a brazier under which burned a blue gas flame instead of the old charcoal fire; containers and retorts and vials holding unguents, balsams and fragrant oils, in the making of which millions of flowers had yielded up their lifeblood.

The chemist lifted one of the containers, a long, slender test tube, and held it in his slim fingers against the light to study its amber-colored liquid contents. Then with half-closed eyes he picked up another tube containing a greenish oily substance. When he removed the stopper a strong fragrance, so cloyingly sweet that it was sickening, filled the room. As he started to pour this carefully into the amber his resemblance to a pagan priest deepened. One would have guessed he was muttering an incantation. But he wasn't. He was counting the drops.

"*Un*," he mumbled as a green globule dropped from the slanted tube into the amber, "*deux, trois, quatre.*" He agitated the amber fluid gently and the four green drops broke up to deepen the amber into an orange tint. "*Quatre*," he repeated, "*et cinq!*"

He placed both tubes in a little rack before him and picked up a long thin piece of blotting paper. This he plunged into the mixture he had just completed, and laying it on the bench, left the room to wait. The real soul of perfume is reached only after it is two-thirds evaporated. Five minutes later he returned and stood thoughtfully looking at the paper spill. Then raising his eyes heavenward in a voiceless prayer, he picked it up and ran it slowly under his nose. His eyes closed, to open shining.

"*Voilà!*" he exclaimed. "Jacques! Jacques!"

Scenting Success

JACQUES, a newer and better-bound edition of the old man, and trimmed in black as to vestments and pointed Vandyke, burst through the door.

"*Mon père! Qu'est* ——"

"*Voilà!*" repeated the graybeard, and dramatically thrust the paper spill under his son's nose.

Its effect on Jacques was something like a delayed pass in a football game. His eyes shut slowly. He inhaled passionately, exhaled sonorously, and with eyes still closed, reached for his father and planted a fervent kiss on each cheek.

"*Ah!*" he said simply. "*C'est ça!*"

Here ended all resemblance to old priests and ancient times. The tempo picked up to suit a drama of modern business. And a drama it certainly was, even though the same scene occurred annually in the musty little laboratory.

Edouard Foucault, of the century-old house of Foucault Parfumeurs, had "come through" with a new bouquet, as he had for twenty years, to meet the Christmas trade. Edouard was expected to do just this. There was absolutely no doubt of it in the fragrant world in which he moved, or in the heart of Jacques, who, among his other gifts, possessed a blind faith in his father. Was not Edouard's one of the greatest noses in the world? Could he not, by plucking haphazardly handfuls of flowers in his fields in Grasse, tell which flowers would give most readily their fragrance in the processes of enfleurage or distillation or in volatile solvents? Could he not, with oils and certain chemicals, so cunningly imitate the aroma of roses or violets or jasmine that only a nose as great as his could detect the imitation from the original? Only in the soul of Edouard himself had there been doubt. Every year he suffered the agony of the artist, the distrust in himself and his ability to create a work of art. This, happily, was past now. The magic elixir he had just completed would keep the name Foucault in its accustomed place at the head of the best of perfumers. Or would it? Edouard's doubts still persisted.

This introduction of a new perfume to the world was, and is, a gigantic gamble, as great as that of the show business and strikingly like it. Edouard's newest synthetic triumph was like a play submitted by a recognized playwright, and as it rested in the test tube in a dark closet it was as much an unknown quantity as is the play before production. It had to be named, artistically clothed and then produced with such an appeal that the public would flock to it. If it took, money, renewed fame and prestige and all the other rewards of success would attend it. If it didn't ——

So in the little shop in the Rue de la Paix there was set in motion the far-reaching machinery employed in throwing new bouquets and scents on the market. It was named, and because this name is so far from the one it wore on its journey over the world, we will call it "Subtil." But its christening was at this stage a long way off. First, like the play of unknown potentiality, it had to be "tried on the dog."

Short Skirts, Bobbed Hair and a Wider Outlook on the World Have Brought Them an Aggressiveness That Makes Them Demand a Perfume That Will Leap Out and Hit You in the Nose

Trying It Out

THIS was done in the shop. Foucault's is one of the oldest and most famous perfume shops in Paris. It is the Mecca of the fashionable and the half world. To it come the society woman, the *midinette*, the actress and the shop girl. The customers who visit the little place in a day represent a cross-section of urban civilization made to order for such an experiment as the Foucaults, father and son, now carried on.

Three or four ounces of the new perfume were put into a richly wrought glass bottle and placed on the counter in the front of the shop. When a customer had made her purchase she was asked to sample it and was given a slip of absorbent paper containing a drop of it. As she inhaled its fragrance the expression of her face was watched hungrily. The Foucaults placed small value on what she said. Frenchmen themselves, they knew the courtesy of their own people too well to take it at its face value. When they were convinced a customer liked it they gave her a tiny vial of it. If she and her friends liked it, reports to that effect percolated back to the store, and if such reports were sufficiently frequent the Foucaults would plunge.

The reports on Su'btil were satisfactory and frequent. Scouts of the perfumer, mingling with the crowds in the *couturiers'* shops, in the gambling salons along the Riviera and in the cabarets of Montmartre, reported that the

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THE SILVER CORD

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

WHEN Harry came to, a thunderstorm was raging. Rain was pelting in his face and running in rivulets through his hair. He tried to roll over, but the best he could do was to turn his head. At the next flash of lightning the scene of his disastrous fall was vividly revealed. He saw the crest of a divided waterfall, the protruding edge of the rock on which he had slipped, and immediately beneath it a hut with a bright green growth of roof crop. He even made out the straight slide, swept clean of verdure to the brown thatch by his descent. When the lightning had passed, two faint points of light within the doorway became visible.

He squirmed until he could look at them more directly and saw that they were the dim flames of primitive oil lamps, bottles with wicks thrust through their necks. They stood on a low table, beyond which he could barely make out the head of an old man, immobile as an idol, with straight white hair falling to his shoulders, and a vast gray beard. Along the nearer edge of the table, facing outward, were ranged three small human skulls. He thought he was going mad, and with a spasmodic wrench managed to turn over; but when he attempted to rise even to his elbows, his strength failed him. He sank to the ground and cried out, "Help! My head! Oh, my head!"

Then He Got a Basin and Certain Other Necessities, Dragged Up the Chairlike Couch and Sat Down to His Long Vigil

There was a flurry in the hut, the knock of a chair against a wall and the rattle of the skulls, thrown together. Then came the hollow sound of one of them falling and bouncing on the floor of beaten clay. The old man was moving; he was coming out into the rain. He leaned above Harry, felt his limbs and turned him over in spite of his protesting groans. When the lightning flashed again he was peering directly into Harry's face, shaking him, and asking in English, "Who are you? How did you get here? Are you a marine?"

At the last word Harry managed to make a hoarse derisive sound; then he whispered, "I'm a fugitive; the marines are after me."

The old man chuckled. "Well, son," he said conversationally, "you're one man that has surely fooled them. On the other hand, if you're fooling me, your joke will end right here—quietly."

"I'm sick," groaned Harry. "I'm dying, and I don't care."

Although he was no lightweight, the old man picked him up with apparent ease, carried him into the hut, opened a door at the back of its front room and entered an apartment which had the acrid smell of live rock. In spite of the inky darkness, he moved forward confidently and deposited his burden on a low bed—a sturdy contraption made of hand-hewed timbers, with crisscrossed rawhide that served the double purpose of springs and mattress. It was covered with a blanket and a stretched sheet. He closed the door of ingress, and only then lighted an excellent kerosene lamp.

The brilliant illumination made Harry open his eyes. He saw that he was in a cave which had been allowed to retain its natural conformation, but wherein every nook had been utilized in an ingenious way. One crevice served for fireplace and flue, another held rough shelves of various lengths, and in still another was perched a muslin-proofed box that was apparently used as a meat safe. A larger cleft had dried herbs of various sorts hung against its walls and a bunch of ripe bananas suspended from a stout bar, while its floor was a general provision cellar. To one side of it stood a big chest. The lamp was placed on a small but massive table, also hand hewed. There was a second couch, much narrower than the bed, and with an adjustable slanting back. All the furniture seemed homemade; in fact, except for the lamp, a few cooking utensils and a dozen books, there was nothing in sight which a man with rough tools and leisure could not have produced for himself.

"Who are you?" asked Harry in his turn.

"If I remember rightly, I'm a fugitive like yourself—a fugitive from justice!" The old man chuckled and began to unlace Harry's boots.

"But what shall I call you?"

"I'm generally known as the Beard of God," was the astonishing answer, but given in so casual a tone that it seemed scarcely remarkable. "But that's too much for you at present. Call me Beard for short."

"Beard, I'm a sick man."

"I know you are," agreed his host, pulling off his sodden shoes and starting to unbutton his clothes. "You've got as pretty a case of acne rosacea as I ever heard or read of."

"That wouldn't kill me. I've got something else and I'm dying. Ever since I vomited, my throat is so sore I can scarcely swallow. My head burst open a while ago and soon it's going to burst again. When that happens I'll be dead—and I'll be glad."

"Open your mouth," commanded Beard. He brought the table with the lamp nearer, and seizing Harry's jaw, turned his head so as to throw the light down his throat. The next moment he was ripping off Harry's clothes without bothering to unbutton them, and did not cease his efforts until his patient's body was stripped. "How long have you felt like this?"

Harry rolled his head from side to side and started to recite rapidly: "It was at Jasmine Pool, but I didn't do it. He did it himself. I wasn't even there. Search for Harry Jones! Search for Julian as what he should have said. You'll find him under the radiator cover, and the bonds in Jasmine Pool."

"Stop that!" ordered Beard. "You've got scarlet fever—the worst kind. It was the acne fooled me. You simply must tell me who you are and where you come from."

"That's where they'll find them—in Jasmine Pool," insisted Harry in a louder voice. "All you've got to do is to go there yourself. Lift the cover and look. You'll find them in the pool."

His voice went babbling on interminably, but Beard paid no further attention to it. He knew there would be small chance of getting reliable information for many days—perhaps never. The possibility did not seem to disturb him. If anything, his demeanor was more cheerful than ever as he began to make his preparations for the set battle. He started a fire, placed a large kettle of water to boil, and then went to the shelves, from which he took down an ancient and much thumbed medical book.

"I wonder if there's anything new since this old war horse was trotted out," he said, talking aloud as if to keep Harry's voice company. He wet his finger and turned the leaves slowly, his eye caught here and there by some phrase that tempted it to linger. "Probably not. H'm—here we are. 'Diagnostics—sore throat—pharynx and tonsils inflamed—croupous condition—fever—pains in head and back—prostration—delirium—stupor.' Yes, yes; that's where we are now."

"Fall on the ball!" shouted Harry in a loud voice that immediately subsided.

"Not stupor—delirium," Beard corrected himself placidly, and continued his reading in snatches: "'Vomiting first hours of invasion—strawberry tongue—cerebral symptoms—increasing fever. Eruption neck, shoulders, extending trunk, arms, legs, full development one to four days.' Yes, yes; we remember all that. 'Subsiding, dead

epidermis comes away flakes, large patches. Peels off in sheets Cases that recover, skin may shed completely two-three times first fortnight.'" He read more slowly. "'Secondary and even third skin may have intense scarlet hue of primary rash.'" He stopped reading abruptly, and keeping his place in the book with a crooked finger, stared down at Harry's discolored and distorted features with quickened interest.

"So, my boy!" he ejaculated in a totally different tone. "Die if you must, but as a special favor to both of us, I beg you to pull through. Interesting—extremely problematical, but interesting."

"Bearing interest at four and a quarter per cent," recited Harry breathlessly. "Ten-twenty-thirty thousand How do I know how many? I tell you I didn't take them it was Julian. He threw them in Jasmine Pool. Lift the cover, lift the cover, lift the cover ——"

His voice went on and on while Beard found his place and returned to his reading: "Now for the treatment; here we are: 'Must be kept in same room for three weeks from beginning of eruption.' That's easy. 'Keep in bed while fever and constitutional symptoms continue'—difficult under active delirium. There's one thing I hadn't remembered—strap him in. 'Plenty ventilation. Skin must be washed every day warm water and soap.' Easy again. 'Quieting drugs permissible,' but we'll have to leave those out. 'No animal food—some patients long time weak—anæmic—mentally feeble.' Yes, yes; and that's the lot."

He closed the book, replaced it on the shelf and returned to look down at his raving patient. "It's easy, boy. You picked on a disease made to order. Nothing but nursing. . . . Hold on now! None of that!"

The battle was on. With a convulsive movement like the desperate spasm of a fish trying to throw itself back into water, Harry had cast himself half out of the bed. Beard lifted him back and held him down until he succumbed to exhaustion. While he was quiet the old man hurried to the long chest and took out some towels and a heavy cotton sheet, which he tore in four wide strips. With these he made a harness that would give his patient freedom only until he moved toward one side or the other of the bed Then he got a basin and certain other necessities, dragged up the chairlike couch and sat down to his long vigil

It was to last for four nights and four days—ninety-six hours of the most arduous and repugnant service that one human being, strong in the quality of mercy, can be called upon to render to another

On the evening of the fourth day the inflammation reached its maximum and began to subside. Within twenty-four hours thereafter the dead epidermis started to come away in flakes during the daily bath, and not long after in patches and sheets. A gratifying fall in temperature had given genuine rest to the sick man and many snatches of sleep to his guardian, but what fascinated Beard and induced a steadily increasing wonder was the miracle that developed before his eyes under the successive steps of desquamation

It was like watching a stupendous convulsion of Nature compressed into the circumference of a platter. The forces that had been stirred to fight a malignant disease seemed to overleap their fixed bounds and attack every blemish with an equal fury. They cast off one skin, and then another and another, leaving behind at last a purged body, bright as a boiled lobster, still vague as to outline, emaciated and bald, but smooth as a baby's cheek. By the end of two weeks Harry felt so well that he protested violently against being kept in bed any longer

"Look here, young man," said the weary Beard of God, "I've just earned my nickname over again. No man, single-handed, ever nursed another as I have you. It was nip and tuck more than once, but I dragged you through Now you're going to give me your word of honor that you won't get off that bed for another seven days, or I'll take you out, kick you off the cliff and throw your dirty clothes after you."

Harry not only promised but made abject apology. As a reward, he was moved from the bed to the couch daytimes and allowed to lie with his head propped so that he could look out through the front room of the cabin to the patch of sunlight beyond. He could see a tropical landscape in miniature—the smooth trunk of some giant tree, the red gleam of a spray of coffee berries, the curtains of banana fronds, a golden cluster of oranges, a single flaming bloom of hibiscus, and far, far away, the glint of blue water. At irregular intervals Beard would close the intervening door and soon after strange sounds would penetrate to the cave—shuffling steps, intoned orisons, everyday murmuring voices. The same sort of thing used to happen at night, but Harry was seldom awake to hear. Once stretched out on the flat bed, he generally slept soundly until the sun was high

"Beard," he asked one evening, "what are you?—a high priest, or a new edition of the Man Who Would Be King?"

"Both," said Beard shortly. "And what are you?"

Harry told him his story from the beginning, exaggerating nothing, leaving nothing out. The old man listened intently. When it was finished he demanded the repetition of certain details and then a general recapitulation. After that he sat plunged in thought for a long time

At last he said, "I gather there have been recent modifications in the passport regulations."

"I'm sure nobody was bothered about passports in New York," said Harry, "and I didn't see any fuss at Port-au-Prince. Why?"

"It's a crucial point," replied Beard, after another long pause. "Have you thought about changing your name?"

"No."

"Think about it—think about it now."

"You mean take a nickname like yours?" asked Harry.

"Not at all: one doesn't take nicknames I mean a name you could use for the rest of your life in the sort of surroundings you were brought up in"

"I told you I was called Harry Jones."

"Yes"

"Well, it's true. I've been called that all my life, but it's a long way from being my right name. I was baptized James Harrington Jones, after my father."

"How many people know that?"

"Almost nobody. I didn't know it myself until a couple of years or so ago. My mother knew it, but she's dead, as I told you, and so is my father. No preacher would remember a thing like that for nearly thirty years, would he? I found it out by accident; it was written in the family bible."

"Did your father ever call himself James Harrington Jones?"

"Never. It was just the sort of thing he wouldn't do. He was Jimmy Jones to everybody."

"Jimmy, eh? Not James?"

"Just Jimmy They still talk about him, and I've never heard anyone say anything but Jimmy."

"Suppose you forgot the Jones and started calling yourself James Harrington."

Continued on Page 62

Harrington Felt That He Was Looking on at Adoration Without Reverence; All These Suppliants Were Bent on Placating Evil Rather Than on Worshiping the Good

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 4, 1926

Backward States Waking Up

EXPERIENCE has proved that states which are in earnest in their efforts to cope with criminality not only can do so with gratifying success but can also compel neighboring commonwealths to do likewise. Measures and methods put into effect in the state of New York within the past few months have made the local hazards of crime so great that police officials say there has been a considerable exodus of gunmen, bandits and thugs. As birds and beasts flock to game refuges, criminals transfer their activities to regions where they can operate most safely and with least fear of punishment. Criminality is as liquid as cash and it flows naturally to those sections where the risk is smallest and the rewards are the greatest.

New Jersey and Pennsylvania have both received a substantial influx of the criminal element squeezed out of New York by the Baumes laws. The first-named commonwealth is still up in arms over the murderous and highly successful raid upon a mail truck in the streets of Elizabeth. Definite proposals for putting teeth into the criminal procedure were discussed at a conference of law officers called by Governor Moore; but they have not yet been translated into action. Legislatures move slowly in such matters and often only in obedience to a popular outcry too loud to be ignored.

There was a time when enforcement of the law was so prompt and vigorous that "Jersey justice" passed into proverb. The phrase has lost much of its old force, but it may still regain it if the judges, police officials and prosecuting attorneys are not balked in their desires. Present conditions are such that one judge is quoted as saying that he often feels like apologizing to the public for the leniency of his sentences, though the statutes do not allow him to make them any more severe. Another jurist declares that the way to avoid being terrorized by crime is to terrorize the criminal. This policy has brought good results wherever it has been tried; and to say that it will not produce a like effect in other states is nothing more or less than a plea for the continued rule of the underworld. Putting the clamps on parole and pardon boards, giving added sentences for crimes in which firearms have been used and the imposition of life terms for fourth offenses unquestionably bring beneficial results, and the fear of such results is the only conceivable excuse for refusing to resort to such means.

There is just as much patriotic work to do in this land in 1926 as there was in 1776, and men and women of sense are already attacking it instead of frittering away their time on the passing frivolities of public service.

There are Bonds and Bonds

THE negotiation and distribution of first-mortgage real-estate bonds have attained the proportions of a great industry. It is estimated that during the past year no less than seven hundred million dollars' worth of such securities has been absorbed by American investors.

The rapid expansion of this business and the comparative immunity from regulation which it enjoys have led to abuses and unsound policies which no investor in such securities can afford to ignore. The very name of these obligations is so closely bound up with our ideas of conservatism and security that it all but disarms the suspicions of unwary bond buyers, and the weak sisters are often easily marketed on the reputation of the strong. It is a great mistake to assume that because some obligations of this type afford unquestionable security, a liberal return and ready marketability, all which are sold under the same name have the same general characteristics.

As the industry has grown it has attracted to it not only operators who have sound ideas and employ conservative methods but promoters who are only too glad of a chance to take the easy profits and allow their clients to take the risk.

Generations of investors have found first-mortgage real-estate bonds a safe and profitable channel for the employment of surplus funds. They are the ones who knew what they were buying and were acquainted with the reputation of the bond house with which they dealt. Their chance of ultimate loss was almost negligible. Their experience is not likely to be paralleled by hit-or-miss bond buyers who are attracted by high yields, fancy promises and the golden haze of vagueness which surrounds some of the newer flotations. Neither experience nor common sense has taught them that first-mortgage real-estate bonds must be investigated just as carefully as any other form of security, and that the time to investigate is before purchasing rather than after.

Careful bond buyers will talk with bankers and trust-company officials and learn in detail the record and reputation of the houses with which they contemplate dealing. They will ask their bankers how much they are prepared to lend on the issue in question and what price would be obtainable if there were reason for selling the bond before maturity. They will wish to know who appraised the property, what his reputation is and whether his appraisals are conservative or inflated. They will pry into all the details of the flotation, ascertain if a suitable trusteeship has been set up, inquire whether the issue is a separate entity or whether it has been scrambled in with half a dozen others. Estimated earnings of the building will be carefully checked, sinking-fund requirements will be studied and the bond salesman will be put through a detailed questionnaire.

Such procedure will no doubt take a great deal of time, trouble and intelligence, three commodities which are freely employed by the most successful investors.

The Wrong Place for Vaudeville

MOST right-thinking persons read with pleasure the announcement that in deference to the opinions of influential persons an important radio station would abandon the idea of broadcasting a certain much-discussed murder trial. Thousands of listeners-in had expressed their approbation of the project, and no doubt much heart-burning was caused by the final decision not to cater to their prurient curiosity. Though we have nothing but praise for the good sense and the good taste of the broadcasting officials in abandoning the idea, the question naturally arises: Would the trial judge have permitted broadcasting had he been asked to do so?

More than once judges sitting in celebrated criminal cases have laid themselves open to the charge of turning the most solemn procedure known to the law into a cheap vaudeville show for the amusement of the idle and the curious. The squads of cameramen, the platoons of special writers, the chorus of sob sisters, the morbid publicity, the columns of neurotic drool and the hourly newspaper extras have all conspired to create an atmosphere of tawdry vulgarity which nauseates every believer in American institutions.

Judges who by their behavior indicate that they have no proper respect for their own courts cannot hope to exact it either from the general public or from the prisoner at the bar. Dignity can scarcely be separated from the administration of exact justice.

Where Money Shows

IT IS a common human failing to spend money where it shows. A woman who thinks nothing of giving fifty dollars for a new dress which she does not need, begrudges the oculist a quarter or a fifth of that sum for an examination of what is perhaps her most precious physical possession—eyesight. Communities are much the same. They point with pride to a monumental and ornamental public building, but are not seriously interested in the proposed new garbage-disposal plant. If the subject is mentioned at all, the average citizen merely laughs.

Modern and costly school buildings, well-paved streets and good roads are among the proudest possessions of communities, big and little. But as yet public opinion is not sufficiently aware that more essential to well-being are pure and ample water supplies and the sanitary disposal of wastes, human and industrial.

Rivers, bays, harbors, and sometimes lakes, are the logical, and in most instances the only, outlet for human, industrial and other waste of the large cities which naturally develop upon their shores. The shortest, cheapest and easiest way is to dump this waste into the water. As Mr. Hoover has said:

"After all, we are an industrial people. We have to work at least eight hours a day, and all but two or three weeks in the year, and it is absurd to believe that we can abolish our industries and still go fishing. I long ago came to the conclusion that there should be a survey of all the streams and a division of them into three categories."

First, the streams which have never been polluted should be absolutely protected. In the second category are streams which have been polluted to a finish and cannot be brought back without the displacing of hundreds of thousands of people from their homes by crushing their industry. In the third category are those which have been partly polluted and can be restored.

It is absurd to expect that every stream can be made safe for fish, oysters and human bathers. We must frankly dedicate a portion of our waters to carrying off the dead waste of great cities and of the industrial development which supports their population. On the other hand, if the short, cheap and easy way of disposal is too extensively employed human life itself is threatened. Beyond a certain point man must destroy pollution or pollution will destroy man.

It has been said that the degree of civilization of a city is shown by the manner in which it disposes of waste material. The largest city in the country employs the method of the most primitive peoples, by dumping its waste into its bay, and the second largest city flushes it down the Mississippi River. Great bodies of water have a wonderful digestive or diluting capacity, and should be utilized to a reasonable extent for that very purpose. But several of our large cities are trusting this capacity too far. Entirely aside from the destruction of fish and the loss of safe bathing, a worse fate is being tempted.

The pollution caused by mere concentration of population is no impossible problem for sanitary engineering. Disposal plants, which for all practical purposes solve the problem, are commonplaces of engineering. To be sure, they cost something, but the cost is small as compared with the huge expenditures for other objects which citizens of the larger cities seem willing and even glad to vote for. Unless public sentiment becomes more aroused to some of the unseen but basic necessities of urban existence, we shall face future dangers not now dreamed of by any except a few specialists.

THE PASSING STRIKE

By James J. Davis

Secretary of Labor

A SIGN of encouragement to those who look forward hopefully to the day when men of all peoples may work together in peace and good will is the demand now arising that business be given its proper place in history. It is only a few years since this began to make itself heard, and many of us can remember how it was satirized and denounced at first as an attempt to glorify the dollar. Today that argument has been pretty well discredited. And its collapse, in my opinion, has removed an intellectual barrier responsible for almost as much human misery as the belief in slavery.

We thought of trade, in days not so far distant, as but one step removed from actual labor. We thought of labor as merely a modified and humanized form of slavery. The historians, therefore, were only responding to the demand when they ignored work, and described commerce, when they referred to it at all, as a hanger-on of war. Merchants whose vision of new markets inspired and financed the opening of new channels of trade, and workers whose products made the vision possible, were taught to be ashamed of their activities. The height of ambition was to live happily ever after—in idleness.

Today it is only while our children are still very young that they plan to grow up and marry a princess. When they get a little older they discover that though it might be nice to be a king, there aren't enough of these jobs to go around. Still later they begin to ask what a prince does for a living. Having learned he has no occupation, it is only natural in time that they should challenge the history which credits all things to the conqueror and ignores the producer. That, as I see it, is just what we are doing now in the United States. We approached the idea in bygone days with temerity. Now some of our keenest minds are marveling at the length of time it took us to see the light.

I have been going over the records of American industrial disputes recently from this point of view, and I have come to the conclusion that the worker's contributions to civilization have been as thoroughly overlooked as the business man's. As a matter of fact, their interests are identical, since the first step in business always has been to get a job, so this is not to be wondered at. And though it may appear at first thought that the interruptions to business, caused by the refusal of ever-enlarging groups to work at the job, constitute a poor place to look for progress, the truth is that this is the only source of a great deal of material. Contented industries, like happy families, do not get into the newspapers. It is only when grievances reach the point of a strike that public records are made of them.

We may look over these records now without bitterness or prejudice, because the strike is waning with the need for strikes. What is more important, we need no longer concern ourselves with the fear that an admission of the good will encourage the evil. We gave way to that fear with reference to what we call big business for many years, and only after burning out our emotions in a national orgy of muckraking did we discover we were headed in the wrong direction. As a consequence our corporations have grown bigger than ever, but the little fellow has not been destroyed. We have more monopolies, but also more competition than ever before in history. We have also more prosperity. The needs and ambitions of the men at the head of these great industries and the men in the shops differ only in degree. Many of the leaders of today were in overalls twenty years ago. Therefore, if we can trust one we can trust the other.

In theory nearly everybody subscribes to the aphorism that all great reforms begin at the bottom. I believe it is only natural that as one's position in the world improves there should develop at least a subconscious questioning of this. A very definite degree of self-discipline is required for the man higher up to believe in his heart that he may learn something from the man lower down. The difficulty is not in finding the proof, but in opening the mind to a recognition of it. We are showing more signs of the open mind in our industrial relations than any other civilization in history, and no one will deny that this is the bed rock of whatever peace we have achieved. The best way to consolidate our gains so that we may extend the same influences into our social and political relations is to look into the beginning of our great reforms.

History now records the greatest American strike—perhaps the most important in world history when the numbers influenced by it are taken into consideration—as a political uprising. The glamour of time has clothed its participants in ruffles and equipped them with the manners and material possessions of aristocracy. Yet many contemporary historians referred to the uprising as a riot, and spared no feelings in describing the strikers as hoodlums. How many Americans know that the Boston Tea Party was proposed and largely

(Continued on Page 158)

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mystery à la Mode

IN CASE you live in Timbuktu,
Or Skanderborg, or Kandavu,
Irkutsk, or any similar place,
You may forget our murder case
For no one knew who did it, but the grocer's eldest niece,
A butcher, and a sergeant of the mounted state police,
A teacher, and an artist, and the undertaker's bride,
So the brilliant young reporters all were mystified.

The murderers had come in force—
Three motor busses and a horse.
A search was made for far and wide
Before officials could decide
The cannon in the village square
Was used to slay the loving pair.
For no one knew who did it, but a carpenter or two,
Three stenographers, a deacon, and a guy who made home-brew,
And a cripple who sold shaving soap, who saw the deed one-eyed—
But all the great detectives, they were mystified.

How should the poor detectives know?
They had no tickets to the show!
The courts acquitted everyone
They could not prove the deed was done—
For no one knew who did it, but a banker and a nurse,
A parlor maid, two burglars, and a writer of free verse,
A professor from the college, and a milliner named Clyde;
So no wonder if the public all were mystified! —*Merle M. Elsworth.*

A Quick Recovery

VERBOSITY: Bonehead says that after the accident, although he recovered consciousness quickly, his mind was a perfect blank

ANIMOSITY: How nice that he came to himself so soon.

Willie Visits the Farm

"WILLIE," asked his mother, "did you have a good time down in the country with Aunt Emma and Uncle Ed?"

"Oh, so-so," he replied, apparently glad to be home.

"It must have been great sport for a city boy like you to ride old Dobbin and drive the teams."

"I don't get you, mom."

"The horses—didn't your uncle let you play with them?"

"Horses?" laughed Willie. "There wasn't a horse on the place. Uncle Ed uses tractors and trucks."

"Did you help Aunt Emma feed the chickens?"

"Who—me?"

"Certainly."

"Gosh, no! All she has is pedigreed stock that she keeps in little private pens. She feeds 'em patented stuff by schedule, and would shoot anybody that monkeyed with 'em."

"I suppose Uncle Ed showed you how to milk the cows?"

"Do I look like an expert mechanic, mom?"

"No, but what has that got to do with the question?"

"Uncle Ed has a new milking machine that does the work. You connect the cows up with a sort of vacuum pump and watch the milk run into a big tank. He wouldn't let me get near it."

"Did you carry water from the well for your aunt?"

"They had a well, but I didn't find out where it was. Their water is pumped to the house by a private power plant."

"How did you like Aunt Emma's tarts and jam?"

"I don't know; she didn't have any. Aunt Emma's been on a diet for a year and she goes light on the sweet stuff Uncle Ed buys his in town."

"You must have had a lot of fun around the barn?"

"What barn?"

"Why, the place where your uncle keeps the stock and the machinery and the hay and the grain."

"He didn't tell me anything about it Uncle Ed keeps his machinery in the machine shop, and it was under lock and key all the time. He keeps the stock in the dairy building, and there was a government milk inspector there most of the time who didn't see any reason why I should be nosing around. The hay and grain are in Uncle Ed's private elevator One look at it was enough for me"

"Well," said the mother, "what did you think of the old swimming hole—the one down by the big oak tree? All the boys in the family learned to swim there."

"Nothing to it. Uncle Ed has leased it to a man from town, who has made it into a bathing beach, with a barbecue stand and chicken-dinner resort on the side. It would have cost me two or three dollars to do the place. Wasn't worth it."

"The thing I always like best about the country," observed the mother, "is the peace and quiet. It is so restful to be away from the noise and excitement of the city. Didn't you find it that way?"

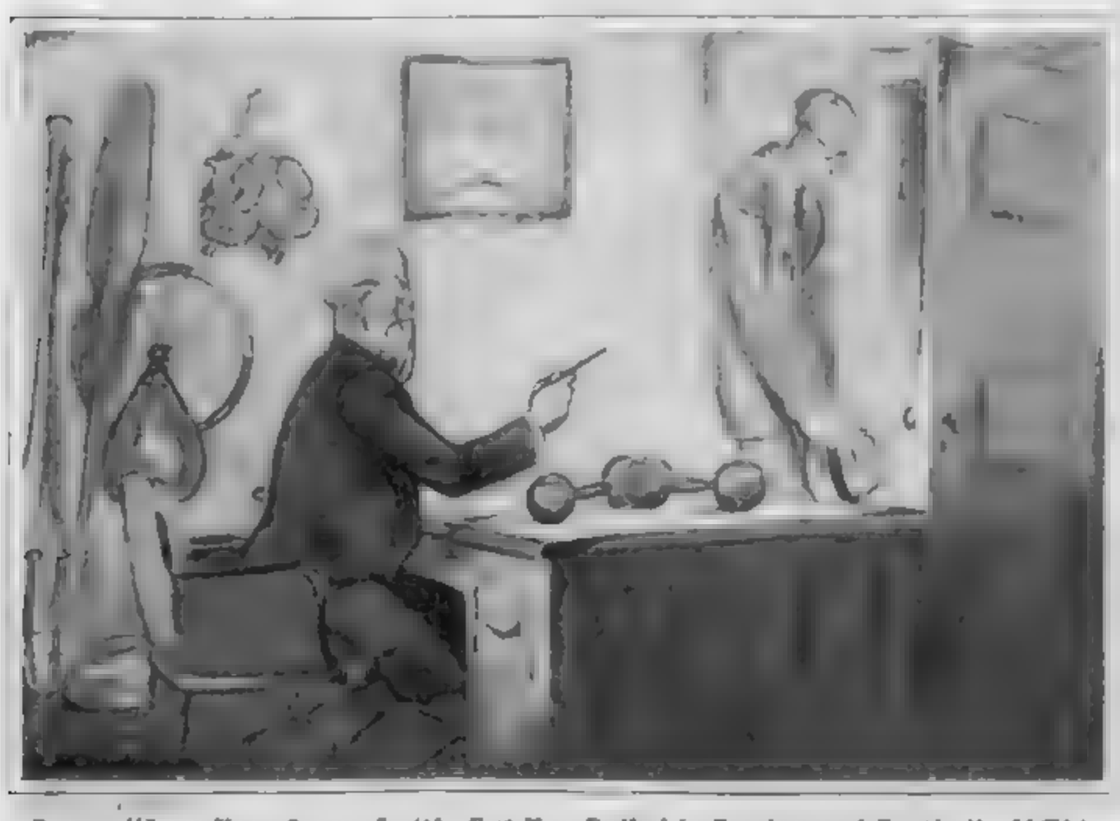
"I don't know what you mean."

"Well," she asked, hoping to lead him on, "what did you do in the evenings?"

"As soon as dinner was over they started the radio and didn't turn it off, except when the phone rang. By eight

(Continued on Page 60)

Last Night the Wire-Hair Male Quartet Took Advantage of the Full Moon to Serenade Fifi, the Milliner's Popular Peke. The Village Took the Usual Ineffective Action



Prexy. "I am Very Sorry, Smith, But You Failed in Rowing and Football. If This Keeps on You Will Have to Discontinue Mathematics and Literature"

"Say, Professor, Play Something Hysterical; We Want to Dance"

SOUP
for the home luncheon

"WHAT shall we have for luncheon?" Thousands of housewives are daily faced with this troublesome and often vexing problem. Breakfast and dinner require careful planning and providing also, but they are more definite meals which the housewife does not find so puzzling. On the other hand, luncheon (and supper, too) are more in the nature of "off-meals" for which it is often difficult to know the most appropriate food to serve. Sufficient nourishment must be supplied to act as the carry-over to the more substantial meals. And the appetite, too, is apt to be more capricious and less easy to attract at such "in-between" times.

SOUP—well-made, hot, nourishing, delicious soup—is the ideal answer to this problem. The following unsolicited letter is just one of the many proofs we receive of the universal use of soup for luncheon.

"I am glad to write my praise of Campbell's Soups, all of which I believe are the best on the market.

"I have begun using them more the past year, and find that one can of vegetable vegetable-beef, pea, or any of the other varieties, makes a very nourishing and healthful luncheon for myself and two young children. One needs very little other food in addition, and you feel that the children are getting what they need also.

"I find that one can buy them more reasonably at the nearby grocers, by getting from three to a dozen cans. When you have these in the house, you feel prepared for a quick lunch or any emergency. I have always found them uniform in quality and quantity."

HOT, invigorating soup has just the required temptation to the appetite at the midday or evening meal. Soup is nourishing and healthfully stimulating, with a generous quantity of the nutriment so important in the meal where it is made the principal dish. And convenience! What a boon that is in the middle of a busy, bustling day—or at the end of it, when one is so likely to be tired out. The good soups you are accustomed to buy at the store are already blended and cooked by famous French chefs, and there's practically nothing left for you to do but serve them!

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

THE JOY GIRL

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Not a Baby Any More," Said Jewel, Turning Her Eyes Upon Them; and Then Mrs. Courage Saw, Like John Jeffrey Fleet, That the Child Had Died

"YOU poor mad little butterfly, you!" said John Jeffrey, and in his voice was such infinite pity that Jewel took her shielding hands away from her face and gazed up at him. He had sat down on the arm of her chair and was stroking back her hair with a gentle hand. But if it was pity that she heard in his voice, what she saw in his fine brown face was the lightning of his anger. His eyes were like pools of fire.

"I'm winged." She faltered on an effort at a laugh.

"Winged—you are. Oh, my dear, my dear, why did you do it?"

"You know."

"Yes, I know," John Jeffrey agreed grimly.

"I've wanted things so badly," she whispered, "and when I met him and he seemed to fall in love with me, then it seemed as if all I'd ever dreamed were coming true."

"But you didn't think you loved him?"

"I thought I might. I meant to make myself. I could have if it hadn't been for ——"

"For ——"

"—— you"

"My dear!"

"I was in love, anyway, with my dream; all that he meant."

"And now?"

"Suddenly—it's as if all the lamps were gone; it's daylight, and I see the shoddy."

"Yes; it was all shoddy, wasn't it, Jewel?"

"I've had a dreadful, ghastly time."

"When?"

"This afternoon."

John Jeffrey's face turned livid. "Why," he said steadily, "what happened?"

"He found out."

"Where were you?"

"At his rooms."

John Jeffrey's hand dropped from its caress of her hair, and he sat there, a man suffering all the tortures of the thwarted lover.

"Quick, Jewel. Tell."

"His mean, dingy rooms—common. When I stepped in do you know what I saw? The very same old pattern of linoleum that we have at home, and I thought I'd left forever! You—you couldn't go into those rooms without sort of feeling what kind of person, with what kind of nature, lived in them. He'd told me at luncheon at the Carlton about his side of the affair. I knew by the time I got to those rooms what I'd done. But he—he didn't know what he'd done."

"You had to tell him there and then?"

"Just as he'd had to tell me. He was broke, wanted cash. I—I—I was the same." She pulled open the envelope bag and poured its contents on her lap. "See? That's all."

"Then he believed ——"

"He believed I was an heiress. I let him think so, because, you see, I thought he was rich, a man of the world; if he'd known the truth he'd just look on me as a young adventuress, play with me like anyone else, and that would be all."

"Well, you are a young adventuress, aren't you?"

"Am I?"

"Yes, poor butterfly. You've deserved all you've got."

She gave a heart-rent little cry. "Oh, don't say so!"

"It is a time for truth," said John Jeffrey.

"Isn't truth terrible—terrible!" She wept softly. "It's been nothing but truth all day."

"Tell."

"I had to confess. I I wasn't worse than he was, anyway."

"And that's not letting yourself off lightly," said John Jeffrey in an arid voice.

"He's bad, isn't he? Bad!"

"There are lots of him about nowadays," said John Jeffrey. "Perhaps there always have been. Yes, I think the human wolf is perennial."

"He was dreadful when I told him."

"He didn't—touch you?" said John Jeffrey slowly.

"No. I ran round the table. He called me a hussy; said he'd like to whip me; drove me out. I felt I was running for my life. Absurd, wasn't it?" she sobbed. "But," she explained in gasps, "I was so dazed; I was frightened, and sick with what I'd done. I ought to have stayed, perhaps—faced it out."

"It's what you'll have to do."

"Please?"

"I couldn't keep you here—now—for your own sake. It's not a good enough solution for you, Jewel. Do you know what I've wondered about you? I've wondered if underneath there wasn't a brave woman. Is there, Jewel?" She gazed at him, and he saw, indeed, that the child had died in her eyes. "I asked myself, 'If she went into the fire, how much fine gold would come out?' You know, Jewel, that the fire burns the dross but cannot destroy the gold, don't you?"

"You mean?"

"Answer your own problems, my poor little, very little dear. Pick up your own load for the first time in your life; pay for your own mistakes with your own coin."

"I can't understand."

"I'll leave you a while, thinking it out. You're safe here. Drink that tea."

"Aren't you angry with me?" she asked faintly.

"Poor butterfly, all singed."

Continued on Page 40

Watch your diet—especially breakfast!

Here's a rule for success and happiness given you by 1500 brilliantly successful men!

Choose all your meals carefully. Choose breakfast *very* carefully . . . Famous men say that your morning meal must be right, or your day's work won't be right. And dietitians agree. They warn us that inadequate breakfasts are responsible for many cases of malnutrition and lowered vitality.

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1500 famous business and professional men recently wrote to a scientific institute to explain their views on diet. All agreed that the right kind of food does much to increase a man's chances of success in life. All agreed that the right kind of breakfast, especially, is an important factor in daily efficiency . . . Pretty important testimony for the average man to consider!

"You cannot develop your abilities to the utmost", these men tell you, "unless you keep your body and brain efficient with proper diet. Most of the nervous breakdowns attributed to overwork are really due, fundamentally, to wrong diet. Many a man is a failure because malnutrition has robbed him of the energy and endurance, the mental keenness and initiative, which were his by right."

Each writer then goes on to describe his own breakfast—invariably a small or moderate amount of easily digested food, which affords a *large* amount of balanced nourishment. Just the kind of breakfast dietitians advise! . . . For such a breakfast, you could find no food better than Grape-Nuts.

Grape-Nuts is an unusually delicious food, made from wheat and malted barley. It supplies dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with whole milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration, particularly easy to digest.

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O—S. E. P.—12-4-26

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(Continued from Page 38

When he reached the door he turned round and saw her looking after him. And he would have given the world to rush back, take her in his arms, hold her there against all comers, say, "Leave it to me. I'll buy, beg or drag you out of this somehow. You are my darling."

But what a solution! What a disgraced butterfly if she cowered and hid in the shelter of the wine-red room when she should fly bravely, taking the winds and weather as they came.

He did not rush back; he hesitated only to ask, "Where did you meet him, Jewel?"

"At the Tree Top Club."

He started. "I—I—I probably drove him there!"

"You?"

"It's a story of a fatal masquerade, my dear. I'll tell you sometime." And he shut her into the battleground of the red room, longing that she should fight; and yet longing that she should fall.

He came back very quietly, so quietly that she did not hear him. She was not resting now, limp and broken, but was standing on the hearth with her back to the door, looking into the fire. And he saw that her shoulders were set gallantly, that all her delicate poise of pride was unshaken. She had regained herself; the self that laughed but did not cry; the self that bluffed the world with its tinsel banner bright.

"Better for your tea, dear?" said John Jeffrey tenderly from his aching heart.

"Better."

"Well?"

"I'll go home."

He saw that she had wept her tears dry. "Home, dear?"

She flinched. Not the new home! "I mean to Wallflower Road. Just for one night—one night more."

"Damn!" cried John Jeffrey, distraught at what his imagination conjured.

"You see, I'll have to tell them. I'll go home tonight."

His heart, pounding against his ribs, kept beating its enraged protest to him: "And after? You can't let her go to Vicary—to that! You can't, I tell you, you can't!"

"And—and then, dear?"

"I am a married woman," she said in a scared, brave, trembling voice.

She let herself in with her latchkey and went through the narrow hall, depositing her suitcase as she went. Home! The peace, the quiet of the meager place! The generosity of it, always offering to a girl all such comforts as it had! The grace of home—a grace that she had not perceived before; the grace that must have been embroidered into its whole fabric by her mother's hands of love!

And from the small dining room—for they only had the parlor fire on Sundays—her mother came hurrying out.

"That you, dear? Oh, my pet, you went out this morning without saying good-by."

Her eyes fell on the suitcase that seemed to be shrinking, with a wish to hide, against the wall. And Jewel seemed also to be shrinking, with a wish to hide. But she stood up all the same, in the middle of the hall, right under the low-turned gaslight.

"Why, you took your case! You weren't going away for a night, dear, without telling me, without saying good-by! Was it to Flora's? Have you made it up?"

"No, no, mother. I'll tell you all about it; and what I've done, and why I've come back."

Shadows on the girl's white face—shadows of the shadowed hall in the low-turned gaslight? Mrs. Courage stretched up a hand and turned up the light.

Jewel smiled faintly. "Is father home?"

"In the dining room."

There he was, just as usual, old slippers on, old clothes sagging, old face sagging, diminished figure sagging, behind the evening paper.

The girl entered like a soldier marching, and stood before the fire, before her father. And Mrs. Courage, sharpened, followed her in, shutting the door with a strange caution from inexplicable fright, stealing forward, her eyes on Jewel's face.

"Had a good day, my girl?" said Courage, mildly, helplessly sardonic, from behind the paper. She made a faint sound, neither assent nor dissent. "Mother's been alone as usual, I suppose."

"What does it matter whether I'm alone or not?" said Mrs. Courage hurriedly. "Jewel's got her own affairs; all young people have. I don't mind."

"What are all these affairs? She doesn't tell us."

"I'll tell you, father," cried Jewel in a high voice. "I'll tell you, mother. I'll tell you a lot."

In the silence, the evening paper rustled down and Courage stood up, looking at his daughter.

On the brink of words, she stopped several times, while they stood looking at her; and although they did not move, in their silence and intensity they seemed to be drawing nearer, closing in upon her, so that she felt she could not bear it for another second without screaming.

How should she tell them? The inspiration came, and pulling off her left-hand glove, she raised the hand, laying it, with spread fingers, on her breast.

Her mother first saw the golden ring.

"Jewel!"

Her father's eyes gathered it too. "What's this?" he said, gray, aghast, in a quick thin tone.

"You see," said Jewel.

"The ring means ——"

"It means she's married, father. Jewel's married. Now, father, don't get upset. Now don't say anything to the child. I knew all about it! Mother knew everything, didn't she, darling?" In a flurry, Mrs. Courage poured out words to save her baby from Courage's possible feeble wrath.

"What?" he cried. "You knew, mother—knew she was going out to get married today, and never told me, so that ——"

"No, no, I didn't know it was today. That's where she's been naughty, surprising us so. But still, we don't have a wedding in the family every day. We mustn't ——"

"Never telling me a word, so that I could do my duty as a father and find out who he was, and what kind of fellow, marrying a young girl still under age without her parents' agreement."

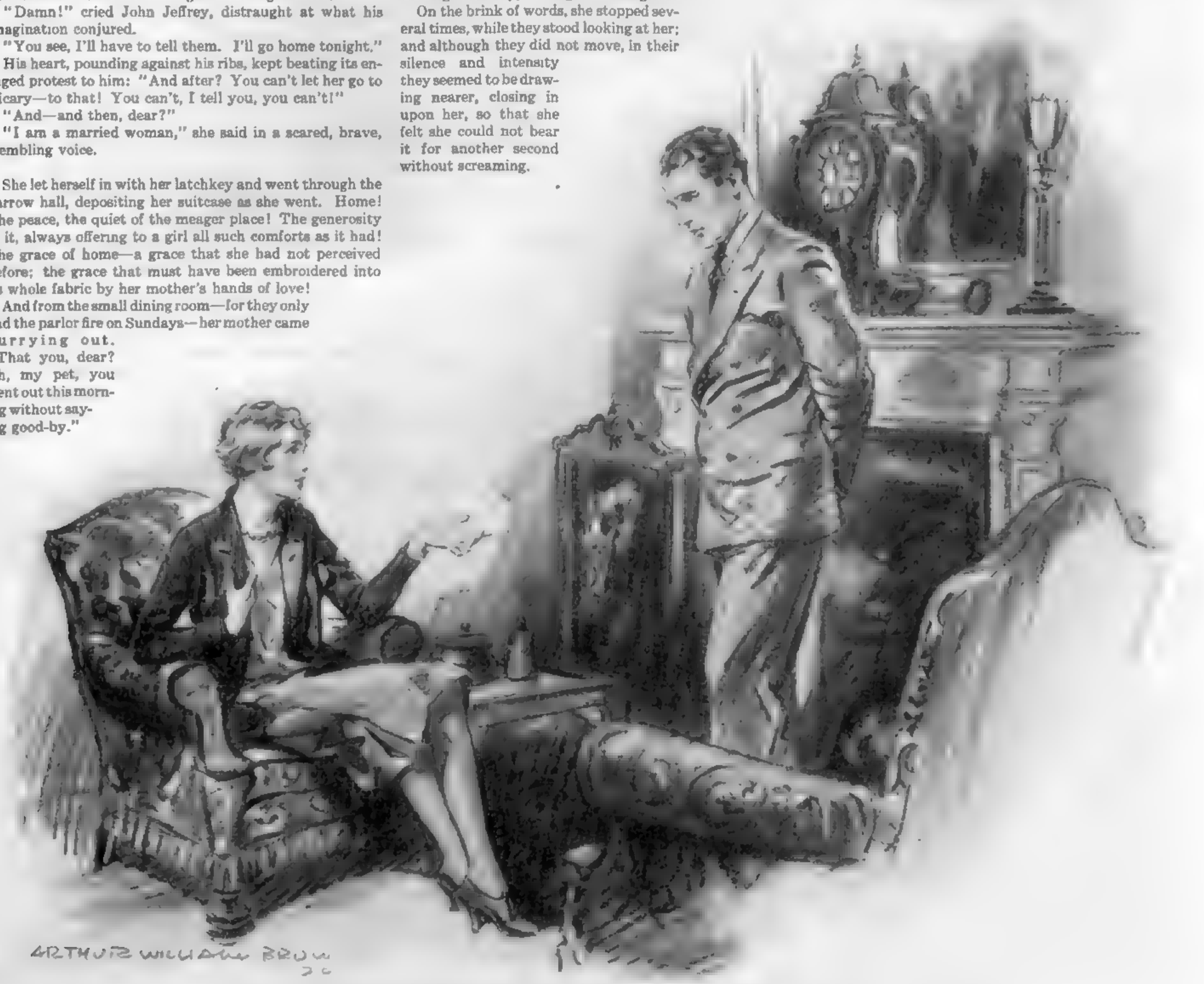
"Mother knows everything about it—everything—doesn't she, Jewel dear?"

Silence. "No, mother," said Jewel.

Now Mrs. Courage knew that disaster was upon her beloved, her treasure and her hope. She fell back against the table, clutching its edge with her hands. "But, baby ——"

"Not a baby any more," said Jewel, turning her eyes upon them; and then Mrs. Courage saw, like John Jeffrey Fleet, that the child had died.

(Continued on Page 119)



"You Know, Jewel, That the Fire Burns the Dross But Cannot Destroy the Gold, Don't You?" "You Mean?"

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A Timely Suggestion to Those Who Would Make Christmas Buying a Bit Easier This Year

WHAT AN ENDLESS TASK it usually seems to select appealing things for all those you want to remember at Christmas time! And what ingenuity it takes to find just the right gift for each and every one!

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Then, there are the famous Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Socks for men in both plain and fancy patterns . . . And where is there a man or youth who would fail to appreciate such a gift?

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And so they built three homes as one

"The Tree-O," Lake Forest, Illinois

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What can be achieved is admirably shown in "The Tree-O"—three most attractive little houses built on about three-quarters of an acre along Westminster Road, in Lake Forest, by three more than ordinarily interesting families.

Morrow Krum is golf editor of The Chicago Tribune. Mrs. Krum is "Nancy R.," the society editor of the "world's greatest newspaper." Their aunt is the Tribune's noted travel and social correspondent, "Madame X." The third home of the "Tree-O" is Mrs. Krum's mother's.

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BEANY'S FATHER ENTERTAINS A MONKEY—and Several Other Things

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

SUNDAY, June 8, 186 today i got up erly and went over to Beanys to see our munky. Beany was up and out in the barn. the munky shew his teeth at us and chittered but when i shew him haff a red banana he gumped down and held out his funny little niggery hands and grabbed it and gumped back into the troth in the front part of the stall and skinned it and et it. he wood talk auful big mouthfulls and his mouth wood be swole up as if he had the toothake.

but he woodent let us come neer him and we was afrade he mite bite us and we mite get the cholery. so we got Beanys fathers dog and held him by the coller so he wood not kill the munky becaus he is so mutch bigger and we sed sick him Tige. we wasent going to let Tige go but we jest wanted to see if the munky wood be scart.

but when the munky saw the dog he gumped down and rushed at him chittering as loud as he cood chitter and Tige put his tale between his leggs and yanked away from Beany so quick that Beany went heels over head and Tige ran into the house and hid under the sofa and staid there all day growling and whining.

we spent all the time we cood with our munky but we had to leeve him to go to chirch. Beany kep looking out behine the organ and showing his teeth and looking over his sholder first one way and then the other jest like a munky. i thougt i shood die laffing.

we wanted to play the hand organ but it was sunday and Beanys mother woodent let us.

Munday, June 9, 186—today when Beanys father opened the barn door he found that the munky had killed 2 hens. he hadent tore them or et them. he had grabbed them by the neck and strangulated them whitch was why they dident squork. then he had picked all the fethers off them and the barn was full of fethers. Beanys father sed the town of Kingston had got to pay for them hens.

Beanys father led him out of the barn. he had a riding whip in his hand but all he had to do was to swish it in the air to scare the munky. then he hiched the munky to a tree and he clim up in the branches and gumped for another branch and the string wasent long enuf and he stoped in the air with a jerk and hung down over a limm kicking and whirling round and wood have been strangulated if Beanys father hadent grabed him by the back of the neck and lifted him over the limm. then he gave the munky sum peanuts whitch he cracked and et maiking auful funny faces. we played the hand organ two. it goes kind of hard. neether me or Beany or Pewt can play a hoal tune without resting. i never gnew before that a hand organ man had ennything but fun.

Tuesday, June 10, 186—today the munky killed another hen. this time it was the rooster. he strangulated him jest like the others. Beanys father sed he will have a big bill agenst the town of Kingston. he sed peanuts and bananas are pretty xpensive. the munky et sum crackers today. when he hears the hand organ he skips and gumps round and gets terible xcited. i gess he misses the italian man. tomorrow me and Pewt and Beany are going to have a show.

Wensday, June 11, 186—most vacation time. we dident have our show today. Beanys father sed we coodent have a crowd hanging round all the time. he got mad becaus the munky gumped on Beanys granmothers head, the one that had the tisick or the assmer, we never cood tell whitch and pulled off her cap and wigg and scrached her face. well Beanys mother threw a hoal pale of water all over the munky and all over Beanys granmother. i dont know whitch was the maddest the munky or Beanys granmother. the munky chittered and shew its teeth and maid faces and Beanys granmother sputered and maid up faces but she had left her teeth in a glass goblit in the house and so she coodent show them and so the munky beet. ennyway it was her falt becaus we told her not to plage him but she kep gumping at him to make him chitter and he kep getting madder and madder until finaly he gumped so hard that he broke the string and got to her. well she grabed the stable broom and she hit at that munky as hard as she cood but he went up in the barn loft like a spider running up a webb. and when she found she coodent hit him she hit me and Beany sum auful welts with the broom becaus we laffed.

you wood have laffed if you cood have saw her baldheaded and wet throug. then Beanys mother put her apron over his granmothers head and led her into the house to dry her wigg and cap.

she hung her cap out on the line but not her wigg. i wunder why. we coodent get the munky to come down and so we locked the barn door until Beanys father come home. he coodent maik him come down eether. Beanys father sed that Kingston had got to by his mother a new wigg and a new cap.

Thirsday, June 12, 186—vacation is coming neerer and neerer. today Beanys father took the hand organ up in the barn loft and me and Beany plaid it and what do you think. that munky come down and gumped rite on that organ and we fed him with sum peanuts and a piece of banana. then the munky set on Beanys sholder and dident bite him or scrach him. Beany got hold of the string and then took him down stares with the organ. then we leened the organ agenst the side of a open shed and hiched the munky to it and he seamed to feal better.

(Continued on Page 174)

When He Seen That Munky He Let Out Sutch a Yell That the Munky Gumped Down and Ran Back to the School House

Above is shown the "Ceylon" Rug No. 564

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LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL ON THE RUGS YOU BUY

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

By Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall

I HAD a grand housecleaning once. It was always a habit with me to save the bulk of my letters, partly for reference and partly because a letter seems to me so much a part of the writer that destroying it is a painful task; I started by putting them away in packages, in bundles, in boxes; I finally had to do them up in bales and stuff them into hogsheads, until at last there was nothing for it but to store them in the loft of my big old barn.

Then I needed the loft. Something had to go, so I put two young men at the job of sorting the ten years' accumulation, taking off such names and addresses as might be useful later and then burning the lot. It took them the better part of a week, and according to their rough calculation that loft held eighty-five thousand letters. When they had finished they came to me with a paper box full of unused postage stamps, many of them foreign, and several of large denomination.

"We took those stamps out of the letters," the boys said.

Ignace Paderewski and Luther Burbank Before the Santa Rosa Home. At Right—Mr. Burbank With Albert, King of the Belgians

And when I had had them counted those stamps totaled enough to pay the boys' wages twice over. They had been sent to pay for seeds, for return postage, for small bills, and the like, and had been overlooked when the letters were read.

Travels With the Postman

AFTER that I tried to keep my correspondence cleaned up all the time; but it wasn't any use. I suppose I have accumulated in the past ten years fully as many letters as were destroyed in that wholesale housecleaning of 1914; it seems to me I have disposed of pretty nearly all my mail as soon as it was answered and the business it concerned was finished; but now, looking through the house and the offices and the barn in search of things to jog my memory for these papers, I find that I am again like a needle in a haystack of letters.

I wonder, contemplating them, how I have contrived to find time to attend to them; and yet I don't believe any friendly, courteous request, any business communication, any letter of inquiry, any application for information, a job, a loan or a recommendation, or even any missive blaming me for the poor state of civilization or cussing me for something I have said or have not done, has ever crossed my desk, in sixty years, without being given some sort of reply.

We had a heavy old bore visiting us once who never said anything or thought anything or did anything without cocking his head on one side and asking himself just how a mention of that thing said or thought or done would look when it appeared in his biography. Somehow that angle of the matter never struck me at all. Maybe I was too busy or maybe too independent or maybe too direct in my habit of mind to be concerned; at any rate, I doubt that they will get much out of my letters that will be worth preserving for their fine literary style, or for the bits of scandal hidden away in them, or for any of the other qualities that appear to make a man's letters worth printing after he has ceased to write letters for all time to come. No, the biggest interest will be found in the letters written to me.

I have mentioned some of them before in this series—the letters from collectors in scattered parts of the world who have sent me seeds and bulbs and cuttings for experimentation, and perhaps these are the most interesting and informative of the great mass of correspondence I have had, because they tell of adventures near and far, of the countries where the writers lived, of the customs and habits of the people, of the botanical and climatic wonders. They are, in short, a sort of travel series, reading which one can go around the world in seven hours and from pole to pole in an evening.

Doorbell Knowledge

NOW I want to write a little about letters from others, and about some of the visitors I have had in the past sixty years, because they are the only contacts I have had with people, and they give me, and I hope will give you, a sketchy picture of me, of the times in which I have lived, and the events in which I have, to this extent, participated.

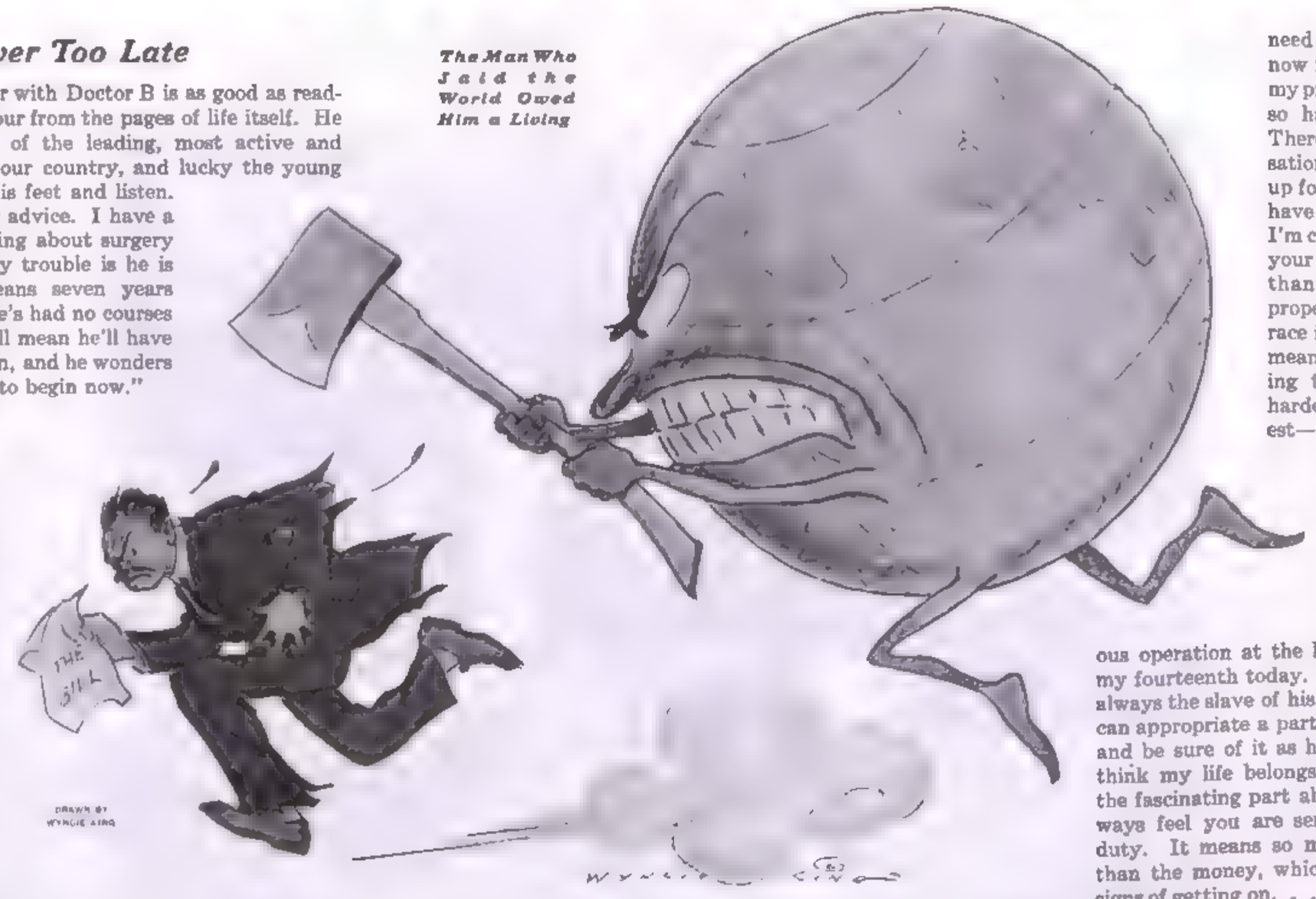
The mail bag and the doorbell! You who live in big cities, who travel about the world, who go to the theater one night, to the opera the next, to a lecture course, to great dinners, to clubs where famous men gather around the fireplace or the table and swap stories of their lives and experiences and opinions—all you who move about and have your contacts with a great mass of people as your daily portion may never have tasted the joy of knowing the world through the mail bag and the doorbell. It is not so bad a way; it has this advantage over yours: Whereas you know

(Continued on Page 125)

Helen Keller in the Santa Rosa Gardens

Harry Lauder and Luther Burbank

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD



The Man Who Said the World Owed Him a Living

Never Too Late

TO TAKE dinner with Doctor B is as good as reading for a half hour from the pages of life itself. He is perhaps one of the leading, most active and eminent surgeons of our country, and lucky the young man who can sit at his feet and listen.

"Doc, I want your advice. I have a nephew who is thinking about surgery as a career. The only trouble is he is twenty-three; it means seven years more of study, and he's had no courses in that direction. It'll mean he'll have to begin all over again, and he wonders if it isn't a little late to begin now."

"My own career is the best reply to that," returned Doctor B. "I sometimes think we place too much importance on this begin-early stuff. Old Doctor C used to say a fellow didn't begin to collect any common sense until he was thirty. Maybe that was to kid me along, but really it isn't when we start or how long it takes us to get started, but rather how hard and fast we push ourselves after we once begin. The main thing is that we begin. I've seen men postpone their start or let themselves be buffaloed by the too-late-to-start idea, so that they never did get going at all during the rest of their lives. No matter what your age is, forget it and begin. After that, it's easy enough if you've got the urge to make up time. Get my point?"

I nodded that I did.

"I certainly had to make up enough time, so I know. Mother and dad were farm folk—poor. They couldn't help much. It was all they could do to hang on while my brother and I went through high school. I didn't even realize the need of an education then. I didn't, wouldn't study. I got through somehow and didn't care how badly. Then some boys I went to school with, all sons of people pretty well-to-do, got soft jobs around town and began to high-hat me, as the kids say today. That made me mad through, and one day I said to myself, 'By gosh, nobody can look down on me! I'll get an education and show these snobs!'

"I went to the Y. M. C. A. in New York, where I taught for two years to earn money to support myself, and studied nights preparing for college. Next I went up to Andover Prep and taught physical training, at the same time boning for college. I had a very attractive offer to stay, but by this time the medical profession was in my blood and I had to go on with it. Finally, at the mature age of twenty-five, I entered Yale for a four-year medical course. Think of a green young freshman twenty-five years old! I studied hard and had to work hard to support myself on the side. Money was scarcely a constant companion; when it did call on me it seldom stayed long. Many's the night I went over to Jack's, corner of York and Chapel, with only a nickel in my pocket, not knowing where my next meal was coming from, ordered a five-cent beer and killed the lunch counter. Since I had to work to earn money during the day, I had to do all my dissecting at night. Almost every night I'd go up into the dark dissecting room and dissect away three or four hours, with only an old corncob pipe for company. It was a spooky place at night, believe me.

"Junior year rolled by and I made my fraternity, but that didn't mean much to me. I studied hard and stood well. Finally, in senior year, when we were just about finished, Doctor C, one of the greatest surgeons of his day, came to me and said, 'B, I want you to come with me for two years at the hospital.'

"I knew what that meant—only the honor man of the class would be chosen for that. It was a big compliment; scholastically it would make me, but I replied, 'Sorry I can't, doctor. I'm twenty-nine years old'—just about the age your nephew would be after his course, by the way. 'I'm dead broke. If you were to ask me for a loan of five dollars I couldn't give it to you right now. I've got to get out and earn a living. Besides, I can't spare the two years. I'd like to, but your offer comes a little late.'

"'Look here,' he fairly shouted at me, 'you're coming with me; you're coming tomorrow, and never mind money. I want you.'

"That was enough. Doctor C was a gruff, masterful man. That was May. I went. My final exams didn't matter; I was considered high man on the strength of it. Worse yet, Doctor C pushed me immediately into surgery. The very first day he made me do a major operation while he sat in the gallery and looked on, making me nervous as a cat. I knew nothing of hospital management, yet he put me in charge of fourteen young internes and told me I was responsible. I was just about as popular as a pig in a parlor, as you can imagine.

"No one else could get along with Doctor C; he rowed with everybody, including me, until one day, a Sunday, a young boy was brought in with a fractured skull. It was serious. I tried to get the doctor everywhere without result, so finally went ahead and operated on him myself. An hour later Doctor C came bellowing through the wards.

"'How long since you have been operating on brain cases? Who told you you could do this one? Why didn't you call for me?'

"'I tried to get you all over, doctor, but couldn't. This is the first brain operation I've done for you, and it will probably be the last. However, I wasn't going to stand around waiting for you and watch the boy die. I'm not sorry.'

"He looked at me a moment, smiled, and from then on we never had any trouble, largely because I always did my working first and my playing afterward. I found he was particular; I made it a point that he should never have to tell me twice to do a thing. I found he was punctual almost to the point of painfulness; I saw that he never had to wait for me. I did his bidding promptly and—well, we got along fine. So I was with him two years, learned much from him, and did a great deal of surgery of the most difficult sort, which he often literally pushed me into. Later, when the old man retired, he called me to him, saying, 'B, here are my instruments—take what you want.'

"When I thought of the marvelous miracles these bright, beautiful things had performed in the sensitive hands that would never hold them again, it brought tears to my eyes. We live far apart now, but I still go to see the old gentleman regularly every year. He is more than ninety now.

"So it was at the age of thirty-one I was only ready to begin my life's work—on the threshold of my career, you might say. It seemed pretty late to begin, but I went so much faster because I did feel the pressure of years and the need for haste that I am now further than many in my profession who were not so handicapped by time. There are many compensations which seem to make up for a late start. I never have regretted mine, and I'm certain you can't spend your time more profitably than in getting started properly. After that, the race is to the strong, which means the man who is willing to make his legs go hardest, fastest and longest—provided, like a good runner, he uses his head on the turns."

A waiter came in. "Telephone, sir."

Doctor B rose and shortly reappeared. "I'm awfully sorry I must go. A very serious operation at the hospital—this will be my fourteenth today. You see, a surgeon is always the slave of his telephone. He never can appropriate a particular hour to himself and be sure of it as his own. I sometimes think my life belongs to the sick. That's the fascinating part about surgery—you always feel you are serving, fulfilling a life duty. It means so much—so much more than the money, which is only the visible signs of getting on. . . . Well, good night."

He left, but suddenly returned. "Yes, tell your nephew it's not too late. Time and again I've operated successfully when things had gone too long and it seemed too late. My own life and all the experience I've had since have convinced me that it's never too late."

The next moment he was gone. I really think he is right. When we start doesn't make very much difference after all, provided, of course, we have the courage to carry on after we once begin.

—HIRAM BLAUVELT.

Wit and the Law

AT A COLLEGE convocation there was introduced one of the most prominent attorneys of the state. With a fine presence and an engaging smile, a voice whose harmony reached the recesses of the large auditorium, he mingled sound advice and touches of quaint humor until the audience of young men and young women was thrilled with the message he drove home. Every art of the born orator was present in the address.

Later I suggested to him: "Why don't you make after-dinner speeches? You ought to do a good job at that."

He hesitated a moment, then: "I'll be frank with you. I do make a good job of it. But I do not make after-dinner speeches except on rare occasions—I'm a retired funny man. I did not need to learn public speaking. It is easy for me to talk to audiences and to rouse laughter. In college it was my specialty, and I talked on every occasion possible. I became the school's clown orator. Somehow it was a gift, if that is what you call it. The audience was an instrument on which I could play, and my voice and presence—I am stating facts, not boasting—gave me an advantage. Public speaking grows on one; it is a sort of intoxication that reacts on the speaker and sets his blood pulsing faster and clears his mind—this, outside any message he may wish to deliver.

"Well, when I came out of college and set up my law office I took an active part in the city's civic affairs. I joined the chamber of commerce, a lunch club and an organization that conducted a weekly forum to discuss political and social affairs. Soon I was recognized as the town's funny man and I was called on to talk at all sorts of functions. Addresses before the women's clubs, the church societies, the chamber of commerce and similar bodies came with increasing rapidity. I was elected president of the chamber of commerce and with a bagful of stories presided at the banquets. Folks seemed to like it, and the towns around sent for me. I made speeches on every conceivable subject, from good roads to fundamentalism—always with much wit and story-telling—in a score of cities

(Continued on Page 221)

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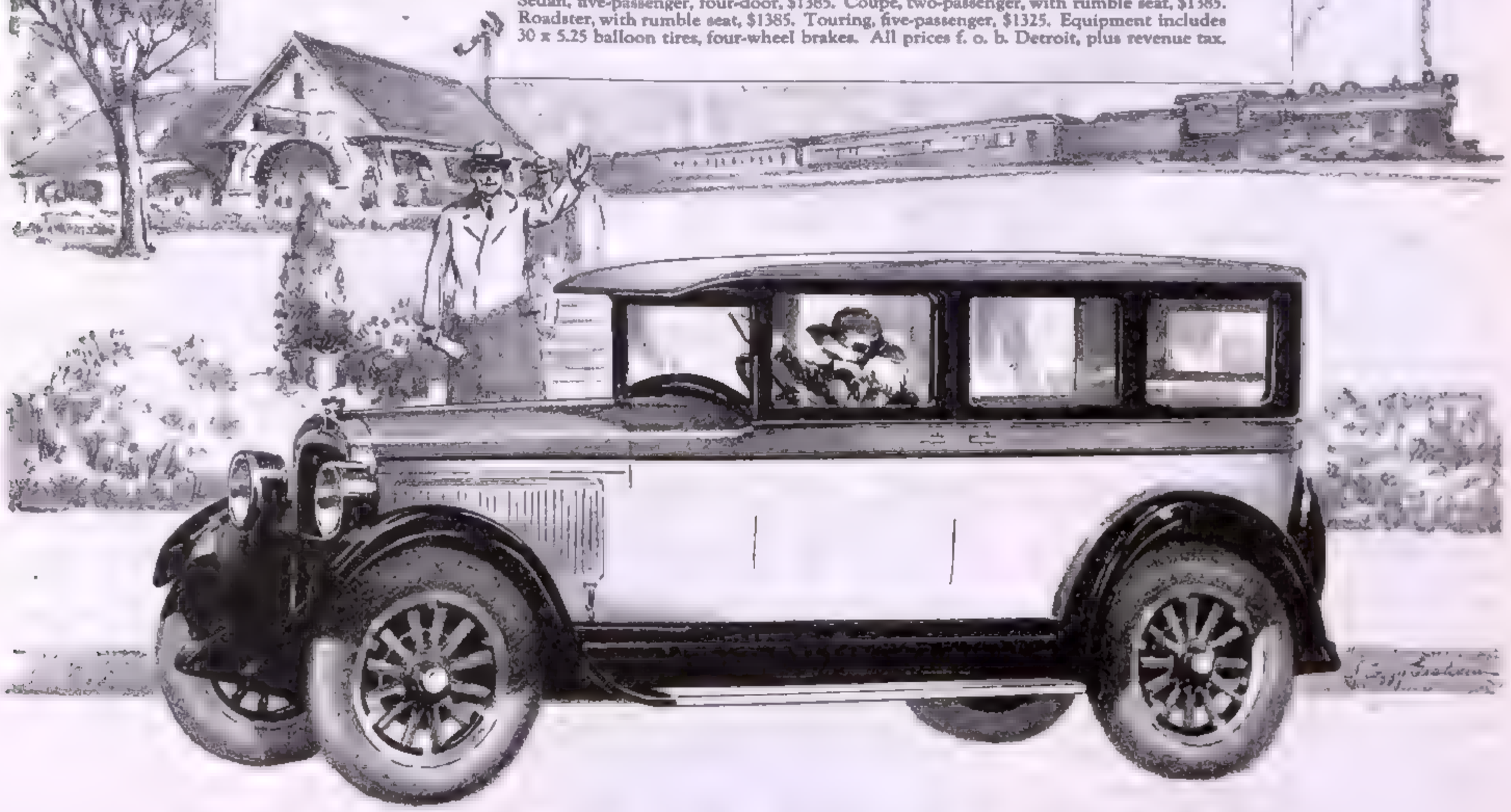


HUPMOBILE
Six

DUST BEHIND THE SOFA

By Mary Badger Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

SOME people were sorry for Mrs. Aiken; others were irritated by her. It depended on how they felt about futility. She had been a pretty girl—one of the "belles of Georgetown," so her contemporaries said—and she still wore the memory of prettiness like a frayed scarf. She had the awfully sweet manner of her generation and clung to the archness of her girlhood, just as she clung to fluffy things about her throat and irrelevant trimming for her dresses. Under all her fripperies she had a reserve of cold, hard shrewdness. But very few people suspected this, unless they were cruel people like old Beau Michener.

Old Beau was a retired commander, U.S.N., triumphantly unmarried, although his brass buttons had been the targets for feminine shots these forty years and more. He divided his time now between the Army and Navy Club and those drawing-rooms where one could be sure of finding rum for one's afternoon tea and spice for one's afternoon gossip.

Old Beau had eyes like a woman's; they saw everything—the dust behind a sofa and the motive behind an act.

Whenever anyone remarked—as persons frequently did remark—that they just couldn't see how the Aikens managed to get along, Old Beau would chuckle way down under the rolls of fat that had accumulated over his stomach.

"Fanny Aiken has three convertible securities," he would say. "Her ancestors, her heirlooms and her daughters. She's living off the heirlooms now. Why, I myself bought that delightful nest of tables—the rosewood ones that used to be in her living room, you remember. Bought 'em down at Malakadi's antique shop, and from the savage way Malakadi stuck to his original price, I know she had made him pay through the nose for them."

Across another deep chuckle, he would add:

"Fanny Aiken knows her way about. She's only existing on the heirlooms, of course. Her big profits will come when she sells off the ancestors and the daughters. Together, you understand—together. Who takes the daughters will naturally acquire the ancestors along with them. But Fanny will see that her three jewels bring a little bigger price for their antique settings."

People always laughed at Beau's gibes; the meaner the gibes the heartier the laughter. But there was usually someone in the company to protest against his estimate of Fanny Aiken.

"Oh, come now," the protestant would argue, "that's putting it on a bit thick, isn't it? Fanny Aiken's a sentimental fool; she wouldn't have the sense to scheme. And the girls are sweet."

"Oh, adorable! Perfect winners," all the gossips would agree. "And not only stunning to look at but accommodating and considerate. Pretty manners, you know. So unusual in these days. Everyone always wants them for a party. Darlings! Except—except, perhaps, the youngest one. Bobby is the prettiest of the three, of course, but she's different. A little cold she always seems to me, and proud ——"

Though Bobby could not hear these public criticisms, she heard much the same thing in the privacy of home. Indeed, she had it as regularly for breakfast as she had a soft-boiled egg. More regularly, because when eggs went beyond sixty cents a dozen the Aikens perforce scratched them off the menu.

In their shabby rambling old Georgetown house—one of those authentic and charming old homes which have been luring Washingtonians across Rock Creek since the restoration of old houses became the fad—the Aikens lived on practically nothing at all. Mrs. Aiken had her pension, of course, because the late Theodore Aiken had been an army officer. But the pension for a captain's widow is infinitesimal when one has to match it against the H.C.L. and three stair-step daughters all tumbling into grown-upness at once. Joan Aiken was twenty-one, Frances almost twenty, and Bobby eighteen. Mrs. Aiken had planned to let them slip out socially, one at a time. But as she could not afford debut parties, and as nobody could ever remember which was the older—what with short hair and short frocks, girls all looked the same, anyway—invitations usually came for the three of them. So there were three sets of party frocks to contrive. And, except when rich Cousin Ellie helped out, nothing to contrive them on but the aforesaid pension and the income from a tiny, very tiny block of traction stock.

It was no wonder that she had had to sell her rosewood tables and her mahogany four-posters and her fine old secretary and many another thing, even to a thin packet of letters which Martha Washington had written to one of her great-great-grandmothers. How fortunate, as she often remarked to the girls, that Martha's letters could bring a higher price than those of her illustrious husband, because the good lady had taken her pen in hand less frequently.

No, the wonder was that Mrs. Aiken had any heirlooms left at all. And considering the difficulties in her path, perhaps it was natural that she should scold Bobby so constantly.

Bobby—christened Roberta—Aiken was the youngest and the prettiest of the three girls. She was really amazingly pretty; sometimes it almost took your breath away to look at her.

Those were the times when she was tremendously interested in something, when her blue eyes blazed black, and the tea-rose pink in her cheeks deepened to La France, when she forgot to keep her mouth looking scornful and allowed it to be lovable, when the red gold of her hair, which curled in soft baby ringlets all over her proud little head, seemed to crisp into new glory. Yes, she really took your breath away then. But even when she was not like that, even when she was detached and a little cold and faintly scornful of life, she quickened many a masculine pulse.

Naturally, her mother expected, and had every right to expect, that Bobby would do something brilliant for the family. The something would inevitably be matrimony. With their social connections, embracing the Army and Navy sets and the old Washington set, it was possible, even without money, for the Aiken girls to meet the right people. Bobby's light should not be hidden under the bushel of poverty, not if her mother could help it! Often when she was too tired, after a day's contriving, to sleep, Mrs. Aiken would lie awake at night pleasurably building air castles on the foundations of the brilliant marriage Bobby would presently make.

The only obstacle to such castle building was Bobby herself. Bobby had such curious ideas. One of them was the idea of work. She wanted to go to work, she said—to go to business school and learn to be a stenographer or bookkeeper or some such grubby thing.

"Now there's no use beginning all over again about that," Mrs. Aiken said firmly when Bobby read an alluring advertisement from the morning paper. Bobby read:

"HELP WANTED. Female: Wanted, a secretary. Must be good stenographer and typist. Woman novelist desires a competent secretary with pleasant personality; one who is willing to accompany her to Italy for the winter months. $35 a week."

Bobby's blue eyes blazed black, her faint color deepened to rose, her red lips parted softly.

"Think of it!" she murmured. "Italy! All the glorious things to see. And thirty-five dollars a week. Thirty-five dollars a week!"

She closed one small hand tightly, as though she already grasped the money in a mercenary fist. It was one of Bobby's moments of breath-taking beauty, but she did not take her mother's breath.

"Now don't start that nonsense again," her mother said.

"But, mother, think what it would mean if we had thirty-five dollars coming in every week! Or even thirty a week. Of course, I really shouldn't think of a position that would take me to Italy. I'd get a job right in Washington and I'd turn my salary over to you. We could pay up all our bills and not feel apologetic to the iceman and the milkman any more. And we could sometimes buy a dress or a hat, not always have to wear what Cousin Ellie sends us."

"Your Cousin Ellie has been very generous. You're a most ungrateful girl," her mother said coldly.

Joan put down the society page of the morning paper which she had been absorbing while Bobby scanned the help-wanted advertisements.

"You are so frightfully middle-class, Bobby," she remarked scornfully. "The idea of feeling apologetic to an iceman. Why, an iceman isn't a person at all."

"He's a mighty important person when you need ice," Bobby muttered.

"It is all very well for rich girls to take up work as a fad," Mrs. Aiken's plaintive voice resumed the argument. "All this talk about careers is tiresome, but it is harmless as long as a girl doesn't really have to work for a living. But a grubby job—the kind of a job you'd have to take—would simply finish your chances in life. Look at the Palmer girl; she got a job after her father lost his money. And see what happened to her. For a little while people asked her to evening parties, but she dropped out of things soon enough. And she ended by marrying a nobody who worked in the office with her; some clerk, I believe."

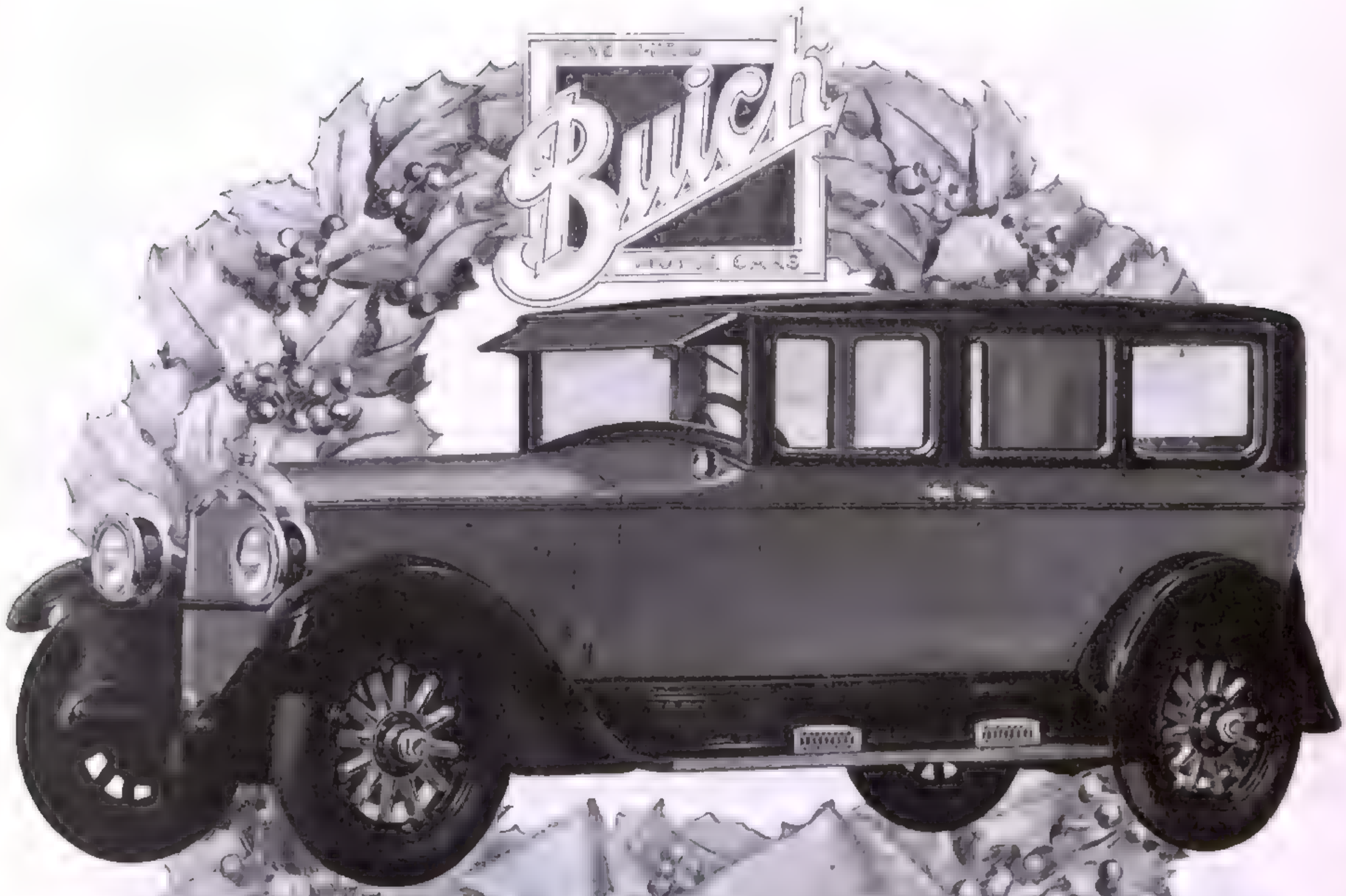
Mrs. Aiken was taking on the martyr expression which she often wore when talking to her youngest daughter.

"I've tried," she said sadly. "I've worked my fingers to the bone to give you a chance in life, to see that you meet the right people, and all you can think about is the iceman and the milkman and their wretched little duns for money!"

Frances laughed.

(Continued on Page 50)

"You See Now Why It's So Nice for Me to Have You Here Beside Me," She Explained. "I Can Rest. I Don't Have to Try to Fascinate You"



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The GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 48)

"Why, mother, Bobby loves the lower classes," she said. "You should have seen her yesterday. Laura Trask drove us home from Chevy Chase in her new car, and we had to stop for gas at that station near the bridge, you know. The boy who came to give us the gas turned out to be an intimate friend of Bobby's. She almost fell on his neck. And the way Laura Trask stared! 'Twould have frozen a fish."

Mrs. Aiken and Joan both turned horrified eyes upon Bobby, who pushed her chair angrily back from the table and stood up, slim and straight, a lovely flame of indignation.

"How utterly absurd, Frances, to pretend you didn't know who it was!" she exclaimed. "It was Terry Brennan, and four years ago when you were a sophomore in high school and he was the football hero, you would have been glad enough if he'd flung you a kind word. Well, he did fling them to me, though I was nothing but a green little freshman. He was sweet to me. I like him a lot. What do I care whether Laura Trask stares or you giggle? Darned old snobs, both of you!"

Bobby flung out of the room.

Mrs. Aiken sighed. "I worry terribly over Bobby," she confided to her two tractable daughters. "She seems to have no sense at all about picking the right people. And I'm so afraid she's serious about getting a job. Who is this Brennan creature, Frances?"

Frances shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he's a good-looking Irishman. He was a senior over at Western High when Bobby was a freshman, just as she said. Great football hero and that sort of thing. But he fell for Bobby the way they all do"—Frances' voice was faintly bitter—"used to carry her books up the hill for her 'n' all that."

Mrs. Aiken sighed. It had been a great trial to her that she had had to let the girls go to public schools.

Out of a bemused silence she presently said, "I think I'll call on Mildred Vandiver this afternoon and find out who's coming to her dinner tonight."

The Vandiver dinner was one of the many small parties scheduled to precede the big Hammerton dance, and as Bobby had been asked to it, Mrs. Aiken's interest in the guest list was maternal and natural. But Frances protested.

"Mrs. Vandiver won't want to see callers in the afternoon when she's having a dinner tonight. You know how she fusses over her parties; she's probably having a hectic day."

Mrs. Aiken smiled her slightly oversweet smile. "Milly and I were schoolgirls together," she said. "We aren't formal. If she's resting, I'll just run up to her room and chat with her a few minutes. Or if she's busy I'll pitch in and help."

A gleam of affectionate mockery lighted Joan's cool, dark eyes. "People talk so much more freely when things are informal, don't they, mother?" she insinuated. "Funny how intimate women get in negligee."

Mrs. Aiken looked hurt. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Joan," she said plaintively. "You seem to think I'm trying to get something out of Milly Vandiver. Isn't it natural that I should take an interest in the parties my daughters are asked to?"

Joan dropped a slim, casual hand on her mother's shoulder and patted it soothingly.

"Of course it is, old dear," she said. "Me, I'm only too glad to have your maternal interest. But Bobby now—Bobby's different."

Late that afternoon Mrs. Aiken returned from her informal call on her old schoolmate like a flag-decked boat making harbor. There was something triumphant about the motion of the feathers on her hat; something assured about the delicate motions of her hands in their shabby gloves; and her faded eyes were ashine with pleasure.

"I want you to wear your new flame-colored dress tonight," she said to Bobby. "Milly's dinner is going to be a nice party. Even if there's danger of the dress crushing at the dance later—such a mob at the Hammertons' always—still for Milly's. . . . Yes, I'm sure you'd better wear the flame-colored."

Now Bobby's flame-colored dress was a tricky affair, the kind of frock which either lowers its wearer to the depths or raises her to the heights. Rich Cousin Ellie, who lived in Philadelphia, had bought it originally for one of her own daughters. Cousin Ellie's daughters were bored young persons who had been allowed to stuff too many sweets in childhood and who consequently suffered now from sallow complexions and lank, oily hair. The flame-colored dress had been distinctly a boomerang on Cousin Ellie's eldest. So it had come to Bobby practically new. On Bobby it was a deadly explosive against which all masculine noncombatants should certainly have been furnished protective masks.

Bobby, who was a little indifferent about clothes, merely murmured "Yes, mother," to Mrs. Aiken's suggestion.

But Joan asked shrewdly, "Who's taking Bobby in tonight?"

Mrs. Aiken's feathers took on added triumph. She peeled off the shabby gloves and flexed her fingers once or twice before she answered Joan, prolonging the victory of her announcement.

"Milly has decided on Philip Davidson as Bobby's dinner partner," she said at last. "He is the only son of Senator Davidson—you know, that rich copper senator ——"

"Oh, yes, I know all about Phil," Joan interrupted. "He's just back from getting his Paris divorce. He married a dancer or something, and she stuck him for stiff alimony too."

Bobby looked up from the table napkin she was hemstitching. "I'm not sure that I believe in divorce," she said gravely.

Joan laughed. "Don't be stuffy and middle-class," she said sharply to her sister. "Everybody gets divorces now. It's nearly as bad to get married only once as it is to be an old maid."

"I think it's horrible. Throwing husbands and wives away like old shoes," Bobby protested.

"But how nice to get shiny new ones with diamond buckles," Joan suggested.

"It isn't right." Bobby was quite firm.

Joan shuddered. "You talk like a movie caption," she said. "Please, Bobby, mend your broken line. Nobody talks about right and wrong. It simply isn't done. Pre-prohibition, positively."

(Continued on Page 53)

"Please, Bobby, Mend Your Broken Line. Nobody Talks About Right and Wrong. It Simply Isn't Done"

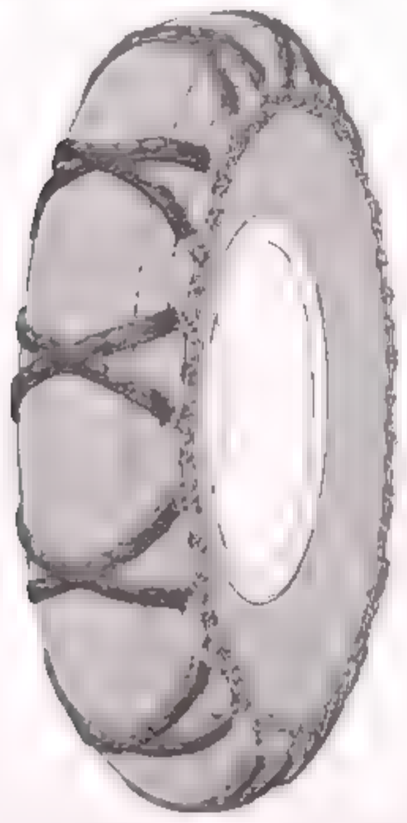
ONE OF THE IMPRESSIVE FACTS IN THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY TODAY IS THE LEADERSHIP, IN PRACTICALLY EVERY PRICE CLASS, OF CARS WITH BODY BY FISHER

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

BODY by FISHER

With this chain you still ride on RUBBER



GOODYEAR Rubber Tire Chains overcome the two main objections to ordinary chains. They are *quiet*, and they *wear long*. And you can leave them on all Winter. They are saving of tires. You can go from mud to wet and dry pavements, to snow—all on gripping quiet rubber traction. Easy to apply. Especially suited to balloon tires.

Quietness: There's no clanging on the pavement or banging on the fenders with Goodyear Chains. *Rubber cross links take the place of steel.*

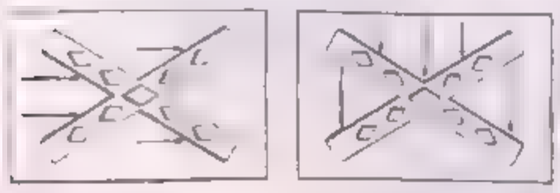
Long Wear: Mile for mile, one set of Goodyear Chains will, in most cases, outwear several sets of ordinary tire chains.

Tire-Saving: The broad rubber cross links guard against cutting or bruising of the tire tread, and especially in deep ruts give valuable protection to tire sidewalls.

Ease of Application: Goodyear Chains are easy to apply. You put them on and leave them on—over mud, wet and dry pavements, or snow.

Security: Goodyear Chains employ the non-skid principle of the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread magnified for maximum gripping action. Scientifically designed to resist skidding in any direction.

Convince yourself of these facts by having your car equipped with Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.



Angularity of cross links sets up effective resistance to skidding sidewise. *Squeeze action of rubber cross links holds the car firmly on wet pavement.*

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR TIRE CHAINS

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 50)

"Children!" Mrs. Aiken closed her eyes with a gentle air of suffering.

"Bobby is quite right," she said, "to have high ideals. Especially about marriage. What could be sweeter in a young girl!" she enthused. "But we must remember that circumstances alter cases, my dear." She smiled sweetly at her youngest daughter. "Milly tells me that this young Mr. Davidson had a very distressing experience, poor lad. Picked up by this common little dancer, it seems, and it is most fortunate that he could get rid of her so quietly. These Parisian divorces are beautifully arranged with no scandal, so Milly says. We ought to be charitable in our judgments, you know, Bobby, dear."

She raised a discreet handkerchief to her eyes, in which tears had gathered. Mrs. Aiken cried very easily.

"I'm sure," she added, quite relevantly, "I don't know what we are to do this winter unless I can sell the Stuart portrait. With this terrible coal strike and the prices, and the expenses for you girls. . . . Ah, Bobby, do try to be nice to Mr. Davidson."

As a matter of fact, Bobby did not have to be nice. Just being Bobby in the flame-colored dress was enough. Phil Davidson—beautifully tailored, dark and suave, with lazy, amused eyes and a self-indulgent mouth—succumbed promptly. Over the roast duckling he confessed as much.

"Do you know, I like you," he said in his pleasant, lazy voice. "Like you a lot."

"Some do," Bobby admitted without prejudice.

"I dare say. But few can appreciate you as I do," he boasted. "I'll show you."

Bobby's great blue eyes regarded him coldly. "A connoisseur, aren't you?" she said. "I prefer amateur admirers to professionals."

Phil laughed good-humoredly. He liked 'em with a dash of paprika.

But Bobby turned a cool and very lovely shoulder to him and switched her attention to the man on her other side, whose own dinner partner had abandoned him back in the fish course.

He was a tall, thin young man whose upstanding blond hair was evidently a conscientious objector to military brushes and whose preoccupied gray eyes peered at you in nearsighted fashion through thick glasses. He looked shy too. Not at all the sort to capture the fancy of a leading lady; in fact, quite plainly labeled by nature as one of the extras in life's moving picture. Yet Bobby turned to him from Phil Davidson's perfect profile with a pleasant sense of escape.

"Who are you?" she asked with naïve but friendly interest.

The young man started. He had retreated mentally from the dinner and must come back a long way. He blinked at Bobby a couple of times and then a sort of glow came over his face. The glow was not an unusual phenomenon when young men regarded Bobby, but she noticed that this particular young man had a singularly sweet smile—sweet as a girl's, although his mouth was strongly masculine.

"I'm nobody in particular," he admitted. "My name happens to be Jones. Jeremy Jones. My friends mostly call me J. J."

"And where do you come from and what do you do?" Bobby pursued like a privileged catechism.

"I'm from the South—from North Carolina," he said. "And I'm working for the Government—in the Agricultural Department. Scientific work—battling the boll weevils and that sort of thing. Tremendously interesting, you know."

The young man's face was again lighted by that inner glow. But Bobby disregarded the tremendously interesting boll weevils.

"Then if you work for the Government, of course you're poor," she said. "How nice!"

Jeremy Jones, familiarly known as J. J., stared. "You think it nice to be poor?" he inquired.

"Oh, no! No!" Bobby denied. "If you're really poor and can't pay your bills, it's horrid. I didn't mean it was nice for you, but nice for me to have you here beside me. Restful. You see, I'm poor too. We are quite desperately poor in our family. Mother hasn't anything but a lot of mahogany and a little bit of a pension and three husky daughters with big appetites."

J. J. looked embarrassed. "I suppose you're spoofing me. I'm terribly slow at this small talk," he said shyly.

Bobby laughed. "It's the deadly truth I'm telling you," she said. "It's no secret, you see. Everybody knows about us, and if I don't tell you somebody else will. I suppose everybody laughs too." She shrugged an indifferent shoulder. "But people are awfully kind, of course. They ask us about to all the nice parties, although we never have the money to entertain them in return. And they introduce us to lots of eligible men. That's our game, you see. We are out to catch rich young men."

Bitterness suddenly hardened Bobby's soft young mouth. Then, as suddenly, the bitterness shattered into sparkles.

"You see now why it's so nice for me to have you here beside me," she explained. "I can rest. I don't have to try to fascinate you."

"You don't have to try," J. J. said very low. There was something in the seriousness of his deep voice, plainly unused to turning light compliments, that troubled Bobby.

"Oh, but I mustn't," she said. "You're forbidden fruit, you see. I can't afford poor men. Tell me about the boll weevils and things," she commanded, stretching out a greedy hand to his supply of salted almonds, having finished her own some time since.

He lost his shyness as he talked about his work, and Bobby listening, understanding nothing whatever of boll weevils and things, was yet a little thrilled by his enthusiasm.

"There's something so fine about a job!" she exclaimed. "Something so clean about work and about earning your own way. I wish I had a job."

Phil Davidson, escaping from the chattery young person into whose conversational net Bobby's desertion had thrown him, now leaned close to Bobby.

"Here's a job waiting for you," he wheedled. "Take me on. I'm your job."

Bobby, remembering her mother's tears and the threatened sale of the Stuart portrait to pay for the winter's coal, turned her golden head his way.

"Probably you are," she admitted with a sigh.

From the evening's festivities Bobby came home with a pretty well danced-out flame-colored frock, but with a creditable string of dates for the coming week.

Phil Davidson was to take her to the theater the very next night. But J. J. was to come for her in the afternoon and take her to ride in his roadster. It was an old car, rather battered, he had told her, not the sort a girl could be expected to like. But they had been through a lot together, he and that old car, and he'd back the engine against all newcomers. His nearsighted eyes had been positively affectionate as he talked of the engine.

"I'm sure I'll like it much better than a new-rich car," Bobby had assured him.

She was ready for him a good half hour before he arrived, but she stood before the living-room mirror, pulling a few strategic curls from under her blue-velvet tam. It was unusual for Bobby to fuss about her appearance.

"Who is this person who is taking you to ride?" Mrs. Aiken asked coldly.

"His name is Jeremy Jones, mother. And he's terribly nice. Southerner,"

Bobby answered rather absently. She poked the velvet tam with a disapproving finger.

Perhaps she had better have worn Frances' gray felt? She wondered if J. J. liked blue.

"And is that all you know about him?" Mrs. Aiken pursued, even more coldly.

Bobby swerved from the mirror defiantly. "No, I know other things about him. I know he's poor," she said. Joan, who was reading an advanced magazine, tossed it aside, and took up the problem of her younger sister.

"I do hope, Bobby, that you aren't going to fall for one of those poor but charming Southerners," she said. "This town is simply cluttered with them. But nobody goes in for them any more. They went out of style back in the horse-and-buggy age. Can't you ever get over being sentimental? Nobody's sentimental now. It's so middle-class," she wailed.

Later, driving in the battered roadster through the golden end of a frost-nipped day, Bobby asked earnestly, "Do you think, J. J., that it's frightfully sentimental and middle-class to—to believe in things—in right and wrong, you know?"

J. J. peered down at her through his thick glasses.

"Who says so?" he asked.

"Oh, lots of people," she told him, "and my sister Joan."

"The only thing that seems to me middle-class," J. J. told her gravely, "is to be afraid to think for yourself. I expect people used to be afraid to say anything was right if other people said it was wrong. Back in the Victorian age, you know. At least that's what one reads. But as things are going now, all the human herd is rushing in the other direction. They are afraid now to say that anything is wrong! Well, I think it's just as stupid to belong to the herd one time as another."

He laughed to himself, wrinkling his nose. "Like a funny, adorable rabbit," Bobby thought.

"Why, the thing that takes real courage today," he told her, "is to admit that you have a principle or two. It's immensely radical now to be conservative."

"Of course," Bobby agreed, "it's fine and free and happy to think for yourself. But one can't always. One has to think about other people."

She never talked to Phil Davidson about right and wrong and freedom and courage. Mostly Phil talked to her—about Paris and how to make a tricky new cocktail and what the best-dressed chorus girls didn't wear and just how much make-up was smart, and all such things as that. And, after a time or two, about how he couldn't worry along any more without Bobby and how different she was from that little gold digger he had married the first time and why wouldn't Bobby come on and marry him now, today?

Of course she would have to marry him in the end. She knew that. Because her mother talked more and more about the coal bills and the grocery bills and how they'd simply have to sell the Stuart portrait. After which, she would weep a little, very gently, and say she had hoped they could keep the Stuart. And all the family would sing Phil Davidson's praises and Joan would say she wished he would fall for her.

But even though she had to marry him eventually, Bobby put off the day. And all the time it was getting harder and harder. Because all the time there was J. J. growing dearer and dearer. Joan laughed at him, and Frances imitated him behind his back—his nearsighted peering way of looking at you and his shy, awkward ways. But this only added a sort of fierceness to Bobby's feeling for him. He took her out in his shabby car constantly. And sometimes they went to movies together and had hot chocolate afterward. He had wanted to do more expensive things for her—the sort of things Phil Davidson did. But she would not hear to it. (Continued on Page 54)

Today's PAIGE Sets Tomorrow's STYLE

NEXT year—you may find Paige style and Paige smartness in many cars—but today you can get their charming exclusiveness only in Paige.

Nowhere else—*this* year—will you find such a perfect and complete combination of graceful body lines and bewitching interior appointments.

STYLE—IN THE BODIES!

Mohair upholstery covers deep nested springs. Arm rests and silken toggle grips contribute a new measure of restful comfort. Clustered instruments glow in reflected light.

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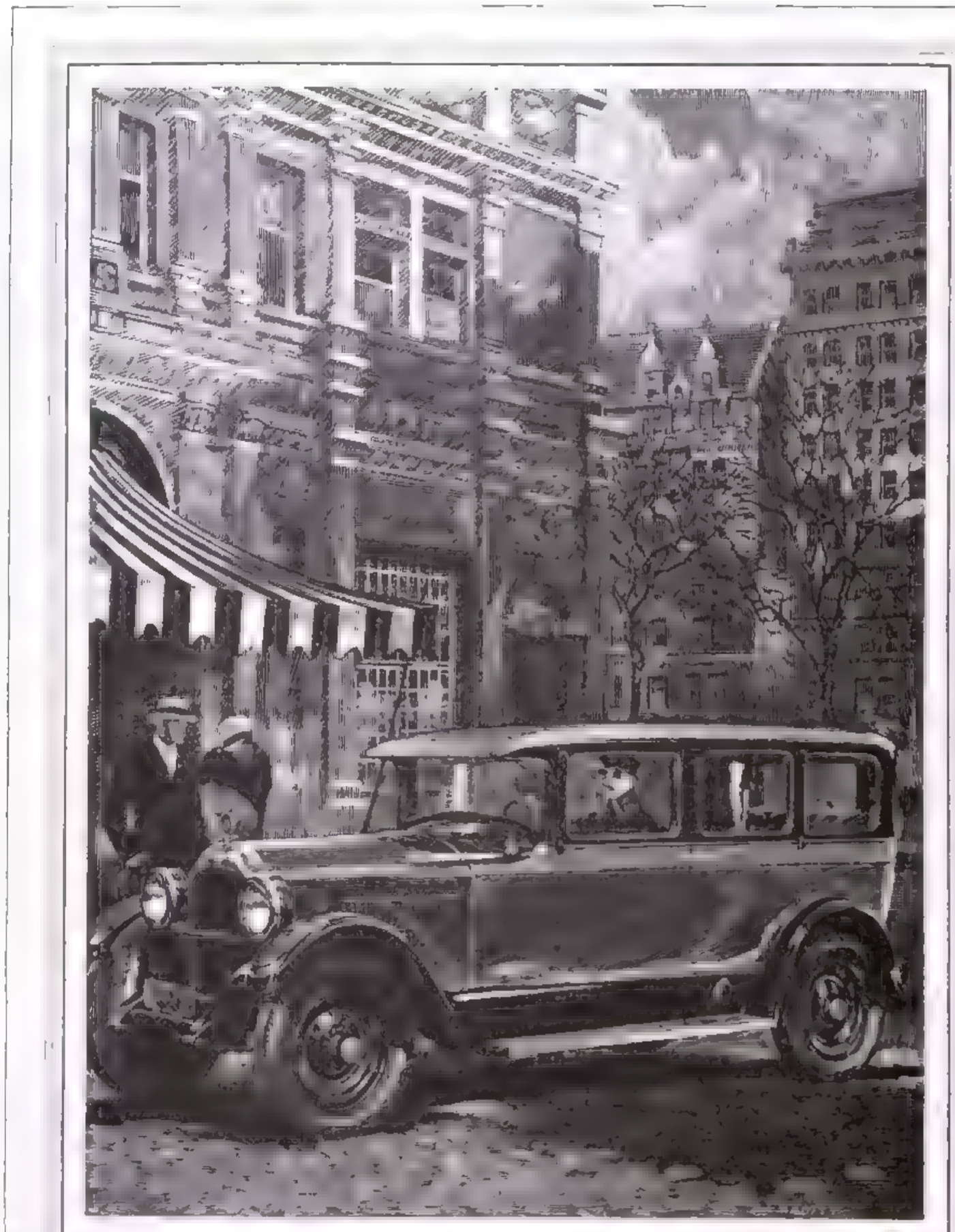
Entirely without obligation your Paige-Jewett dealer will gladly show you and permit you to drive any one of the fourteen charming body types and color combinations that constitute the Paige-Jewett line. By all means visit the nearest Paige-Jewett dealer—and ask for a demonstration—before you buy your next car.



The PAIGE
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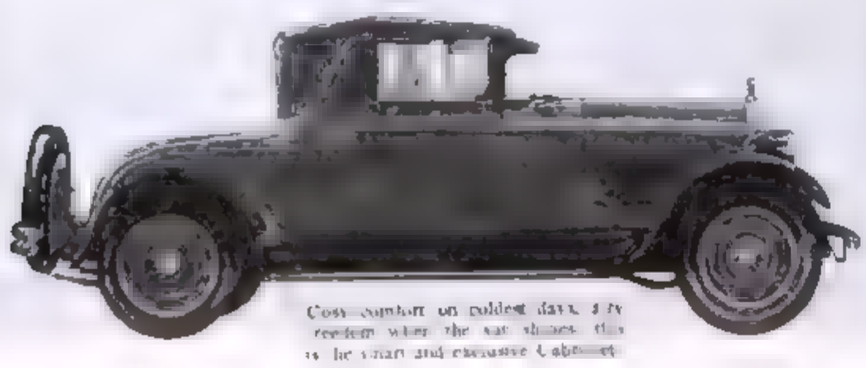
Assets of $20,000,000 . . . Worldwide Dealer Organization . . . One of the Newest and Finest Plants in the Industry . . . 17 Years Under One Management Building Fine Cars Exclusively . . . Never Reorganized—Never Refinanced



Cozy comfort on coldest days ... a fit accessory when the sun shines ... this is the smart and exclusive Cabriolet

PAIGE & JEWETT *SIXES*

(84)

(Continued from Page 52

"The idea, on your salary!" she had protested. "And, anyway, I'm sick of being on the receiving end of the line. People always inviting me to places and men always giving me presents, and I can't ever do anything for anyone. Oh, I wish sometimes I could give and give and give! Let me have this one—friendship—yours and mine, without feeling like a gimme."

"You're a funny, nice girl," J. J. commented. But he let her have it that way, and the things they did together were simple, inexpensive things.

As autumn congealed into winter and the social season whirled faster and faster, Bobby felt the screws turning tighter and tighter.

Constant pressure. Pressure from Phil Davidson himself, who was not used to being put off when he wanted a thing. Pressure from home—pressure of tears, of ridicule, of poverty. Pushing her always toward Phil and marriage and money.

She was driving home with him from a party in the early hours of a January morning, when Phil told her he would not wait any longer. It was very cold, one of those dry, clear, cold nights—for, of course, two o'clock in the morning is still night time which come once in a blue moon in Washington's damp, slushy winters. But inside Phil's luxurious limousine it was warm as summer. Bobby had a headache from dancing until all hours every night in the week; and she was oppressed by the shut-in warmth of the car; and she hated having Phil so affectionately demonstrative as he was tonight. She tried to move away from him, but he moved after her, a little clumsily. Then he fumbled in a concealed pocket and drew out a jeweler's box which he opened.

"Here it is," he said. "Now take it or leave it. I'm getting tired of hanging on a string."

Reaching for Bobby's left hand, he thrust the ring onto her engagement finger. It was a gorgeous ring; there seemed to Bobby something cruel about the cold glitter of the enormous diamond. Her chin trembled slightly and she had to press her lips together to keep them from trembling too. Then suddenly she felt Phil's hot lips upon hers, Phil's arms about her. She hated it so, especially when he was, she suspected, not quite sober. A sick hopelessness, a sort of spiritual numbness spread through her whole being. Blessedly, the car drew up before her house. Before the chauffeur could open the door Bobby was fumbling at the inner handle.

"Don't bother to get out," she told Phil hurriedly. "It's cold. I'll run fast to the house."

Ah, but it was good to get the clean, cold air in her lungs, to drink in the brief freedom of it.

Inserting her latchkey in the front door of her house, she looked up for an instant up to the spacious heavens and the calm, wise stars. In that instant she knew. Knew that right was eternally right and wrong eternally wrong, and that nothing justified you in cheapening your soul.

She drew another long breath of the crisp coldness before she went into the house, and it was as though she breathed in courage and freedom.

She stood for a minute, just within the door, listening to the purring motor of Phil's car as it turned the corner. Peace, peace.

Next day, without telling anybody what she was about, she went to the nearest post office and sent off a box, registered mail, to Phil Davidson. Then she stepped into a corner drug store and into a telephone booth and called J. J. at his office.

"Could you get off from work today for something very important? Quite terribly important?" she asked.

"You bet I could," J. J. answered promptly.

And before very long his roadster drew up at the curb outside the drug store where Bobby had waited for him, pretending to linger over a hot chocolate.

J. J. bundled her into the car with two heavy Scotch rugs, for his was an open car and not heated like Phil's splendid foreign one.

"Where?" he asked.

"Rockville," Bobby said. Now Rockville is Washington's Gretna Green, so it's no wonder that J. J. looked eager.

"I told you last week that I couldn't marry you, J. J.," she said to him, when they had moved out of the traffic-filled streets into the quiet countryside. "But if you still want me to, I'll marry you today, now. Do you want to?"

J. J.'s voice was not quite steady. "I reckon you know the answer to that," he said.

"Then you'd better take me while my courage lasts," Bobby advised.

J. J. was fumbling in an inner pocket and presently he, too, produced a small box, and from it a ring. Evidently he had clung to the hope that she might change her mind. But this was a very different ring from the gorgeous affair she had just returned to Phil Davidson by registered mail. This one had only a modest sapphire in an old-fashioned setting.

"It was my mother's engagement ring," he told her, "and I'd love to have you wear it. Afterward I'll give you a bigger one, but this, somehow, means more."

Bobby lifted it to her lips and kissed it. "I'd rather have it than the biggest diamond in the world," she said. "I'm glad, glad you can't give me diamonds," she added fiercely.

J. J. looked at her a little strangely. "I've always remembered what you told me, dear, about the receiving end of the line and all that. How tired you were of having things given to you. But—if sometime later—if I could give you things, you wouldn't really mind, would you, now? Because nothing that I could ever give you would be a millionth part of what you are giving me—your precious self."

Having made, for him, such a long speech, J. J. suddenly became inarticulate. Bobby laughed tenderly. The dear old foolish, she thought. As though a government clerk could ever make enough money to give his wife baubles.

So she said, "Surely, I won't mind, honey. I'll always love everything you give me."

Bobby's marriage was a day's topic at tea tables all over town. At a table where one could always be sure of getting rum in one's tea and spice with one's gossip. Old Beau Michener discussed it with a select and feminine group.

"Isn't it too thrilling about Bobby Aiken!" one exclamatory lady introduced the subject.

"Oh, my dear, is it really true that her husband is worth millions?" The hostess paused in her tea pouring.

"Perfectly," assured the exclamatory one. "His father owns most of the stock in one of those huge Carolina tobacco companies, and on his mother's side it was cotton mills, I understand. This young Jeremy is worth three million in his own right and there's no telling what he will inherit. One keeps thinking of Southerners as poor, when really they're getting terribly rich, you know."

"Then why was he working as a government clerk or whatever it was?"

"Well, it seems that he is frightfully keen about scientific things—bugs or germs or something—and he says you can do the best research if you have the Government behind you. Of course, the salary is nothing to him at all."

A dark, eager lady, with a long nose for news, leaned forward into the conversation.

"Then he's actually richer than Phil Davidson," she said. "Because I hear the Davidsons have lost a lot of money, what with the high cost of Parisian divorces for Phil and the high cost of primaries for the senator."

Everybody began to laugh. "What a joke on Fanny Aiken!" Someone spoke the general thought. "She almost pushed Bobby down Phil Davidson's throat and she pretty nearly forbade this millionaire creature the house. Poor, dear Fanny. So sentimental and so little sense."

Old Beau Michener chuckled his slow, fat chuckle. "Not such a joke on Fanny as you might think," he told his feminine audience. "You know it was Mildred Vandiver who introduced both Phil and Jeremy to Bobby Aiken at a dinner last fall. Well, Mildred told me today that Fanny knew all along who Jeremy was, because Mildred herself had told her. She actually asked Mildred to put Jeremy on one side of Bobby at the dinner party."

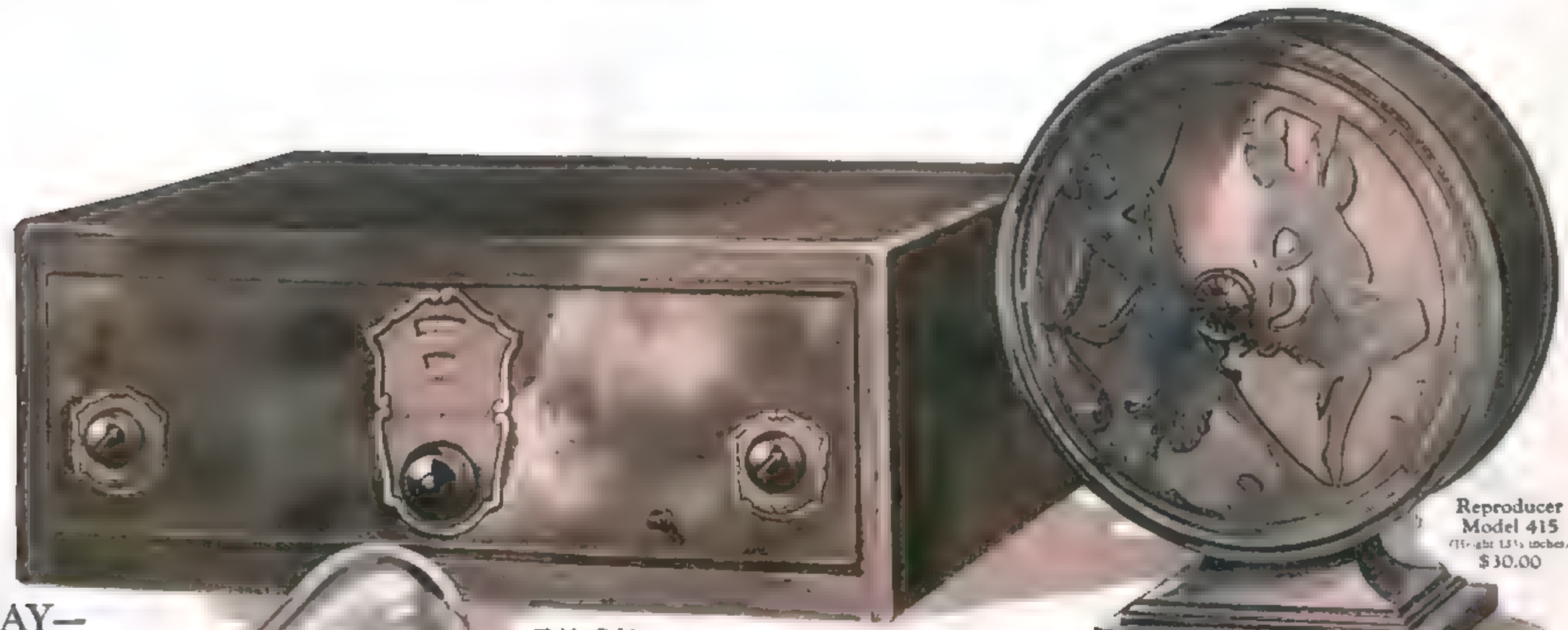
Everybody gasped and there was a clatter of cups restored suddenly to their saucers.

"But, then, if that's true—oh, but it can't be," decided the long-nosed news gatherer. "Because Fanny has done everything possible to push the girl toward Phil Davidson."

"Exactly," agreed Old Beau. "You see, she understood Bobby."

His little red eyes almost disappeared behind his fat laugh—those woman's eyes which could always see the dust behind a sofa or the motive behind an act.

The Swannanoa Valley, North Carolina



Reproducer
Model 415
(Height 13½ inches)
$30.00

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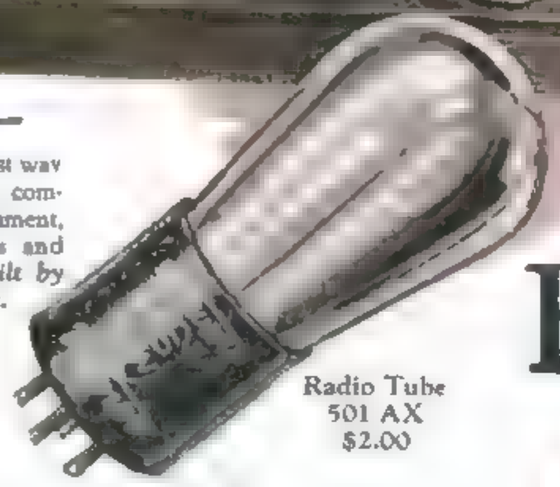
TODAY—
the newest and best way to buy radio—the complete outfit; instrument, reproducer, tubes and accessories *all built by Stewart-Warner.*



Radio Tube
501 AX
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Model 300
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Model 325
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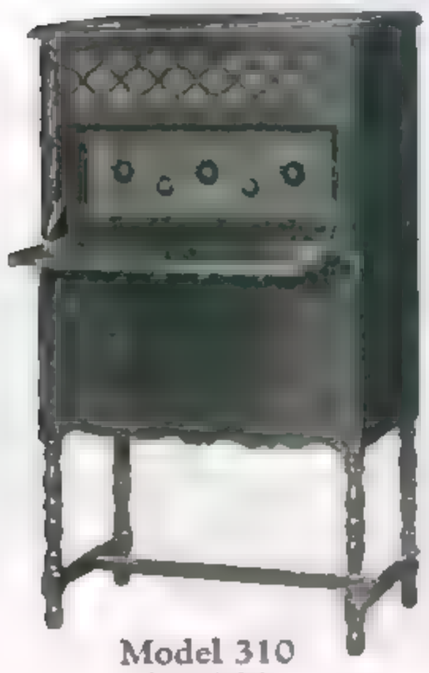

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Buy Your Radio the *New* Way

ONLY a few short years ago the man who wanted a radio set had to build it himself, from parts bought here, there, everywhere.

Then, every neighborhood suddenly found itself supplied with its local radio "expert"—usually someone of mechanical mind who would, on order, build sets for his friends and neighbors.

Shortly the "factory-made receiver" made its appearance—set factories, tube factories, loud speaker factories sprang up—and it became possible to buy a "store" radio. Truly a great improvement over the home-made kind, but still far from satisfactory. For at that time most radio outfits were the product not of one, but of several different manufacturers, many of whom built their particular product according to their own ideas, without ability to control its operation with the other units making up the complete radio.

Out of this chaos came Stewart-Warner's new idea that is changing the radio buying habits of the nation. A complete radio made by one manufacturer—with every part and unit designed and built expressly to work perfectly with every other unit for faultless performance! The Matched-Unit Radio, with Instrument, Tubes, Reproducer and Accessories all Stewart-Warner made, all thoroughly tested before leaving the factory to make sure they are perfectly matched, perfectly co-ordinated!

It costs you no more to buy a complete Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio than to assemble an outfit of units produced by several different manufacturers. And you get, in addition to wonderfully clear and even reception, the satisfaction of knowing that the great Stewart-Warner organization is fully responsible for the operation of your complete radio.

In your community there is a Stewart-Warner Blue Ribbon dealer who is anxious to demonstrate a Matched-Unit Radio for you. Won't you accept his offer now—today? If you don't know his address, write us.

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Matched-Unit Radio

Stewart-Warner offers a complete line of one-dial and three-dial receivers, table and console types, priced from $65 to $400. (Slightly higher west of Rockies.)

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Because of "Quality"

CHEVROLET

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at Low Cost"

1926-*again* Chevrolet's Greatest Year

In 1925 Chevrolet astonished the automotive world by attaining an annual production greater than ever reached by any manufacturer of gearshift automobiles.

Yet, so spectacular has been the increase in demand in all parts of the country, for Chevrolet cars, that a new and even more brilliant record is the climax for 1926.

Thus, for two years in succession, Chevrolet has broken all of its previous remarkable sales records and has set a new mark in automotive history.

This splendid achievement results from a steadfast adherence to the fundamental Chevrolet policy of building a car of the finest possible quality to sell at a low price.

That the vast majority of buyers now demand a car of this type—and that Chevrolet has been successful in building such a car—possessing the highest degree of smooth performance, smart appearance, and economical operation—is proved by Chevrolet's success during the year now drawing to a close.

Touring or Roadster $510, Coupe or Coach $645, Sedan $735, Landau $765, ½-Ton Truck $375 (Chassis Only), 1-Ton Truck $495 (Chassis Only). All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

For Christmas – power reception from your lighting socket

with RCA Loudspeaker 104

The speaker that showed the way to remarkable tone quality through *power* reception. *Not* an experiment—but tried, tested, perfected.

RCA *Loudspeaker 104*
Complete, $275

(Loudspeakers 104 and 102 operate on the 50-60 cycle, 110 volt A. C. lighting circuit.)

ON all sides you hear, "New . . . power reception!" "New . . . lighting socket radio!" These things are new—but twelve months tested. They were "big news" a year ago, when the RCA Loudspeaker 104, in its first demonstration to newspaper men, reproduced a full orchestra at the actual volume—with every instrument clear and true.

Now this power speaker has had the "road test" of experience, and it stands out conspicuously among the new things—tried, proved and perfected.

Tune in to a symphony. Turn up the volume till it fills the room. Hear the sweep of the violins, the clear tremolo of the flute—the martial drum beats—the flare of the brasses. It is real!

It is clear at the full volume of an orchestra. It is clear, turned down to a whisper. Even in a small room, the reserve power is important; it means that there is no crash on a sudden forte—there is no blast on a high soprano climax.

With RCA Radiola 25 or 28, Loudspeaker 104 can be adapted to eliminate all batteries. With most other makes of sets, it cuts out "B" batteries. Just plug it in on the house current.

In its designing, and following it up through all this year of testing and perfecting, the scientists of General Electric and Westinghouse worked closely with the engineers of RCA. When they first presented it, after long experiment, it was a year ahead of its day. And it is still ahead in tried and proved performance!

RCA *Loudspeaker 100, $35*

RCA *Loudspeaker 102, with power amplifier fed from your house current, $140*

RCA Loudspeaker

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

Buy with confidence where you see this sign.

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IT IS HARD TO BE A RICH MAN'S SON

(Continued from Page 9)

two years, doing all sorts of assignments in all parts of the city. There, too, I met with similar opposition from many men, though by this time it was an accomplished fact that I was in the business to stick. Part of my time with the Times I was stationed in their legislative office in Albany, the state capital, and here I had an opportunity of learning something about politics. I later found the experience invaluable.

Two and a half years after I started in at the bottom of the newspaper profession I wrote my first signed story. From then on one-quarter of the stuff I had published was signed. Again the old bugaboo of men who never like to give up their pet theory! I heard it rumored everywhere my articles were being published only on account of my name. I was resolved to prove whether this was correct or not. I took an assumed name, wrote other articles, had these accepted and paid for—though I did not cash the checks by other newspapers and magazines; and I knew then that the rumors were simply rumors which I would have to meet with from time to time all the rest of my journalistic life.

Then, just when I thought that most of my troubles were over, another little mischief maker stepped into the picture. This was a rumor which was effectively circulated that someone else wrote my stuff and I merely purchased it, revised it and signed my name. This spread fast because it was a new subject, and something which could be enlarged upon; yet I never did meet any individual who had the audacity to claim that it was he who was doing my writing for me.

Why Pay a Rich Man?

My experience from then on has been varied. I ran a news syndicate of my own for a year; and with this came the rumor that it was merely a rich man's toy, couldn't possibly affect other news syndicates, would soon go under, didn't need the money, and a lot of other choice bits of nonsense. I found difficulty in collecting the receivables due this firm from newspapers elsewhere; many were tardy in their payments; others positively refused to pay; the only excuse being that a rich man's son didn't need the money as much as less wealthy creditors.

At last came the two and a half years in which I started and operated three newspapers and two magazines of my own. To some this may sound like a glorious experience. I found it a glorious though very expensive experiment. The opposition I had had to contend with from my family four years previously had only heightened. Now it had turned into a concentrated drive by family, relatives, and everyone close to them and to me, to get me out of this direful occupation in any manner possible. Probably the news of the commencement of my own newspapers almost caused a hemorrhage to some members of the clan. So that with the opposition from the outside, I also had the opposition from the inside. How I endured the two and a half years is more than I know.

But that is another story. Soon after my newspapers got going the rumor mongers were at work again. The "rich man's toy" was the favorite phrase they used. All over the place it was said that I could not succeed, and even if I did, it would not matter to the community at large, because "the owner is a nonresident, and is really not interested in the local problems." Every time I made a mistake it was blamed upon my youth and inexperience; every time I succeeded in anything, it was said to be "by the merest bit of chance." "Vanderbilt luck" became a byword in journalism. The good things my papers were able to do were said to be "because he employs good, efficient people every now and then"; those that were not so successful, "just as I told you; he did it himself again."

All Work and No Play

When the end of my enterprises came last spring, I went to Europe on a quick business trip. I made a statement to this effect. Immediately there was a hue and cry that I had run away, that I would never be seen again. But when I returned three weeks later none of these rumor mongers could be found.

I suppose the most difficult thing I have found in my own individual case is that of trying forever to convince everybody that I am in earnest. Few young men born in circumstances totally different could stand a month's existence with me. For the past seven years I have toiled and slaved my life away. In my creed of work I have found a greed for work. My best recreation is my typewriter and something interesting to write. For weeks and weeks and weeks I have spent from fourteen to sixteen hours at my desk, day in and day out. Sundays and holidays have found me doing the same thing in the same way. For five years I never took one single day off, except the times when colds or bronchitis laid me up, and even then my portable typewriter was near at hand, and constantly in use when the doctor was not near.

My devotion to work has ruined my health, because I have overdone it. Constantly I find myself catching bronchial troubles, and often I have stomach disorders, due more than anything else to the irregular hours at which I eat and the food which I consume. Gene Tunney tells me that I need to learn how to play; that is something which I have neglected these years that have passed.

Four years ago Lord Northcliffe, on his trip around the world, stopped early one morning in Victoria, British Columbia, to play a game of golf. A great welcoming committee awaited him on the docks. But it happened to be a foggy morning, and Northcliffe came ashore at six o'clock in the steamer's gig with the pilot. He made for the golf links on foot. I do not play golf, but it was my habit in those days to go for a brisk walk near the ocean early every morning. I passed Northcliffe and immediately recognized him from his pictures. Retracing my steps, I found him on the links looking in vain for a caddy. There being none present, I volunteered. At first he said little; and then he asked me if I knew anything about Japan.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I've studied the subject."

"Watch out for it, young man," he replied.

"For what, sir?" I asked.

"The rising tide of color," he added, and went on: "Canada and America have got to prepare. The next war will come from the Pacific; not now, or for many years, but it's coming."

"What makes you so certain?" I asked again.

"Because the Japanese are the only people on earth who know how to combine work and play," he replied. "They are the most efficient of workers, their health is invariably perfect, and they play as hard as they work."

Northcliffe told me a lot more, but those words I have remembered ever since. He was a most attractive man; his impressive personality was magnetic; his integrity I admired more than that of any present-day journalist.

It has always been a source of wonder to me why so many persons, who in reality crave publicity, pretend to detest newspapers and newspapermen. It is an affectation which does not jibe. I well remember, in my early days on the New York Herald, the visit of the Prince of Wales to New York. As I had secured my interview from this popular young man in Canada, I was assigned to cover him when he came to New York. At many of the houses where he was invited to dances I was also among those present. Less fortunate scribes stood out in the cold of snowy nights waiting for whatever news they could secure. Whenever I got a chance I jotted down notes and threw them out of the window, hoping a gust of wind would not take them away.

Manufactured Romance

Every debutante in the room, and many of the younger married women, were doing their best to catch the prince's eye at Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's party. The prince danced with everyone he possibly could, and though I watched him all evening, he did not dance with any one girl twice. When I came back to my office I reported this.

"If he didn't, what kind of a story are you going to write?" I was asked.

"A general, descriptive one," I answered.

Much forceful language, and then: "Make up anyone you like, but at least say that he showered attention upon someone or other. We can't have another dead story about this young man."

And so I bethought myself of a certain young lady with whom the prince had had

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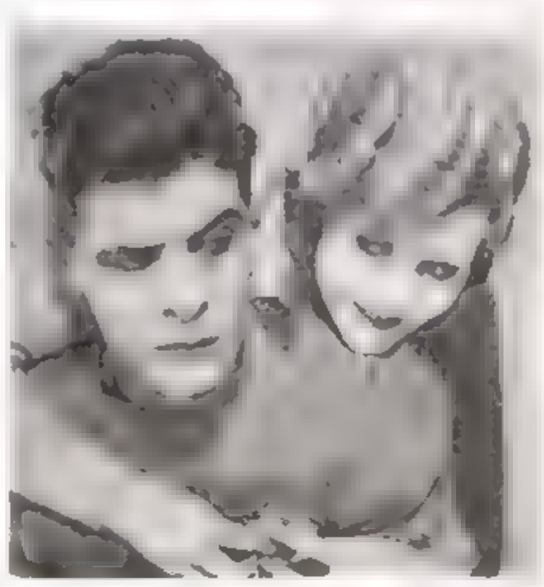

GEORGE LEWIS and DOROTHY GULLIVER
in "The Collegians"

If you ever went to college, or high school, or district school, or even the old red schoolhouse in the country, you will enjoy ***"The Collegians,"*** Universal's series of two-reel pictures written by Carl Laemmle, Jr., and starring GEORGE LEWIS, DOROTHY GULLIVER and HAYDEN STEVENSON.

They are brimful and running over with youth, beauty and college sports. They breathe the air of the college town, its romances, cute coeds and everything that goes with college life. They show dashing contests on the track and the gridiron. Even if you never went to school, you'll enjoy them.

GEORGE LEWIS fits mighty well in the rôle of the college hero. He was an athletic star at school in California and enters into the sports in these Junior Jewels just as though he were back among his mates. The pictures already completed include the "shirt rush," football contest, canoe-tilting, cross-country run and baseball game. Let me know what you think of them. I enjoy your letters.

"Les Misérables," from Victor Hugo's classic, the remarkable European picture secured by Universal for showing in America, has created a profound impression in its premier presentations in Europe. It was produced entirely by a company of French artists of renown, and the scenes were taken in the very spots made memorable by Hugo's great story. This picture would require more adjectives than I have to properly describe. It must be seen to be appreciated at its artistic worth.

While in Europe recently I made several very important deals which will prove mighty interesting to you and about which I will inform you in detail later on.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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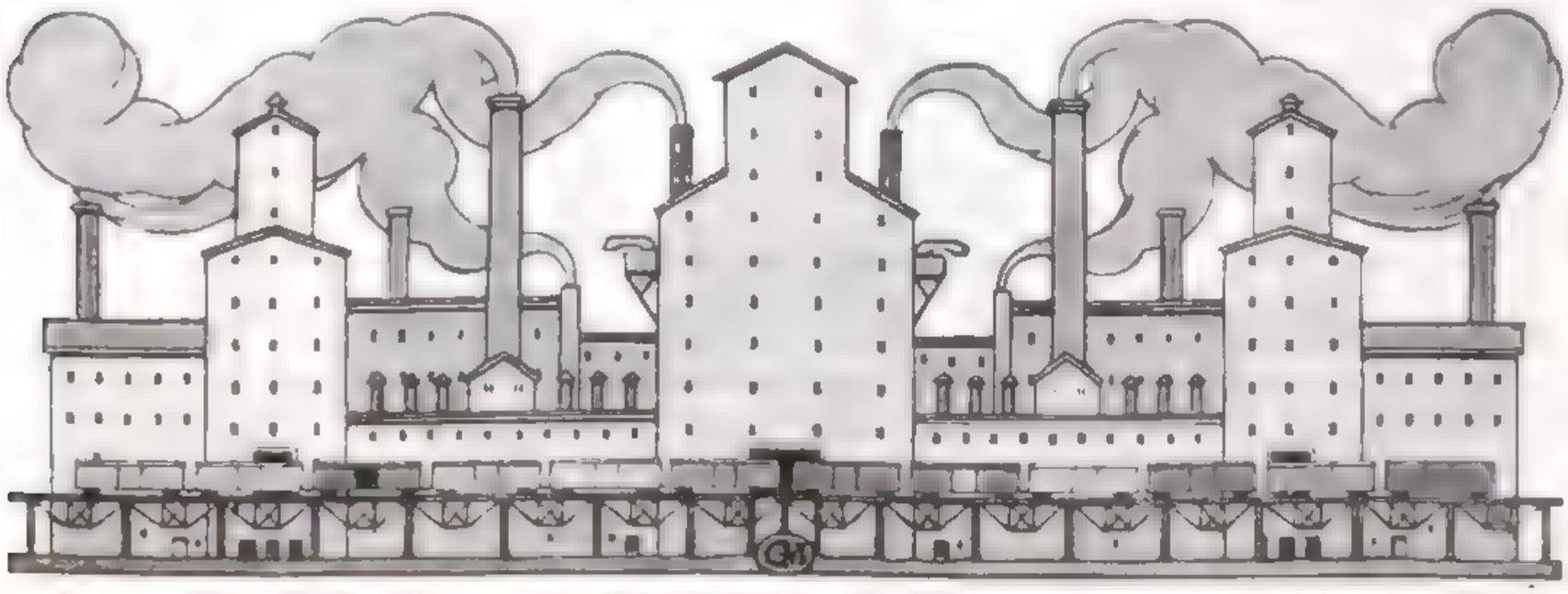

Week of December 6th

Do *you* bid no-trump with only three suits stopped? What do you do when your opponents double and your partner takes you out in a Minor? Try out this hand yourselves, then compare with the experts' play by radio.

Milton C. Work, N. Y., dealer,
South—
Spades J, 10, 5
Hearts A K 4
Diamonds A, j, 9, 6, 3
Clubs K 7

E K Leech, Bronxville N Y.,
West
Spades K, Q, 8, 7, 2
Hearts Q, 10, 5
Diamonds K, Q, 10, 5
Clubs 5

Frank H. Bachman, Philadelphia, North—
Spades 9, 4
Hearts 8 6, 3
Diamonds 2
Clubs A, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 3

Wilbur C. Whitehead, N. Y., East—
Spades A, 6, 3
Hearts J, 9, 7, 2
Diamonds 8, 7, 4
Clubs 6, 4, 2

Tues., Dec. 7, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF WSAI, KSD WCAE WCCO WTAM, WEEI, WFI, WGN WGR, WJAR WOC, WOSH, WTAG, WWJ.

See page 64 for broadcasting time of following

WRC	Radio Corp.	Washington
WGY	Gen'l Elec. Co.	Schenectady
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	[illegible]	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros.	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KFOA	Seattle Times	Seattle
CFCF	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKGW	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. Co.	Winnipeg
CFCH	[illegible]	New Glasgow
CJCA	[illegible]	Calgary
CFCA	[illegible]	Edmonton
CKCD	[illegible]	Vancouver
CJGC	[illegible]	London, Ont.

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one dance, and I played her up. The following night I overheard her telling her friends "how terrible these newspaper people are, who spy upon your every doing to report them in the columns of their cheap papers."

It is a rather strange thing that there are not more young men from nationally known wealthy families in the Fourth Estate. Surely it cannot be that they are afraid printer's ink will spoil them. But why is it, I wonder? Then, too, those who are in it and who are known nationally, appear to be only dabbling. The exceptions are very rare.

Postwartime society, real-estate millionaires and fortune hunters from abroad have become so numerous that it is no longer a mark of distinction to be a rich man. But a rich man's son who does not spend his nights at stage doors and night clubs, and his days sleeping off the effects of the night before, is still an exception. He is something upon which many look with awe; he is a curiosity as much sought after as the rarest mammal in the zoo. Crowds stand and gape, if they know who he is, when he passes by. Every turn in the road hides someone who will try to sell him the best gold brick in town; they must think him related to Santa Claus the way they hang about, eager to trim him at the first opportunity.

Success in Cycles

Any other young man intent upon the daily battle for business supremacy may think he is having the worst time in the world getting ahead. If he should change places for one moment with his financially more fortunate adversary he would find that he was very much mistaken. The trials and tribulations of the ordinary individual are as nothing compared with those of the rich man's son. Where the other young man can go peacefully out to dinner, theater, cabaret and bed, his less fortunate competitor must remain hard at work. Should he stop a moment sooner, the rumor is out that he is merely playing at his work, is no longer interested, is losing heart and courage, is getting discontented and will soon throw up the job.

The poor man's son is encouraged on all sides; everyone wishes him luck, and means it. It is a popular thing for the neighborhood to be represented by another young man who has made good. Later he will go into politics, and if he is of the right caliber and willing to take orders, he will be shoved far up along the line. If he does not care for politics, the best that business can offer him in his particular line is laid before him. There are special inducements on the side; he joins luncheon clubs and fraternal organizations; he makes donations to the poor and needy; he visits hospitals, lays cornerstones, speaks over the radio, and becomes a business prophetical barometer.

Some day he will have a son old enough to start out for himself. If the son has been brought up with too much money to spend, too grandiose ideas of life, too lavish tastes, and too sensuous desires, he will not go very far toward impressing the world. If he has abstained, has been taught the essentials of life and has been imbued with the story of his father's meteoric rise, he will want to make something out of himself too. And then will commence, in another generation, that which has taken place in every generation in American history since America grew and developed into a full-sized industrial land—the natural battle between the sons of the rich and the sons of the poor.

History is said to repeat itself, and it certainly does. Every decade gives to the world an outstanding figure. And every decade sees many other young people go down to somber defeat. People as a whole admire anyone with stamina enough to laugh at trouble and try all over again. Europeans cannot understand this American characteristic: it is felt abroad that once one has proved by actuality that success is not possible, one should forget all about the business world and retire to a life more obscure. But America is filled with men who have failed many times and in the end risen to greater heights than they anticipated. That a great percentage of these have been poor men's sons does not mean that the rich man's son cannot do likewise. In fact, he should be imbued with the desire to "let the dead past bury its dead," and try again for the future.

Someone once said, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again." And Kipling tells us that "the man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong." Catch phrases are popular in American life; that is why art dealers can sell so many framed mottoes and gift cards.

Room at the Top

Of course, once the rich man's son has been able to impress upon his community and the country at large that he is in business, win or lose, for good, then his problem is less difficult to solve. A fairer attitude is assumed. He is regarded as a fixture. The nation is pleased to count him in its midst, as one of those willing souls with the ability and the wherewithal to aid in the doing of bigger and better things. He is respected for his courage, his judgment and his integrity, and all political parties lay siege for his patronage.

Someone once wrote a poem which has often inspired me, as it must have other young men in similar circumstances. It goes something like this:

"Never you mind the crowd, lad, nor fancy your life won't tell;
The work is done for all that, to him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, lad, look where the millions stop.
You'll find the crowds at the base, lad, but there's always room at the top.
Courage and faith and patience; there is space in the old world yet;
You stand a better chance, lad, the further along you get.
The road may be rough and rocky, but never despair nor drop;
Be sure your path leads upward, there's always room at the top."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

o'clock somebody either came in or we went somewhere. I took in four dances, five parties and two lectures. All the other evenings of the two weeks I was gone I filled in at bridge. I'm pretty near a nervous wreck, mom." —*David B. Park.*

Ballad of a Football Warrior

I SING the powerful, smashing team.
I love the cheers and the blaring band.
I thrill to bodies that sweat and steam
On the chalk-marked turf of a He Man's Land.
My flaming frenzy is fed and fanned
By the thud and thunder of cleated feet;
With a "Fight like hell!" I am right on hand—
Snugly parked in a grand-stand seat.

Of the flying wedges of yore I dream,
And curse the day that the play was canned.
The deadly hurdle I stoutly deem
A virile weapon unjustly panned.
A game that's rough is a game that's grand.
A slugging fest is my special meat.
I crave a diet of blood and sand—
Snugly parked in a grand-stand seat.

Of mean abuse I've a steady stream
For referees of the fairest brand.
At close decisions I wildly scream
An epithet or a reprimand.
And what care I if the grid be spanned
By clouds that cover the field with sleet?
I'm wrapped in my fur-lined ulster and
Snugly parked in a grand-stand seat.

L'Envoi

Son, your future I've proudly planned:
A varsity quarterback, strong and fleet,
Then your dad will yell till he busts a gland—
Snugly parked in a grand-stand seat.

—*N. D. Plume.*

Grandmother: Goodness Me! Why, When I Was a Little Girl ——
Little Granddaughter: Tut, Tut! I'm Sure, Granny Dear, That Mummy Would Prefer That You Do Not Discuss These Wild Parties With Us

Majoring in Economics

"I HATED to see my younger boy go to college," said Benjamin Harrison Brown, the well-known real-estate man, "because he's working his way through, and that means that by the time he graduates his income will be so large he won't find any job good enough for him.

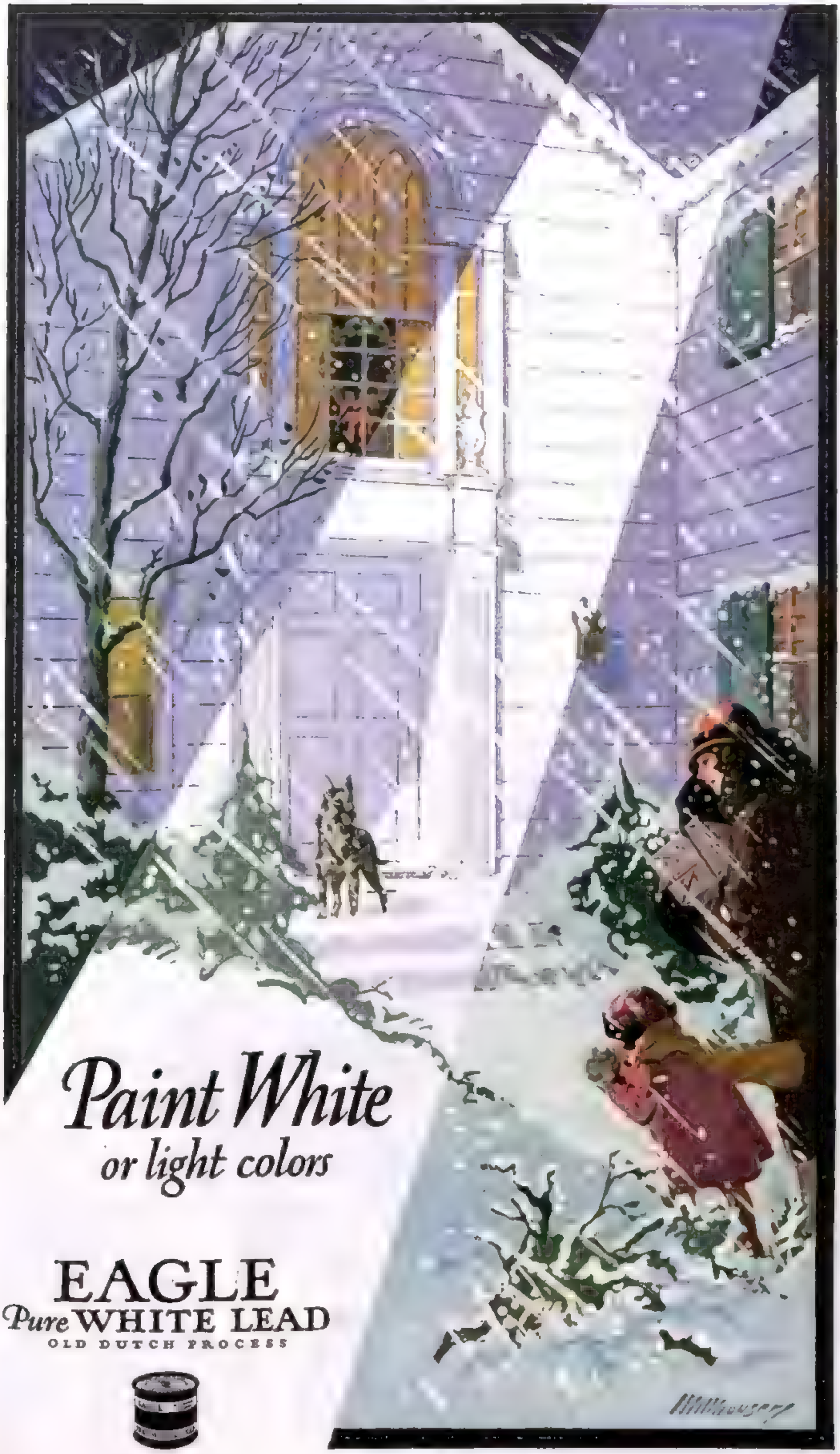
"His brother Morton worked his way through college, and in his senior year was the head of so many campus businesses that once when I forgot to send him his monthly allowance check he didn't telegraph for it for three whole days.

"Some of the students had done pretty well in the suit, sweater, pipe, photograph and necktie-agency line, but Morton turned professional.

"When I asked this younger boy if he had looked over the catalogues to see what he wanted at college for his commercial enterprises, he said no, he intended stopping in New York on the way through and calling on the wholesalers personally.

"Of course, there's one consolation about a student in business. There's not much danger of him writing a college novel or winning the prize for the one-act play."

—*McCready Huston.*



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THE SILVER CORD

(Continued from Page 33)

"What's the use? What difference would it make?"

"Suppose you did, do you think anybody hearing about a young man named James Harrington would be apt to connect him with Harry Jones?"

"Not unless my nose was mentioned at the same time," replied Harry with a laugh. "As I said before, Beard, what's the ——"

The phrase broke off sharply, cut short by a strange, impelling fire in the old man's eyes. Harry raised his hand to his face, touched his nose, and then stroked it slowly with trembling, inquiring fingers. Presently his hand fell to his side. Tears started rolling down his cheeks. He turned his face to the pillow and began to sob.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said Beard calmly. "I suppose you're crying just because you're weak so as to make yourself weaker. Is that the idea?"

"No," said Harry, pulling himself together. "I had to do something. I wanted to shout, but I could only cry. Bring me a looking-glass, Beard."

"There isn't such a thing on the place, and I wouldn't bring it to you if there was."

"Why not?"

"Because you'd be frightfully disappointed. James Harrington is still in the process of formation, my friend, and about as ugly as everything else half born."

For the first time since convalescence had set in, Harry passed an all but sleepless night. Though the news of his probable double recovery had been broken to him by degrees and with the lightest possible touch, he felt as if it had been announced with drums and cymbals. He could not keep his hands from making childish, ecstatic movements or his brain from leaping far ahead to pictures of himself returning from exile, making a clean breast of things and winning back the regard of his fellow townsmen. No longer would he be an eyesore. What need had he of another name? He would go back to be Harry Jones again—the Harry Jones that had never quite faded from his mind's eye. He put up his fingers to caress his nose and his cheeks, trying to feel how they looked. He passed his hand over his head and found it was bald as an egg. But what of it? People didn't think of baldness as a deformity; besides, it was something you could hide.

By morning much of the ground he had gained was lost. Beard looked at him sadly, sat down on the edge of the bed, and after a long silence began to talk: "I hadn't suspected it, but I'm afraid you're a bit of a fool. Why do you think I took all that trouble to lead up gently to the fact that the scarlet fever seems to have burned the acne out at its roots?"

"I don't know," murmured Harry, keeping his eyes closed.

"Because I didn't want you to realize it suddenly while I wasn't around. I was afraid you might throw some kind of a fit; but you've done worse. You've been keeping yourself awake, fretting childishly over little things, instead of humbling yourself before the majesty of a miracle. Something has come to you that may never before have come to any human being. You are on the threshold of an opportunity such as no one else has ever had, and you ought to be on your knees before it, immersed to your ears in calm. If you aren't big enough to catch the trend of what I'm saying, I hope you have a relapse and die."

"Beard, I'm weaker than you think. If you talk like that I will die."

"Go ahead. My professional curiosity is entirely satisfied; I know that a violent case of scarlet fever may cure advanced acne rosacea. I don't know that it always will, but I know it can."

"Is that all curing me means to you?"

"It wasn't, but it will be unless you can sense something of the immensity of what's happening to you."

"Speak more plainly. I'm trying my best not to be stupid."

"Rebirth. If I'm not entirely wrong in my calculation, you're going to be reborn—physically, I mean—in your thirtieth year. Without losing one memory or an iota of the knowledge of thirty years of life, you're going to be given a new start. What are you good for if you can't see in that possibility something huge? Face to face with such a chance, you should never again be subject to the belittling passions of other men."

"You can't mean that nobody will know me," said Harry, opening his eyes.

"Exactly. At least, that's what I believe at present and it's what you've got to prepare yourself to meet. If I hadn't seen you change day by day, no one could persuade me you're the same man who slid down my roof two weeks and two days ago."

"I'll be free to go anywhere I please," murmured Harry.

"Is that all you can see?" growled the old man. "Listen! You can forget every mean thing you ever did. You can be cut from your past the way we cut babies from their mothers. You can be James Harrington from this day a new man, born full-grown. Those are only a few of the things you ought to be thinking about."

"James Harrington," repeated Harry, his eyes wide and staring.

"That's it. Build yourself around that name. Live with it and sleep with it. Give it a chance from the start. You're James Harrington. You're through with the pusillanimous prig that was too cowardly to look the girl who loved him in the eye. You're through with the low-down, cringing meanness that killed your mother. You're through with the sneaking streak that drowned the boy you'd known all your life in Jasmine Pool. You're through with that crawling, soft, white-bellied worm, Harry Jones. You're James Harrington."

"If I were only stronger I'd drag you around the room by the hair until you took back every one of those black lies."

The Beard of God rose to his full height, stretched and yawned. "I'm going to write that down," he said, turning from the bed. "It may become historical as the first conscious speech of James Harrington."

VI

"THE three weeks are up today, Beard. What have you done with my clothes?"

"I've burned them."

"Burned them!"

"Every stitch. I found your hat and burned that too. I threw your watch away—one hundred feet out and three hundred down. I took all the money out of your pockets—quite a lot of it. You'll find it in the tin can on the top shelf over yonder."

"There's almost two thousand dollars. It took me three years to save it, a dollar and sometimes a nickel at a time. Once I got started, I used to make the most extraordinary sacrifices to save a nickel. It gave me a thrill to change twenty of them into a dollar and a hundred dollars into a single bill."

"Acquisition is a disease," said Beard, "almost incurable, and as ridiculous as a bulbous nose. You know, Harrington, I've been on this mountain shelf for twenty-four years and it's brought me an amazing capacity for humor. I see big words from such a strange angle. For instance, wealth, honor, justice, fame, achievement, look entirely different to me from what they can possibly look to you."

"I can understand that they should, even if I'm too much in the dark to see how."

"The seriousness of the Anglo-Saxon race, on its knees before accepted definitions," continued Beard, "is the most stupendous joke on earth. Look at me. I have nothing I don't need, either in my mind or in my house. It's different, and a lot more difficult than having everything you need."

"What about those three skulls?" asked Harrington with a smile. "Do you mean to say you couldn't get along without them?"

Beard stared at him, surprised. "My dear fellow, I possess nothing more useful. They are three watchdogs—a range of iron bars—the time lock on a safety vault—an insurance policy. In fact, they are stronger than any of those usual contraptions, because you can't kill an idea with a poison pill or blow it up with dynamite."

"I see your point and plead guilty to a silly question. Beard, what are you doing here, with superstition for a bodyguard and a cave for a home? Don't tell me if you don't want to, but I'd like to know. What made you come here twenty-four years ago?"

"Justice!" cried Beard, and laughed.

"What makes you laugh?"

"Two things—the thought that there was a time when I would have minded your questions, and then that word 'justice.' Let's see if I can't use the whole string of big words in a single breath. One day, Harrington, I was a wealthy surgeon, with achievement behind me and fame just ahead. The next I was a *cause célèbre* and headed for seven years in the penitentiary on account of somebody else's honor."

"What happened?"

"Not the usual thing, I can assure you. There was friendship involved, but no money. I had less than nothing to gain. When I think of it I'm amazed, because it was one of the most casual things I ever did. I simply weighed one set of evils against another, chose my course without the slightest hesitation, and tripped on an unexpected complication."

"You were struck by lightning," said Harrington with understanding. "It could have come to any one of a thousand others who didn't even bother to weigh right and wrong, but the thunderbolt happened to pick on you. It must have brought you down with the crash of an oak."

"Brought me down!" exclaimed Beard. "Well, yes. I can remember what you mean."

"That's a strange phrase."

"I mean I can remember what your point of view did to me—the excruciating and needless suffering. It actually drove me to the verge of taking my own life—of robbing myself of a quarter of a century of amusement and content. But the friends who hadn't been able to keep the lightning from striking could at least fix it for me to jump my bail. So you have injustice giving me everything I want, making me into a great I-am; while justice keeps right on waiting for a chance to send me to jail. Why shouldn't I laugh?"

"I want to go out and look over the speck of earth that's mothered a happy man, Beard. Get me some clothes."

"You won't need clothes for some time."

"What's that?" cried Harrington unbelievingly. He raised himself on his elbows and stared at his bearded savior.

"You won't need clothes for some time," repeated Beard calmly.

"But I want to go outside and see things."

"Just wrap the sheet around you and go. I'll move the couch out."

"Beard, stop the nonsense. I've got to have something to wear—a pair of cotton pants and a coat like yours."

"No clothes," repeated Beard imperturbably. "I'm not through with you."

"You mean I'm a prisoner?" asked Harrington, nonplused.

"Chained merely by an idea," said Beard. "Otherwise you're as free as air."

Harrington began to smile as comprehension dawned on him. "It's like the skulls, only exactly the opposite. You think my prejudices will keep me from wandering far with nothing but a sheet to cover my nakedness."

"That's the idea," assented Beard placidly.

"Did you mean you're not through with me as an invalid?"

"I'm quite through with you as an invalid, but I've only begun on you as a well man. Wait till I fix things, then you can come outside for a while."

He cleared a channel through the front room and dragged out the couch. Then he gave Harrington his own sandals, got him to his feet, showed him how to drape the sheet over one shoulder in the manner of a Roman toga, and knotted it around his waist. After that he helped him to take his first steps, half carrying him out to the couch. It was set under the thick canopy of a mango tree which stood a little to one side of the entrance to the hut. Harrington drew a long quivering breath as he sank back.

"It's amazing how strong I felt in bed," he gasped, "and how weak I really am."

"That will soon pass," said Beard reassuringly. "Look around you."

The ledge was as level as a floor, but was overhung on the west and north by the steep slopes of the divided valley, massed with primeval trees solidly interlaced with a hundred varieties of undergrowth. One branch of the cleft stream shot off into a mist to the west behind the house; the other crept along a ditch under the northern bank and fell out of sight down the mountain, to become in due course the Bainet River. On the two other sides there was a precipitous drop of three hundred feet, with a billowing carpet of tree tops directly below. A wavering band of sand, shining white like silver in the sunlight, stretched as far as the eye could reach, dividing land from sea.

The level expanse was scarcely a hundred feet square. It harbored not a single weed, but found room for half a dozen large trees, besides a small orange grove, a patch of coffee bushes and masses of flowering shrubs. It was a hidden, inaccessible bower, overhanging an unbelievably lovely world. Even the rude little house, with its roof of brown thatch incrusted with a jade-green growth, had taken root. It sprang from the rock itself; it was alive and sprouting. It peered out from beneath its low-hanging eaves with a look of almost human complacence.

Harrington felt as if he were breathing with his eyes. The black-green foliage of the tree which sheltered him toned the brazenness out of the sunlight, but cast light, shadow and color into all the more vivid contrast. Never had he seen red so startling as the scarlet of the hibiscus, or blue so pale and yet so profound as the still surface of the distant sea. He sighed with content and settled back luxuriously. With his cheek pillowed on his arm, he reclined, facing the void.

"Not much of a chance to take a walk," he murmured. "How do you get your exercise?"

"In the mind," said Beard, standing erect at the edge of the precipice, his eyes fixed beyond the horizon. "There's nothing to show that exercise ever added a day to a man's life, but there's ample proof that a great athlete is apt to die in his thirties. I haven't been off this ledge in twenty-four years. But I've kept all the juices of my body, and each seems to be attending to its job." He raised his arms, stretched and let them fall; then he looked down into the abyss. "I'm an old man, but I'm not yet afraid of that which is high." He turned to look questioningly at his companion. "Do you mean to say you don't get the allusion?"

"I'm afraid not."

"The greatest summary of age ever written," said the old man. He stood with his bare feet slightly straddled, his arms folded under the cascade of his beard and his long hair stirred by the faint but steady breeze which flowed down the draw of the valley. "You're not educated."

"Teach me," said Harrington.

(Continued on Page 67)

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(Continued from Page 62)

"'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,'" recited Beard, "'while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain.'"

"I've heard those words so often that they're jargon. They don't mean anything."

"'Nor the clouds return after the rain,'" repeated Beard. "That's age, boy. The clouds don't return after the rain to the skies of youth. And here's more age: 'In the day when the keepers of the house'—these arms—'shall tremble, and the strong men'—my legs—'shall bow themselves, and the grinders'—my teeth—'cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows'—my eyes—'be darkened.' Is that jargon?"

"No."

"Shall I go on?"

"I'll never forgive you if you don't."

"'And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low'—for who wants to be bothered with an old man?—'and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird'—because he can't sleep—'and all the daughters of music'—the resonant voice of strength—'shall be brought low.' More?"

"Yes."

"'Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high,'" rumbled Beard with special emphasis, "'and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, because man goeth to his long home.' Desire is life, and possession is nothing. Only while I hope, seek, question and crave, do I throb and live, and no man can do those things better than while he's sitting still."

"Give me the rest."

"There's only the benediction—the accolade to the knight errant of the soul," continued Beard more gently. "'Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.' Is that jargon? No; it's common sense. But in the meantime, there's the silver cord."

"Life, I suppose."

"An overburdened word," commented Beard. "Let's say the enduring thread on which everything that lives is strung—the silver cord. God knows where it will lead you, but it's led me here. I wouldn't trade this plot of ground for the Island of Manhattan. I suppose that sounds like bombast, but to me it's just a simple, reasonable truth."

"I can believe it while I look at you," said Harrington with a smile, "and while I remember that you'd be trading everything you need for everything you don't want."

"So you've learned that already," muttered Beard. "At least, you can recite the words."

He turned and went into the house, stopping to rearrange the front room. After a time he came out with food, dragged a bench beside the couch and sat on one end of it, using the other for a table. Harrington was given rice and a baked banana. His eyes grew moist and his mouth began to water as he watched Beard eating a succulent young chicken from a brown clay pot.

"Beard," he said plaintively, "it's my anniversary—my birthday. You don't seem to remember my three weeks are up today and that no other man in the world is as hungry as I am at this moment."

Beard reached over, took his plate and hurled its contents into space; then he dipped out choice bits of the chicken along with a small mountain of vegetables, swimming in rich juices, and returned the replenished dish. Never had Harrington tasted such food; never again, if he lived to be a hundred, would he know such a meal. His only complaint was that he could have eaten four times as much had he been permitted. He leaned back and closed his eyes. The air was like a tepid bath; it made him drowsy.

"I see you want to sleep," said Beard, rising. "You're all right here as long as you keep still."

"I'm not apt to move around much," murmured Harrington. "I've changed my mind."

"I didn't mean that: I meant you needn't get up to receive visitors or shout to scare ghosts away."

"I beg your pardon, Beard," said Harrington, opening his eyes. "I'd hate to do anything to inconvenience you more than I have already. Perhaps I'd better get back in the cave."

"Nonsense," said Beard. "Stay where you are. Shall I take you into my confidence?"

"There's nobody I'd rather have do that than you. Go as far as you like, and no further."

"You are about to increase my prestige tremendously."

"How?"

Beard eyed him solemnly. "You look like a clay pot before the glaze," he said meaningly. "You look like something half made."

Harrington braced himself on his elbows and stared back at the old man. "Don't be absurd!" he exclaimed explosively. "Not even your clientele can be so credulous as to believe I'm your handiwork."

"You are," said Beard quietly. "Why shouldn't they believe it?" He turned away, strolled about the garden, but returned. "Are you asleep yet?"

"Hardly! You've stirred me up."

"No harm done; you won't stay awake long. I just want to remind you that voodooism is more rampant on this island than anywhere else in the world. Every once in a while it spews up one of its high priests—a Papa Loi—into the presidency. When he runs amuck and shoots a couple of hundred inoffensive prisoners for an evening's entertainment, two things happen: Human nature gets the better of fetish, drags him out of an august foreign legation and chops him into little pieces; then we get the corollary—a long siege of marines. But voodooism has another side. It's an unfailing source of power that anybody with brains can tap."

"And you have the brains," supplemented Harrington.

"More than enough," agreed Beard.

"What's your suggestion—that I use some of mine?"

Beard smiled commiseratingly. "I've misled you," he said. "It's easy, but only after ten or twenty years, according to your mental equipment. I'll give you some clothes before that. When you're ready, I'll do more. I'll marshal my cohorts to your aid."

"When do you think that will be?" asked Harrington, almost incuriously, for he was again sleepy.

"After you've thrown away your twelve-inch rule and taken to a yardstick."

They were the last words Harrington heard and the first he remembered when he awoke hours later in the dark. He lay quite still in languorous content, saying them over to himself and pondering lazily over their meaning. Gradually it came over him that the night was alive. Bushes, trees and the dwelling became clearly perceptible in spite of their shadowy contours. He remained in darkness, but beyond the periphery of the mango tree the world was bathed in the weird, half-revealing light of the tropic stars. There was visibility without illumination, and through it moved one figure after another. They seemed to ooze from the forest, from down and up the valley and from beneath the cliffs, singly and in groups. They converged slowly toward the open door of the hut. One passed beneath the mango tree and stopped. Harrington's heart began to pound. He held his breath and stared into glowing eyes that nothing could surprise. They shone like lamps, but did not absorb.

Abruptly they were eclipsed and the figure passed on. He watched it until it merged with other forms, now all on their knees but still traveling toward the door. Hands held out and toes dragging, they approached in an arc to the threshold. Beyond, he could see the low table, the three small skulls, the two dimly burning lamps, and between them, Beard's immobile torso and leonine, majestic head. A voice rumbled out of it, as if beginning a litany. It spoke in rapid patois, and was answered by cries, guttural murmurings and fervid supplications. But they were uttered in a tone so low that sound seemed robbed of its most inherent attribute and became the murmuring sister of silence.

Harrington felt that he was looking on at adoration without reverence; all these suppliants were bent on placating evil rather than on worshiping the good. They feared but did not love the Beard of God, even though they brought him their sick and apparently sought his intervention in endless minor matters. The seance became businesslike. A trembling woman held up a child, lifted it over the skulls and set it on the table; a man extended a wounded arm; another displayed an ulcer. Each received advice, intoned as if an oracle were speaking. Then came tribute in a diminishing scale—a roll of cloth, a roasted suckling pig, a bundle of yams, green coconuts, a ripe papaw as big as a pumpkin, a dressed fowl, a basket of beans, three yellowish tomatoes and a hank of twine.

The offerings were heaped before the door; and when they were accepted a tremor of relief appeared to pass over the assembly of men and women. They arose and started to talk among themselves, without gayety and always in suppressed undertones. Beard retained his idol-like pose, but raised his voice. Instantly there was silence. They listened to him and then dispersed—melted into the shadows—but only to reappear a moment later in a semicircle which closed slowly on the mango tree. Presently they formed a wall which shut out the starlight. All Harrington could discern was a glimmering circle of shining eyeballs, staggered according to the height of their invisible possessors. They seemed unattached, as if they floated in the black fluid of the night. The circle came nearer, and he began to quiver. The blood leaped in his veins in little spurts that burst with a stinging sensation under the surface of his scalp. Shame was all that kept him from screaming at the top of his voice—shame born of the suspicion that the Beard of God was chuckling on his throne.

By an effort of the will that brought sweat to his forehead, he kept still and slowly closed his eyes. When he opened them again he would have been convinced he had passed through a nightmare were it not that Beard was occupied with storing away his fresh stock of provisions. There was no sign of any other living thing. There remained only the diffused light of the unseen stars, the blurred blackness of shrub and tree and the complacent little house with its mouth opened in an oblong yawn.

A month passed, and still Beard had given his prisoner no conventional clothes. He explained that it would be foolish to do so because there was literally no proper exit from the ledge for a stroll. "Besides," he remarked, "it wouldn't pay you to wander about too much. There's a man wilting three collars a day down in Port-au-Prince, looking for Harry Jones. He says if he goes back empty-handed nobody will believe he wasn't bought off. He rages, he drinks, and they tell me that sometimes he breaks down and cries, all on account of not being able to trace a man with a cauliflower nose."

"What does he look like?"

"You couldn't mistake him. He's bought himself a little mule and he wears the only derby hat on the island."

"Why should he have come to Haiti?"

"Somebody who saw you on the jetty or in the street must have sent in word. A glance would have been enough. You were

(Continued on Page 69)

Ladies admitted to this column!

Mennen for Men

Christmas

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with the new *Improved* Lather Brush

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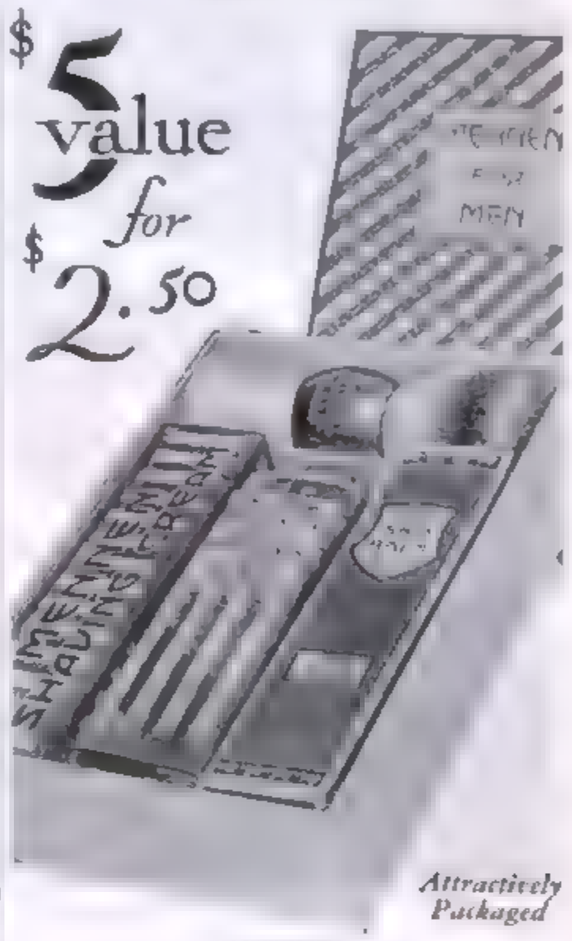

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CRANBERRIES AND BANANAS—a new and unusual combination. Serve it with meats or as a dessert. The full recipe is given below.

Mellow fruit from tropic trees tart berries from northern vines

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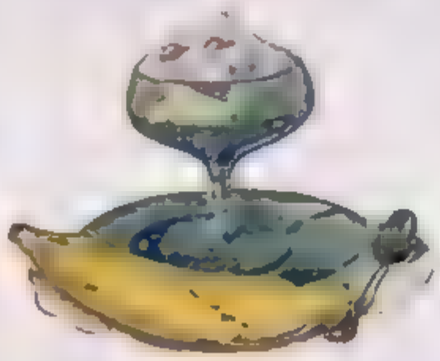
FROM cranberries to meats, from cereals to salads, whether cooked or in the natural state, a banana adds something to every other food.

The banana adds a flavor, delicate but unmistakable, that blends with any other flavor and clashes with none. It adds a smooth and tender texture that is pleasing to the tongue and taste.

Fully ripened, a banana is easily digested. It is composed largely of carbohydrates, which when converted into sugar are readily digested. As the banana ripens, its starchy carbohydrates are transformed into fruit sugars, and thus one process of digestion is already accomplished.

Watch bananas ripen in your own home. Buy them by the dozen. Better yet, buy them by the "hand." This tropic fruit dislikes cold. Keep it out of the ice chest or cold room.



BANANA ICE CREAM

Try it and agree with the scientists who say that it is the perfect food. Flavor that you like, with every food element necessary to sustain life.

Put the bananas in a dish or bowl. Keep them at room temperature. Let their golden color bring a touch of brightness to the room as they ripen.

When all green is gone, even from the tip, and the golden skin is flecked with mellow brown, a banana is fully ripe.

Then try one of the many banana recipes in the new cook book, "From the Tropics to Your Table." Just fill in and mail the coupon below, and this book of eighty-three recipes—and several pages of well-balanced menus—will be sent to you free.

BANANAS AND CRANBERRIES

BAKE six large bananas in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle first with 6 teaspoons brown sugar and pour over 6 tablespoons water. Bake until the bananas are translucent.

Cranberry Sauce: Add 1 cup sugar to 1 cup water, and boil for 2 minutes. Then add 2 cups cranberries and cook without stirring until the skins of the berries are broken. Pour cranberry sauce over the baked bananas and serve.

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(Continued from Page 67)

unforgettable—the sort of face that frightens children and paralyzes the tongues of nursemaids."

"You needn't remind me," interjected Harrington. "I saw it in the glass the day before you found me." He put up his hand to rub a two months' beard and then passed it back over his head, where a new crop of hair, closely curled, had begun to sprout. "I must look pretty awful even as it is, don't I?"

"Wouldn't you like to know!" mocked Beard, but it was all he could do to hide the glint of admiration in his eyes. "Come on, now, let's hear you say your evening p ece."

Beard was half reclining on the couch, which had remained permanently under the mango tree that had continued to serve as a guest room. Since the night of Harrington's arrival scarcely a drop of rain had fallen, and he had long since grown accustomed to the occasional invasions of dusky supplants. Sometimes he slept continuously in spite of their presence; but even when he awoke and found himself surrounded by a terrifying circle of glistening eyeballs, he felt no crepitating explosions under his scalp.

Knowing that the blacks were there to look in awe upon the greatest of the works of their idol, the Beard of God, he would amuse himself by winking one eye laboriously, as if he were trying it out, or by moving rhythmically a finger or a toe. Of late the wonder of the acolytes had greatly diminished. The miracle having been definitely completed, they lost interest and awaited stolidly another sign.

Their credulity could easily have been pardoned by anyone who had known Harry Jones of the bulbous nose, and now looked on James Harrington as he straddled the bench beside the couch. He sat erect from the hips up, giving an impression of energy in leash. His skin was browned by exposure, but as smooth as cream, and his eyes had the brilliant clearness of perfect health on a light diet. His hair, already long enough to run back in crisp, short ripples from his forehead, combined with the effect of a toga produced by the knotted sheet, gave him the classical appearance of a Roman athlete. His face was grave without being severe; it was mobile, sometimes gay, often thoughtful, but never heavy. He rested one hand on a bent knee, his gaze launched into space.

"I'm James Harrington," he began in obedience to Beard's request, but almost as if he were talking to himself. "I was born in my thirtieth year on a mountain ledge, and the Beard of God is my father."

"That's not in the lesson," protested Beard.

"And the Beard of God is my father," repeated Harrington. "These are the things he taught me: That no ship has a soul until it has crashed upon a rock. That a grown man knows no shorter measure than a yardstick. That it's never what you pay that matters, but whether you want the thing you've bought; and that life, the silver cord on which each of us strings his bead, is no one's private property."

"Good!" said Beard, with an approving nod of his hairy head. "Never say it over twice in the same way even to yourself, because words wear out like everything else. Nobody can feel a formula. Try it again."

"I'm James Harrington," resumed Harrington obediently, "born in my thirtieth year to the knowledge that disaster can't sink a man if it lifts him out of the level of the herd. That nobody can see true from an inch away, but he who looks at a mile at a time can't go wrong. That to forget the price is to live in a live body, but to remember it is to squirm in a six-foot tomb. That a man can cling to the silver cord without trying to hog it as if it were his alone."

"That's it," said Beard. "Once more now."

"I'm James Harrington and I know that unless the individual is more important than the mass, the mass becomes invisible. That every man has a right to his own horizon. That what you hold to your heart is the sum of all you've bought; and that if movement were life, a walking stick would be a god."

"I'm afraid you're educated," said Beard, with a touch of sadness. He pulled himself together, arose and stood upright on the edge of the translucent void. "Look—an unfolded world! Beauty can be like a dagger, but it's a more gentle thing than love, because it can hurt without leaving a wound. Friendships pass, but beauty and I remain. When you're far away I'll still be standing here, not only till I die, but long after—as long as your memory holds me up between the mountain and the sea."

VII

TWO days later Harrington was in the cave with the powerful kerosene lamp lighted and the communicating door to the hut tightly closed. He had been there for an hour. By Beard's command, he had entered the subterranean room unaccompanied, and had seen coming toward him a bearded stranger, dressed as he was dressed. When he stopped, startled, the stranger also stopped. He moved one knee slowly forward; the stranger mimicked him. He raised his hand in a totally unconscious gesture of confusion to his head; the stranger did the same. He uttered a great cry; the stranger's mouth opened, but no sound came from it. He stepped quickly to one side and was suddenly alone.

He had been in the cave for a full hour. Some of the time he had spent wandering about behind the table, glancing occasionally at the back of the large mirror Beard had braced upright upon it, facing the door. The rest he had passed before the looking-glass, getting acquainted with the face, eyes, nose and hair of James Harrington. All were utterly unknown. The hair was darker than had been that of his former self and rippled backward in a crinkled, waving mane. The iris was still brown, but the whole eye was unrecognizable in its expression. The reason was not far to seek; the sclerotic was no longer streaked and bloodshot, but as clear and white as an eggshell cup. Above all, the nose, though prominent and combative, was a revelation hard to assimilate.

More than any other feature, it gave him the conviction that he was veritably James Harrington, and no other. Sitting close to the glass, he touched this new nose inquiringly, rubbed it, crushed it flat with his palm, and compressed it tightly between finger and thumb. It scarcely changed color, though at the thought of what he was doing his cheek bones flushed pink. He smoothed down his soft beard and covered it with his cupped hands, trying to see how he would look when shaved. Only then did he get the full impact of his reincarnation and a staggering glimpse of what it might come to mean. He rose so swiftly that all the blood in his veins rushed in a single surge to his head. It made him reel, and he would have fallen had he not steadied himself on the edge of the table. He was still standing, head down and with eyes staring at the floor, when Beard entered and went straight to the mirror.

"I see you're through with this," he said, picking it up easily in spite of its weight.

"It's told me a lot," admitted Harrington.

"Come with me," said Beard.

Followed by Harrington, who walked with dazed eyes, he led the way out to the edge of the precipice, seized the glass by one corner of its molding, whirled it about with his arms extended to their full length and let it fly. It swirled away from the cliff, poised, tipped and fell. Halfway to the bottom of the abyss it flattened out. An upward rush of air held it suspended for an instant, face up, and beneath the arrows of the sun it became a blinding ball of light; then it shot downward and out of sight. Seconds after it struck, the crash of its fall came to their ears.

"Do you know what that means?" asked Beard.

"Seven years of bad luck," murmured Harrington, his eyes still dazed.

"Bah!" cried Beard in disgust. "It means you're through with studying your precious face in mirrors. If I thought you were going away from here to turn into a popinjay, a manikin, a clothes rack under an empty brainpan, I'd gladly throw you after the looking-glass."

"That would be murder," said Harrington, frowning with the effort to rouse himself from his trance.

"Dear me, so it would!" jeered Beard. "But who would know or care?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"Not if you were a popinjay. Half an hour after I'd had something to eat I wouldn't remember I'd done it."

"Do you mean that, Beard?"

"Literally. But why be so solemn about nothing? Murder is murder only if you kill something; otherwise it's merely an idea, a definition. Why should I remember or be troubled by an act that wouldn't make the slightest difference to me or anybody else?"

"I don't believe you," said Harrington, with a faint smile which yet lit up his whole face. "You are my friend and mentor, scared into hardness by the fear that you'll break down when we say good-by."

"There are no farewells—none," said Beard hastily. "Good-by is merely one more of the definitions with which people tickle their emotions according to a fixed usage. Whatever belongs to me in you will stay mine wherever you go; you can't part with it any more than you could part with a severed leg."

"You're too much for me!" laughed Harrington.

"Ask any man with one leg," said Beard; "he'll tell you whether the other lives or not. It comes to this, Harrington: You can say good-by only to what never existed."

"In that case I'm still Harry Jones."

"Idiot!" roared Beard. "In that case you're the putrid buried leg, and not the man who keeps it alive in memory."

"My last lesson," said Harrington, still smiling, "and one I won't forget."

"Take off your toga," ordered Beard.

"Is it a demotion?" asked Harrington as he obeyed.

"Hardly," said Beard. "I'm about to give you my mantle." He stripped and exchanged his cotton coat and trousers for the sheet. As he knotted it a look of satisfaction crept into his eyes. "You've taught me something, too—a great lesson."

"What?"

"That I don't need those clothes. I'll never wash or buy another suit."

"Doesn't it ever get cold here, Beard?"

"Never. Hot sometimes gets hotter, but never cold."

He picked up a section of bamboo, open at one end, and beat on it with a stick. It gave forth a soft bell-like sound, and presently there was an answering rustle from the bushes. They turned and saw a colored woman coming toward them across the level ledge. She had the sad, unquestioning look which marked all the natives in moments of calm, as if they lived and died in the belief that they were implements in the hands of a cruel power. She stood silent and passive before Beard while he talked to her in liquid patois; then he turned to Harrington.

"Follow her."

"No good-bys, Beard?" asked Harrington, holding out his hand.

Beard took it in a strong grip. "No good-bys, son; you'll find I'll be with you for a long time."

"Where will she take me?"

"There's no need for a question; your road is marked. Just follow her."

VIII

AT THE extremity of the ledge the woman stepped into the northern branch of the stream and waded down it for a distance of forty yards to the verge of another waterfall. There she crawled into the undergrowth and dragged out a bamboo pole, four inches in diameter and as smooth

A Great Gift for the Golfing Male

12 Silver Kings in the Christmas Putting Box

WRAPPED in any sort of package, a dozen new Silver Kings would still be the world's finest remembrance to the golfer on Christmas morning.

But this year—because we know how popular Silver Kings are for gifts—we are offering each dozen balls in a special Christmas Box that unfolds to form an ingenious device for winter practise on the golfer's home putting green—his carpet.

It's a gift to bring peals of joy to the heart of any man.

You will find the new gift-box Silver Kings on sale at most important golf shops and Sporting Goods Departments—for every golf pro, every leading amateur and every dealer who has seen the box is keen about it as a winter game and a Christmas gift.

Sold, complete, at the regular price of a dozen Silver Kings, which is $12 the dozen.

DEALERS:

If not already supplied (for this is brand new) wire your orders and requests for display material.

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Wholesale Golf Distributors

Wanted

Roofing Cement & Paint Specialty Field Sales Managers

Unusual Opportunity

for Two Men Who Can Qualify as District Sales Managers in the Field of Paint & Roofing Specialties

ONE of our clients, rated among the largest manufacturers of paints, enamels, roof coatings and specialties, requires the services of two additional Sales Managers in the field. The men desired must possess the following qualifications:

1. They must be successful salesmen who can teach others how to sell.
2. They must have had experience in employing and training salesmen in the field.
3. They must be men who have had actual experience in the sale of liquid and plastic roof coatings, paints, waterproofings and enamel specialties.
4. They must be thoroughly familiar with the maintenance problems of industrial plants, office buildings, public and private institutions, etc.

The position does not require constant traveling over a large territory. On the contrary, it provides a very complete supervision over a definite and compact district, where permanent headquarters may be maintained.

Compensation will be arranged in keeping with past earnings and productive ability and ample opportunity afforded for early and substantial increases.

All applications will be regarded as strictly confidential and consideration will be given only to those who submit a complete record of past activities—both as to the companies for whom they have worked and the territories in which they have operated.

To merit serious consideration, all applicants must measure up to the qualifications outlined above, and preference will be given to gentiles. All members of their present organization have been informed of this advertisement.

FRANCHISES will be available for experienced roofing cement and paint specialty salesmen or any men having sales experience.

Consideration will also be given men who are commanding figures in their localities and desire a permanent and profitable income.

All will be thoroughly trained in the field under an experienced supervisor.

Write at once and address your reply to

Matteson-Fogarty-Jordan Co.
Advertising
307 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

as glass. She thrust it over the edge of a sudden drop and let it fall, holding fast to its upper end; then she walked down it backward as if it were a ladder. Harrington did not even attempt to follow her example; he wrapped his legs around the bamboo and slid into a pool of water three feet deep and icy cold.

The woman was already standing on its farther bank, wringing out her skirts. He joined her and found that she was standing on a well-marked path. From that moment they proceeded swiftly, and by eleven o'clock at night came out on a hill which overhung the glow of Port-au-Prince to the north and the scattered lights of Pétionville to the east. There was a moon, and Harrington stopped to fill his heart with the unforgettable scene, as if he strove to take away with him something more than mere sight could give.

His guide waited patiently, and when he was ready led him down a steep declivity until they came abruptly to a road where a carriage, locally known as a bus, was waiting. It was a ramshackle four-wheeled calash drawn by a diminutive, lop-eared horse, apparently asleep. On the box sat hunched an old man, also drowsing; but he awoke at the first murmured word spoken to him and promptly gathered up his reins. The woman motioned to Harrington to get into the vehicle, and while his foot was on the step she disappeared. When he saw that she was gone his impulse was to call her back to give her a present; then the realization swept over him that he had forgotten to bring away his money.

Since the day when Beard had told him it was in a tin can on the top shelf in the cave he had never given it even a passing thought. It had had no place in the skeleton mechanism of life on the ledge; consequently, as long as he had stayed there, money had existed only as so much soiled paper. But now things were different; he was riding in a public conveyance. For a moment he thought of descending at once and going back, but the lateness of the hour, his own weariness and the loss of his guide all combined to persuade him to follow the course of least resistance. Time meant nothing to him, and he could wait somewhere in town while a messenger made the arduous trip in his stead.

An hour later he was to learn how weak had been his faith in Beard's last words. Having avoided the principal thoroughfares of the city, the cab drew up at the small back door to a walled garden. To Harrington's surprise, he was met by the same woman who had piloted him down the mountain. She dismissed the cabman with a wave of her hand and a soft "*Bo' nuit, m'sieu*" that seemed to sum up all the formality of courtesy grafted on an African race by the mere use of an alien tongue. Then she flitted along a gravel path, with Harrington at her heels, opened a high French window, ushered him directly into a large bedroom and left him there.

He sat down after a stupefied moment and began to study what he saw. The room was a childish parody on an Empire interior. The high French windows were unglazed, paneled in wood at the bottom and fitted with pleated pink mosquito netting instead of glass; however, they were boxed by gilded moldings and valances of genuine red damask. So with the furniture, the linen and the fittings; a naive homemade simplicity marched cheek by jowl with touches of borrowed, imitated or ill-remembered grandeur. There was a fair pier glass, and the bed itself was a fine piece of great age. Spread upon it was a display which quickly monopolized his attention. Its entire expanse was covered with an assortment of toilet articles and apparel arranged in piles around an incongruous tin can which he recognized immediately.

He reached for it, opened it and counted his money mechanically: it was all there. Then he picked out a razor, fitted in a blade, stropped it carefully and began to shave. The pleasure the operation gave him was similar to the joy he had felt in his first bath after leaving the ship, only shaving left no aftermath of dizziness and chill. It elated him, not because it improved his appearance but because it was such a contrast to the agony he had undergone in days gone by to keep his mottled face free of hair. When he had finished he took a sponge bath at the washstand, brushed his hair and tried his best to part it. In vain; as it had grown, so was it determined to stay. He surrendered, and satisfied himself with running it straight back with the comb.

After that he went to the bed and examined the clothing which was laid out. There was an ample supply of underwear, socks, shoes, ties, and a pair of slippers; there were also two suits of tweeds, one gray and one blue, as well as half a dozen outfits of freshly laundered white drill. Everything was of excellent but not spectacular quality; for instance, the initials J. H. had been sewed on to appropriate articles and not embroidered. He tried on both of the tweed suits and they fitted so well that he knew Beard must have taken accurate measurements in his sleep. Then he dressed himself from head to toe in white and went to the pier glass. Before he could look at himself his eye fell upon a large envelope inscribed with his name.

It contained a slip of paper and several letters, all of them sealed. On the slip was written only a single sentence, and it made him smile:

Keep away from looking-glasses.

BEARD.

The letters were exceedingly interesting. Each had been addressed and sent through the post to James Harrington at a variety of places on the island—Les Cayes, Jacmel, Miragoane, and Port-au-Prince itself. The one to Les Cayes was the most significant. It came from the Cuban head office of an important Haitian firm, praised him for his valuable services, regretted his decision to sever a long connection and assured him that if ever he wished to return to it he would find a warm welcome. The other letters talked of business deals of one kind or another and offered supplementary proof that the addressee had served the writers honorably.

Harrington thrust the packet in his pocket, went to a chair beside the window opening on the garden and sat for a long time thinking of Beard and of the extraordinary ramifications of the power the old man had borrowed from the local reservoir of superstition. No wonder the Beard of God ranked as a Papa Loi and shared with others, clever enough to capitalize fetishism, the right of more than life and death. The more he pondered on the matter of the letters, the surer he felt that if in a year, or ten years, anyone should make inquiry from their authors regarding James Harrington, a web of answers would result which, added together, would make out for the honored ex-employe a perfect case. He did not doubt that even affidavits and evidence before a solemn court would be forthcoming if necessary.

He undressed and went to bed, thinking he could not rest, but his head had no sooner touched the pillow than he was sound asleep. He awoke to utter befuddlement when the succeeding morning was already half gone. Where was the familiar roof of the mango tree? The glint of the sunken sea? He lay on his back, moving his head from side to side, and staring, absolutely at a loss as to where he was; then he jumped up to look out on the garden and chanced to glance in the pier glass. Even the vision reflected there puzzled him for several seconds before he remembered the events of the previous night. Never had he known so prolonged an awakening; but when at last it was complete it set exultant blood to racing through his veins.

He was alive in an undiscovered sense of the word. He had a body without blemish, a brand-new and uncluttered brain, a clear eye, muscles that felt as if they could never tire, and a hollow stomach clamoring to be fed. Beside the bed was a tray with rolls and a pot of coffee which had grown lukewarm.

He went to the door communicating with the rest of the house and tried to open it, but it was locked. He started to knock and immediately thought better of it. How did he know whose house he was in or what were his privileges? Returning to the tray, he decided to make the best of things, ate a roll, and then lifted the coffeepot. Under it was a folded bit of paper. He opened it and read: "*Le chapeau melon part pour New York par le vapeur d'aujourd'hui.*"

He translated literally, first to himself, and then aloud: "The melon hat leaves for New York by today's steamer." The melon hat? What did that mean? A derby, of course—the only one on the island, as Beard had put it. On its face, the message meant that the detective who sought Harry Jones had at last given up, but Harrington suspected some deeper significance. Perhaps Beard had merely taken steps to have him put at his ease should he decide to stay on in Port-au-Prince. Perhaps he wished only to warn him against taking that particular boat. Perhaps he meant that he would be a coward if he failed to take it.

The last reading seemed more in character with the Beard of God than either of the others, and also happened to suit Harrington's mood. A suitcase—not a new one—was lying open and empty on a settle, and he started to pack in it everything he had found lying on the bed, except what he intended to wear. The assortment deserves enumeration. Besides the clothing already mentioned, there was a leather roll containing every essential toilet article; a pocketbook with properly engraved calling cards; an old-fashioned gold watch and chain, apparently an heirloom; a sun helmet and a felt hat; a pair of dogskin gloves; a raglan waterproofed overcoat; a stuffed dispatch case; a light dressing gown, and various lesser necessities.

He managed to get everything in the grip except the bulky dispatch case and the overcoat, and then had partly to unpack to shave again. When he had dressed himself in white as on the night before, he weighted some money with the soap dish to show it was intentionally left behind, threw the overcoat across his shoulder, picked up his bag and the dispatch case, and reached the street through the garden. He stood in the embrasure of the door for a moment, and seeing that the coast was clear, went to the nearest corner to wait for a cab. Three of the native busses, each looking more decrepit than the other, were parked under a near-by acacia, and engaged in a comical slow-motion race to reach him first. He chose the winner and told the driver to take him to the agency of the steamer in port.

An hour later he was comfortably established on board in a cabin to himself. He unpacked at his leisure and then had a genuine struggle to resist the impulse to throw off his clothes and drape himself in a sheet. With coat and trousers smartly fitted, and binding him beneath the arms or between the legs every time he moved, heat had suddenly become the enemy instead of the friend of man. He felt constrained by clammy bonds, but realized that he must reaccustom himself to them now or later, and the sooner the better.

Looking around for distraction, his eye fell on the dispatch case. He opened it and found a carefully selected mass of material which would supply him with condensed information on everything connected with Haiti—its history as supplied to school children, its resources and attractions as outlined in the monthly bulletins of a chamber of commerce, its contours and byways as revealed by an army map, its commerce as summarized in a customs report, and finally a set of newspapers—La Poste, Le Courrier Haitien, Le Matin, L'Essor, Le Nouvelliste—in which were etched questions and personalities of the hour.

He began to read but was startled by a raucous blast from the steamer's siren, three times repeated; they were off. Not wishing to miss a last glimpse of the harbor,

(Continued on Page 73)

Calibrated in 1-lb. units—10 to 50 lbs. Made with ball foot —easy to use on any type wheel. Other types for high pressure, truck and bus tires.

Test your tires *every Friday*

The sure knowledge that your tires are properly inflated adds assurance and pleasure to motoring.

The manufacturer of your tires recommends a certain pressure which should be maintained at all times.

Your tire dealer can tell you what this correct pressure is. Keep your tires inflated to it at all times.

The way to be sure you have this correct pressure is to carry a Schrader Tire Gauge in your car, and use it regularly—every Friday. Friday—because your tires probably do their hardest work over the week-end. Schrader Gauges have been standard for years. Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

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Two favorite Milk Chocolate flavors

THERE are two distinct tastes for milk chocolate. One is for the full chocolate flavor, the other for the milder, creamier blend.

Peter's—richest in chocolate—gives the full chocolate taste. It is the original milk chocolate, invented over fifty years ago in Switzerland.

Nestle's—richest in cream—is a milder, smoother blend.

Both are made by the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., the world's oldest makers of milk chocolate.

Both come in 5¢ and 10¢ bars—plain and almond—or the new 5¢ croquettes
NESTLE'S
SWEET MILK CHOCOLATE
RICHEST IN CREAM
"Richest in CREAM"

(Continued from Page 70)

he picked up his sun helmet and went on deck, where he found a heat more violent than the moist warmth of his cabin. The ship was just being warped away from the jetty. He watched the maneuver for a little while, looking down and trying to realize that it was less than three months since the revolting figure of Harry Jones, alleged embezzler and murderer, had taken his cringing way to freedom along that pier.

Try as he might, he could not escape the feeling that he looked back upon a stranger—at best, the pitiful victim of a familiar nightmare. He was James Harrington, awake at last. He could remember, as we remember a dream, a hurrying, grotesque, agonized figure crying out to itself, "It can't be me! This horrible thing has never happened to me! I saw it on somebody else, and I'm dreaming. I'll wake up soon. I'm just Harry Jones." Well, he had awaked, but he wasn't Harry Jones. He still remembered him, knew him intimately, but he wasn't Harry Jones; he was quite another thing—he was James Harrington.

He turned his back on the jetty and walked along the deck. His step had a springy thrust and his shoulders were squared, not from conscious volition but because vitality surged in his veins and played with his muscles even when at rest. When he stopped on the farther side of the ship to look at the view, and laid his hands on the hot teak rail, he felt as if his fingers could crush it to splinters if he would only let them try.

But when he let his eyes leap from the palm-fringed silver strand, across the bay, into the frowning mass of the mountains that had watched over his rebirth, he became suddenly diminished—a crawling ant beneath the shadow of a tree. He heard a muttering rumble of laughter from his friend, the Beard of God. For an instant it dismayed him, but for an instant only. The next moment he was smiling to the thought that Beard, like himself, was only a man, but big enough to laugh at the mountain. It struck him as strange that the rumble did not cease; stranger still, it lacked the quality of mirth. Then he realized that the sound he heard was not imagined but proceeded from a comical figure, standing straddled in the middle of the deck and facing aft toward the vanishing dazzling whiteness of the town of Port-au-Prince. The man had on a derby hat, thrust far back on a sweating forehead. He carried his coat and vest over his arm, and wore broad silk suspenders, a hard low collar, a sodden shirt and baggy blue-serge trousers. His face, his body and his legs were round, giving the general impression of a melting butter ball. He was cursing steadily in a low voice, as if husbanding his breath for a far-off peroration.

"Now as well as later," thought Harrington, and approached. The stranger seemed not to notice him and yet appeared to welcome an audience.

"Look at it," he continued, "shining like the turned-up belly of a dead fish. Port-au-Prince. What a place! When you go into a French hash house, the regular customers roll their snowball eyes and sniff, and the white proprietor backs them up by giving you a dirty look. They have daily newspapers that come out once a week, and raging stallions that make you think a yapping Pekingese is snapping at your heels. A one-rabbit shay is a bus, and a tin house is a palace; all a burglar needs is a can opener and something to burgle. At Christmastime you can stand on a chair and dive off into a pool of your own sweat, but in July it's as cool as it is in New York. Papa Loi is the name of their god, and he makes Uncle Sam look like a scared little boy bogged in a barrel of tar."

"I'm afraid your stay in Haiti hasn't been altogether pleasant," said Harrington as the round man paused to draw his breath.

"Pleasant! Say, you can pour down a drink with one hand while you mop it up at the back of your neck with the other. They've got cloth in the windows instead of glass, that lets in mosquitoes but keeps out the air. They are sore at you because you're white and sore at themselves because they're black. Everything laughs at them—their mountains, their trees, their flowers and their weeds—but they never smile. They play with skulls to cheer themselves up, and you can't blame them. If I stayed here another month I'd do the same."

"You're kidding," protested Harrington.

"Kidding, am I?" said the detective, looking at him for the first time. "Haven't you been off the boat?"

The moment Harrington had a chance to see his eyes, he felt a tremor run up his spine. He was glad to be able to remind himself that he was no murderer, and an embezzler only by proxy. They were small, but widely set; shrewd as the eyes of a weasel, but far more intelligent. They explained at once the astonishing amount of truth which had crept into the man's violent diatribe, and proclaimed him one of those rare observers who can see, read and remember.

"I came aboard here," said Harrington. "I got in just in time to catch the boat."

"Got in from where?"

"Oh, Jacmel—Les Cayes—Jeremie. Why?"

"I wondered where you could have been hiding."

"I haven't been hiding anywhere," said Harrington coolly. "What gave you that idea?"

"You don't get me. What I mean is, I thought I'd talked to every white civilian in the country. My name's Jones and I've been looking for a lost brother."

"Mine is Harrington—James Harrington."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Harrington. Let's seek out a drink."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A SUBTLE SOMETHING

(Continued from Page 31)

fragrance of the new perfume seemed to be everywhere. That was the word the Foucaults were awaiting. They decided to shoot at the greatest market—America—where beauty is not confined to the few, but is sold and used by the masses.

In America the small perfume shop was almost unheard of. Perfume there was not, as in Paris, an individual affair. In that absurdly wealthy country the women used the same bouquets and fragrances from New York to San Francisco and from Montreal to Mexico. The Foucaults had established a branch there, along with hundreds of other French perfumers. Raymond, the eldest son, was in charge of the New York office. They had among their books in the Paris shop numerous and seemingly fabulous figures set down in his fine script.

The Price of Beauty

Though these facts and figures seemed fabulous in that summer two years ago, they have grown enormously since. Perfumes, their manufacture and sale, are part of the beauty business, and the beauty business is declared to be the fourth largest industry in the United States. It is a husky infant, and growing so rapidly that only now is the Government surveying it for the purpose of standardizing it and learning just how big it really is. Perfume, it is commonly agreed, constitutes one-fourth of the beauty business. It permeates the whole industry, a subtle something enfragrancing all of it.

No accurate statistics are available. One man's guess is as good as another's, and most of them seem wild; but from advertising agencies and from the different cosmetic boards of trade can be obtained such figures as may give some idea of its magnitude. These declare that the women of the United States last year spent from $200,000,000 to $260,000,000 for cosmetics. This year it is prophesied beauty expenditures will reach from the last figure to $350,000,000. As perfumes make up one-fourth of all beauty preparations, we have from $50,000,000 to $65,000,000 spent on them in 1925, with a prophecy of considerably more to be spent in 1926. And even these figures were dwarfed by Mrs. Ruth J. Maurer last August, when she told the American Cosmeticians' Society that the women of the United States spend more than $5,000,000 a day for beautification purposes and that more than 7000 kinds of beauty preparations are on the market today. Perfume's contribution to this daily quota is $1,250,000.

The Foucaults, in their little Parisian shop, looked over the new, stupendous field through the neat figures sent them by Raymond, and they learned, among other things, that 71 per cent of the feminine part of the 113,000,000 population of the United States more than eighteen years of age used perfume; 90 per cent used face powder; 83 per cent used talcum; 73 per cent used toilet water and 56 per cent used rouge. Since all these were impregnated with perfume, the market for a new odor was practically unlimited.

They incased Subtil in a beautiful two-ounce bottle designed by one who was more than a bit of an artist. They placed a huge order for more bottles, and they shipped it to America, priced at $2.50 a bottle. There it was caught in the maw of the machinery for distributing it. Advertisements praising its exquisite fragrance and appeal appeared in the trade papers, and a month before Christmas in the great national publications. Then it was literally broadcast all over the country.

When it went on sale in department stores, drug stores, chain stores and beauty shops, it had already cost Foucault $25,000. And this was before a single sale had been made.

You may perceive the analogy to the show business in this figure. Few dramatic shows offered to the theatergoing public open their first nights with so much money invested. But the new perfume was reaching a greater public. It may be said that the perfumer's methods resemble those of the theatrical manager; and his public, in volume, compares with that of the moving-picture producer.

1399 Competitors

Subtil, in its striking bottle, was received with apathy by the trade. Department stores, drug stores, chain stores and beauty and gift shops stocked up conservatively, waiting to see what would happen. One great New York department store ordered one dozen bottles of the new bouquet because of the name of Foucault. There was so much competition. The manager of the perfume department of the store which took the dozen bottles told me that when the new perfume was first put on sale he already had a choice of exactly 1399 odors, essences, bouquets and fragrances.

In the language of the show business, Subtil dove under the front seats and lay there—a flop. It proved as inert as that hypothetical immovable object, until one

(Continued on Page 74)

A new beauty still further above the commonplace

In its alluring smartness and beauty the *new, finer* Chrysler "70" forecasts the new vogue in motoring design even more definitely than the first Chrysler did three years ago.

The first Chrysler "70" gave to all motoring a totally new combination of features and accomplishments.

Three years ago it introduced the 7-bearing crankshaft, oil-filter, air-cleaner, thermostatic heat control, tubular front axle for hydraulic four-wheel brakes, a new type of spring mounting, indirectly-lighted instrument board, new grace and lowness of design, and an entirely new idea of color harmonies.

Ever since, the entire industry has been adopting these features with varying success and celebrating them as new achievements.

But there has not yet appeared a single car, no matter what its outer resemblance to Chrysler, which does the things which Chrysler does as the Chrysler does them.

And now the *new, finer* "70" presents even more epochal developments, which further widen the gap between Chrysler and the commonplace, Chrysler and the conventional.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies—newer, more distinctive silhouette with military front and cadet visor (see illustration)—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer, finer hardware—newer refinements in controls and lighting—newer, more attractive color blendings far in advance of current harmonies.

And with this newer appearance is the famous chassis—unchanged save for valuable refinements—whose basic performance, dependability and long life have been proved for three years by hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic owners.

CHARACTER

Prices That Set a New Measure of Value for Finer Motoring

	New Prices	Old Prices	Savings
Roadster	$1495	$1525	$ 30
Brougham	1525	1745	220
Coupe	1545	1695	150
Royal Sedan	1595	1795	200
Crown Sedan	1795	1895	100

Phaeton, $1495 Sport Phaeton, $1495

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

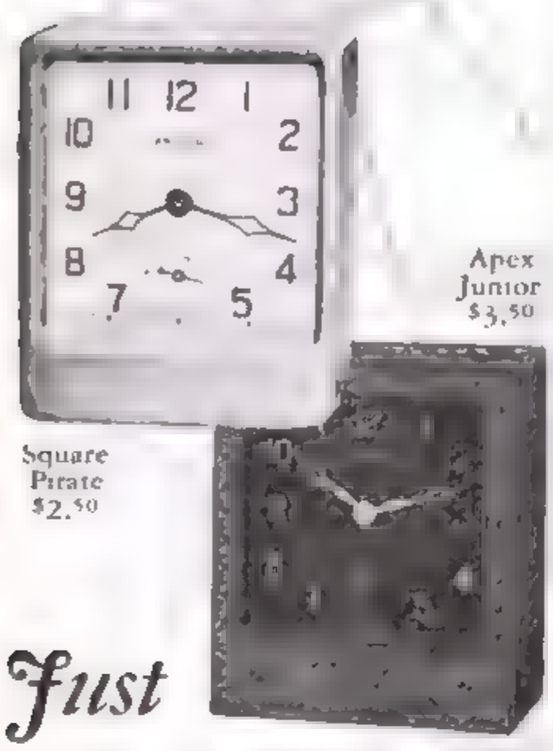
CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

THE NEW, FINER

CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

ANSONIA



Apex Junior $3.50

Square Pirate $2.50

Just the Thing for

Christmas

What more useful gift could you make for Christmas than one of the new Ansonia Alarm Clocks? It goes without saying that they are good timepieces, for we have been making fine clocks for over fifty years.

The SquareClox are bright, cheery-looking clocks in their attractive colored cases. One finish looks like platinum, another is antique gold. Then there is the beautiful blue crackle finish, and the white enamel finish for the white kitchen or bedroom.

SquareClox are made in four models, with long or short alarms. They range in price from $2.50 to $6.00; radium hands and numerals, $1.00 to $1.25 extra.

The Square Simplex is the ONLY automatic alarm which requires winding only once in ten days.

The Square Racket is the ONLY alarm clock which also strikes the hour and half-hour.

Apex Junior is a handsome alarm clock, with engraved Necrolian Bronze case, sunken dial, raised bronze numerals. Looks expensive, but costs only $3.50; with radium hands and numerals, $4.50.

See these clocks at your jeweler's, department or drug store. Booklet sent upon request.

Canadian Distributors—Lymans, Montreal and Toronto
Prices in Canada are a bit higher

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P. Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 72)

day it started to move as suddenly and swiftly as if it had met the irresistible force.

On that day the department store sold out its dozen bottles within a half hour after opening and by noon had two hundred additional orders. The manager of the perfume department sent in a hurry call to the Foucault offices for "more of the same, and in a hurry." Raymond Foucault, with whom he talked, calmly informed him that the demand was nation-wide. That morning when he had reached his desk he found telegrams from every big city and most of the small towns in this country, demanding Subtil. The public had suddenly gone mad for it. Monsieur Foucault also informed him that the retail price from that moment would be ten dollars a bottle, an increase of $7.50 over the original sales price. The perfume manager immediately ordered 1000 dozen bottles, probably the largest perfume order ever given by any department store for one particular perfume.

The seemingly miraculous leap of Subtil into immense popular favor proved not so miraculous on investigation, and members of the 1000 competing perfume and cosmetic firms are still wondering whether it was accident or shrewd campaigning. The explanation itself was simple. About the time the perfume was gathering dust on the counters, a rather spectacular motion picture was produced in Hollywood and released simultaneously all over the country. The story centered around a love affair, and during the action of the picture the ornate and artistic bottle containing Subtil, and announcing itself in close-ups, was prominently displayed on the woman's dressing table in her boudoir in which much of the action occurred. The heroine was depicted using it and the hero registered that the odor had an irresistible allure for him.

Now every woman in that audience saw herself in the heroine, so naturally she went out craving to know if there was such a perfume and if so was it as irresistible as the picture said it was. Next morning, bright and early, she hied herself to the department store or the emporium of her city, town or hamlet, found Subtil, smelled it and pronounced it good. Hence the stampede.

Grasse is the capital of the perfume world. Nearly every flower used in the industry is grown within a radius of twenty-five miles of it. The fields, you may imagine, are things of wondrous beauty. The town itself, perched on a hillside, is one of the oldest and most historic spots on the Mediterranean. In the Middle Ages it was of sufficient consequence to attract the unwelcome attention of the Saracens. For centuries it has been the scene of sackings and rebuildings by various kings and princes.

The Flower Farms at Grasse

There the basic materials, the essential oils of the perfumes of the Far East, the Near East, Europe, America, in fact, the entire world, are distilled or manufactured. In the town itself more than forty *parfumeries* concentrate the scent of countless flowers. The flower farms are in near-by villages. The living of hundreds of people is literally governed by flowers, fragrant gums and aromatic oils.

From December to March the *parfumeries* work on patchouli, an East Indian herb, sandalwood, rosewood and other nonfloral raw materials. In March begins work on the fresh flowers. First comes the Parma violet, then the jonquil, orange blossom, rose, jasmine, magnonette, tuberose and Cassia buds, and, in less quantities, heliotrope, myrtle, carnation, rose, geranium and other flowers. The flowers to be used in perfume are picked at the hour when their scent is strongest. The rose is gathered as soon as it opens, the carnation after three hours' exposure to the sun, the jasmine immediately after sunrise.

The art of the perfumer, if the new theory that plants have a nervous and arterial system is correct, is based on the wholesale murder of the fragrant, beautiful things. In one *parfumerie* alone, in one year the following flowers were used: 2400 tons of roses, 1750 tons of orange blossoms, 132 tons of violets, 280 tons of jasmine, 70 tons of tuberoses, 15 tons of jonquils. Their oils are their lifeblood and the essence of their souls, for they contain their fragrance. A veritable holocaust takes place in the making of attar of roses. It takes eleven tons of that flower—about 3,000,000 blossoms—to make one pound of the attar.

Some flowers give off their fragrance to distillation. Wild thyme and lavender lose their fragrance if transported, so the stills are set up in the fields where they grow. But most flowers will not yield their fragrance to the distiller, and two methods, known as maceration and inflowering, or enfleurage, are used. Both processes are based on the odor-absorbing property of fat. In maceration the fragrant parts of the flowers are slowly mixed in large vats of melted beef or pork fat. When all their odor has been drained from them they are thrown away and fresh ones are added to the mixture. This is kept up until the fat attains the required strength.

Improving on Nature

In enfleurage, plates of glass are coated with fat and covered with petals. Then they are placed in air-tight compartments. The flowers are renewed twice a day, sometimes for months, until the pomade, as the fat is now called, has reached the desired strength. The pomade is then melted from the glass with warm water and treated with alcohol. Then it is ready for the perfumer. Perfume oils like bergamot, orange and lemon are pressed in hydraulic or screw presses.

Though Grasse is the capital of the perfume world, flowers used in the art come from every clime. Attar of roses comes from Bulgaria and Turkey; rose-geranium oils from Algeria; lavender and peppermint from England; citrous oils and orange blossoms from Italy; patchouli and ylang-ylang from the Orient.

The art of the perfumer is very high today. The chemist is able to analyze the odor-giving elements in flowers and reproduce them artificially. But the best perfumes will always be compounded from natural elements, for, though the chemist is able to detect and combine artificially odor-giving elements in flowers, he is unable to supply the slight impurities which complete Nature's formula. The highest art of the perfumer is exercised in blending the essential oils to produce a perfume more pleasing than the natural, unblended scents. Experience is his only guide. It is impossible to tell beforehand from the nature of the essences that go into a perfume what the odor of the blend will be.

Septimus Piesse, an Englishman, attempted to show that a certain scale exists among odors as among sounds, and he arranged them as in music, the sharp smells as the high notes, the heavier ones as the low. He held that in blending odors the same harmony should prevail as in music; that a false odor would have the same effect as a false note in a musical chord. His scale of smells he called the odophone.

All perfumes are volatile and, unless fixed, will vanish into the empty air. A perfumer, having concocted a subtle bouquet, would have all his labor for nothing if he did not have some substance to hold the odor. The fixative, as a perfumer told me, is like a piece of twine tied around a bundle to hold it compactly together. Without the twine you would have no bundle. Without the fixative you would have no perfume. The fixative is an animal substance, and there are four of them—musk, ambergris, castor and civet. Despite years of experiment, nothing has been found to substitute for the first three. Within the past year a process has been discovered for the manufacture of synthetic civet, but whether it is practicable is not yet known.

Musk is the most important and is procured from the musk deer, which dwells in the upper ranges of the Himalayas, being rarely found below 8000 feet. He is a little animal, standing twenty inches at the shoulder. He has no antlers. His habits are nocturnal, and of course he is hunted at night by men of the mountains whose ancestors have hunted him clear back to the dawning of the world. Only the male carries the musk, which is secreted in a sac about the size of a walnut or a small orange beneath the skin of his abdomen. Good musk is of a dark, purplish color, dry, smooth, unctuous to the touch and bitter to the taste. It dissolves to the extent of one-half in boiling water, one-third in alcohol and still less in ether and chloroform. It is probably the most powerful and lasting of all odors. A grain of it will distinctly scent millions of cubic feet of air without appreciably lessening its weight.

Three kinds of musk are known to the perfume trade. Tongking, Chinese or Tibetan, the most valuable, is imported from China in small gaudily decorated caddies with tin or lead linings wherein perfume is sealed down. It is mostly shipped to the perfumer by parcel post. Assam or Nepal musk also comes from Tibet and China. It is much less valuable than Tongking; and Karbardin, or Russian—Siberian—musk comes out of Central Asia via Russia. Karbardin is the least valuable of all because it hardly admits of adulteration. Musk is also found in the muskrat, both sexes of which carry tiny sacs. But they do not give off enough for the demands of the trade. The musk deer remains its chief source.

The history of musk is as dark as its color. Down through the ages it has left blood in its wake as it has its taint in the air. More precious than gold, it is so infinitely desirable that men kill men for it. The musk hunter, when he has taken the sac from the dead deer, puts his life in forfeit. Bandits who resemble our hijackers lay in wait for him. When he has been successful in bringing it in to the caravansary the merchant who has just bought it becomes the object of attack. The caravan leaves its musk taint behind it in the air and the bandits gather like vultures in its train. Pitched battles resulting in large casualties, sometimes in the wiping out of a whole merchant train, are so common that little interest is taken in the news of them.

Where Noses are Noses

Ambergris is even more valuable as a fixative than musk. It is a grayish-white fatty substance, found either in the intestines of a most unhappy sperm whale or cast up by him upon the waters. Its beginning, like the oyster's pearl, is a source of irritation—a mussle shell which the whale has swallowed and which it cannot digest. After a time it is a very sick whale who gets rid of it. Then it is found by a fisherman, preferably one over whose head hangs a mortgage about to come due on his house and his nets. He sells it for thousands of dollars. Like musk, in the natural state it has a most disagreeable and penetrating odor. But it is soluble in alcohol and is most lasting and pleasant when sufficiently dissolved or mixed with the aroma of flowers.

Castor is a secretion found in both sexes of the beaver, and it accumulates in two pear-shaped bags on the abdomen of the animal. The sacs are about the length of a finger, and at the thickest point are about the diameter of the thumb. They contain a greasy mass of yellowish-brown, reddish or blackish viscous substance.

Civet is a secretion contained in the pouch of the civet cat of Abyssinia. The United States has used considerable quantities of it in the manufacture of perfumes. In 1913, 11,269 ounces, valued at $15,557, were shipped here, and in 1925, 7173 ounces, valued at $15,607, were used.

The production of essential oils, though vitally important, is but the first step in the manufacture of perfume, especially in this modern day when the scent of any individual flower is rarely used. When the

(Continued on Page 76)

The Keys to Happiness

. . . and to the car of her dreams!

NOT a shadow of a hint, not a word—then . . . on Christmas morning . . . a dainty little jewel case beside her plate, with the magic Keys to Happiness!

What more charming way to give your wife or daughter a Christmas gift of luxurious loveliness—a Studebaker Custom Car.

In the President, a Studebaker Big Six Custom Sedan for seven, you combine the joy of surprise and the thrill of custom beauty! It is a masterpiece of custom distinction, with the beauty that appeals to a woman, the stamina that appeals to a man, and a One-Profit price, $2245. Only seven American cars—costing two to four times more—equal it in rated power.

Its custom interior is replete with every detail of custom luxury—Chase mohair or broadcloth upholstery, exquisite broadlace trim, Butler finish hardware, silk shades, silk toggle grips, opal iridescent interior lights, smoking set, vanity case

Make this the happiest Christmas of her life by giving her the car of her dreams. Any Studebaker dealer will supply the magic Keys to Happiness and deliver the car on Christmas morning or when you wish

Equipment: No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker; front and rear bumpers; engine thermometer clock and gasoline gauge on the dash; coincidental lock; oil filter and air-purifier; automatic windshield cleaner, rear vision mirror, traffic signal light; emergency lamp on extension; 4-wheel brakes, full-size balloon tires; Watson stabilators, and two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from the steering wheel.

THE PRESIDENT

A Studebaker Big Six Custom Sedan (for Seven)

$2245 *f. o. b. factory, including disc wheels and 4-wheel brakes*

S T U D E B A K E R

Personal Service to the Winter Traveler

The winter travel season is opening. Delightful tours or cruises to summer lands will call you to the Mediterranean, or the West Indies, South America, California, Hawaii, or any of the thousand nearby resorts of the Southern States.

Safe and serviceable money is the *first requisite* for a happy trip anywhere.

And the second is the assurance of experienced Personal Service—

American Express Travelers Cheques

fill both of these requisites—in their own safety and convenience as travel funds; and through the "Helpful Hand of a Great Service" which the American Express Company extends to carriers of these Cheques everywhere.

American Express Travelers Cheques are issued in $10, $20, $50 and $100 denominations—bound in a small, handy wallet—and cost only 75c for each $100.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS, AMERICAN EXPRESS AND AMERICAN RAILWAY EXPRESS OFFICES

American Express Travelers Cheques

Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries, or plan your cruise or tour through the American Express Travel Department.

(Continued from Page 74)

essential oils have been procured and fixed they are kept in the dark for six months to age. Then begin the experiments, conducted by analytical chemists, here and in France, who resemble the magicians of olden times. They blend and reblend the various essential oils. They dream scent combinations and try them. The American chemist knows that all over France master noses are competing with him, all doing the same thing, all seeking to evolve a best seller from a combination of the souls of flowers.

A nose is one of the most important factors in the manufacture of perfume. He is an individual who can separate the different ingredients of a bouquet, name them and recombine them into a bouquet which is just as good. American perfumers say he is as legendary as Paul Bunyan, the patron saint of lumberjacks, but Frenchmen assure you gravely that he is a fact. A woman writer in Grasse last summer met a nose, the sixth descendant in direct line who had followed his proboscis to a comfortable living. This man, it was claimed, could go into a field of growing flowers and pick handfuls of the ones containing the most fragrance, while he rejected others that were weak in odor. It was also claimed he could produce an odor similar to almost any given flower by the synthesis of coal-tar products.

A Scented Ghost

When the chemist has struck a scent combination which seems promising, he follows the precedent of Monsieur Foucault, the elder, and submits it to the front office with fear and trembling. There the new bouquet meets much the same disrespectful treatment as is accorded a play submitted to a Broadway producer. It is cast among the office force, who smell it and deliver judgment. If they greet it with approval, it is "tried on the dog" among old and favorite customers whose judgment is respected.

The office help carry away a quart or more of it in tiny vials for distribution among their friends. If they return with enthusiastic, or even highly favorable, reports, the company plunges; and while the campaign is being laid to hurl the newcomer on the market in the annual bid for increased prestige and business, the chemist, or *parfumeur*, as he is called, goes back to his laboratory to impregnate the company's whole line with the new bouquet.

The laboratory of a perfumer is spotlessly clean. The kettles in which he cooks his face, vanishing and massage creams are always shining. The bolters through which the talc is shaken and disintegrated into powder are scoured twice a week, and his materials—talc, wax, oils and salt crystals—are as nearly pure as he can procure them. All laboratory workers are clad in white and every precaution is taken to prevent any impurities from getting into any of his products.

Talcum and face powders are produced from talc—a name applied to various minerals of a foliated nature, such as mica and gypsum. The name is derived from the Arabic word, "*talq*." It is a magnesium silicate more or less pure, and is found in Cornwall, the Tyrolese Alps, the Pyrenees, Piedmont, Italy, and the United States. We produce 150,000 tons per annum. Talc is nongritty, soft and greasy to the touch.

This talc is shaken down through the bolter, a machine of wire and silk of a very fine mesh. The powder that goes through this machine becomes talcum powder. The very fine powder which rises in the form of dust in the bolting room is known as "air float." It is sucked up by vacuum machines to become a face powder so soft and bodiless that it seems almost a ghost of a solid substance, a whisper to caress softly a well-groomed woman's cheek. It takes two days to manufacture a 350-pound batch of face powder. Face and talcum powders are impregnated with perfume by mortar and pestle. A small amount of the desired bouquet is poured into the mortar and about five pounds of the powder is put in with it. Then it is ground down slowly by the pestle until the whole five pounds have thoroughly absorbed the perfume. This fragrant nucleus is then sent through the bolters and impregnates whole batches. Neither face nor talcum powder would be especially valuable were it not for the fragrance they carry.

All creams—face, cold, vanishing and massage—are combinations of oils and waxes cooked together slowly in steam-jacketed kettles at a certain temperature meticulously sought, measured and held with the aid of a most accurate thermometer. The thermometer is the most important factor in the manufacture of cream. The base of the creams is usually coconut oil, and there are a dozen other ingredients. There is a trick to cooking it. The perfect cream will show the same sheen all through a 400-pound batch of it—the average amount cooked at a time. When the mixture does not show an even sheen throughout, it is thrown away.

The reason a vanishing cream vanishes is that it has more liquid than cold cream. The oils in it penetrate the skin and the liquids are absorbed in the atmosphere. When they disappear, one in and one out, they leave a finish which is the base for an application of powder.

Bath salts are salt crystals which are impregnated with perfume by soaking and absorption. The well-groomed woman, perfumers say, carries her perfume scheme throughout her whole toilet. Her bath salts are impregnated with the same scent she carries on her handkerchief and in her talcum and face powder, and it enfragrances the sachet with which she perfumes her lingerie.

In offering a new fragrance the perfumer appeals to the eye and ear as well as to the nose of the woman buyer, and the first thing he does is to find a striking name for his bouquet. That name will be as great a factor in landing it on thousands of boudoir tables as the scent itself or the beautiful bottle which will contain it. It must have an exotic appeal to women, suggesting luxuriousness, and it must convince her that the use of the new perfume will add to her charm.

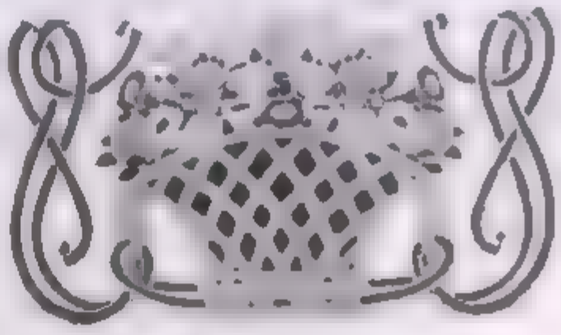
Having decided on a name, the perfumer seeks a suitable container and begins to spend such sums that the original cost of producing the new perfume sinks to the status of a mere bagatelle.

The wave of beauty worship which recently has inundated the world has done more to revive the arts of designing in glass and glass blowing than any influence since the Renaissance.

Strengthening the Line

The powder boxes are exquisite in workmanship. They are made of pasteboard of a particularly wearable quality and are lined with the finest silks and satins in all the colors of the rainbow.

The inventive genius of the twentieth century is joined to the spirit of the Renaissance in the designing and manufacture of compacts in which women carry their face powders. These are in every metal, from German silver to silver, gold and platinum, and they range in price from fifty cents to $500. They are equipped with patent springs so that they may open easily, and they are designed to give the widest container area while taking up as little space as possible in a hand bag or purse. Packages and containers have a great deal to do with selling perfumes, powders and creams.



A perfumer launching a new line aims at the Christmas market, because perfume is a popular Christmas gift and because women who have not used it before contract the perfume habit from these gifts.

If the acceptance of a new bouquet by a perfumer resembles that of a play by a theatrical producer, then its distribution resembles that of a superfeature moving picture. Like the moving-picture magnate the perfumer does not distribute his line. He releases it; and the money spent on introducing it compares favorably with that spent by the moving-picture people on exploitation. Under the barrage of his advertising the salesmen go over the top, visiting the department stores, chain drug stores, beauty and gift shops, and gathering a harvest of orders as they travel. By the middle of November the line is in full strength from Maine to San Francisco and from Montreal to Mexico. All the perfumer has to do now is to await the Christmas rush.

"The first sales of a new line of perfume mean little to us," a perfumer told me. "They are at best an introduction and may be caused by our advertising, the salesmanship of the people handling our goods at the point of distribution, or by the attractiveness of our containers and packages. What we look for is the repeat sales. When they begin to arrive in sufficient quantities we know we have a success. The repeat sales usually start in the spring, because the average American woman refills her perfume bottle and renews her face and talcum powders and her creams about four times a year."

Ancient Vanity

In shooting at the American market the perfumer fully realizes its size and potentialities.

"Never in history," the same perfumer told me, "has such tremendous buying power been concentrated as it is in America, and never has a buying power been educated so quickly to the need for luxuries. When we launch an advertising campaign we do so with the idea of reaching 40,000,000 readers, most of whom are potential buyers because of the large per capita wealth of the United States and because of the willingness of the average American to exchange his dollars for increased comfort.

"Eleven years ago the perfume business was just that—a business, and not an industry. The extensive use of perfume was confined to the wealthy, the aristocratic and the people of the stage, and to another class which went to form the defiant fringe of society.

"There were two markets, that of the exclusive, for people with much money, and that of the distinctly cheap. The third market, the one of the intelligent average, from which the perfumer of today derives 95 per cent of his revenue, was inhibited by a multitude of taboos and was not buying. And these had to be educated.

"They learned quickly. Of course there were factors that, if studied, would have pointed to the sudden descent upon the perfume and cosmetic market of this intelligent average—things like the unrest of women, their increasing interest in world affairs and their presence in the business world in ever-increasing numbers. But when it came it was a deluge and a storm for which every perfumer is devoutly thankful.

"Our word 'perfume' and the French '*parfum*' are taken from two Latin words, '*per*,' meaning 'through,' and '*fumare*,' meaning 'to smoke,' and this word was evolved to describe the methods of perfuming which were in vogue in the early days of our civilization.

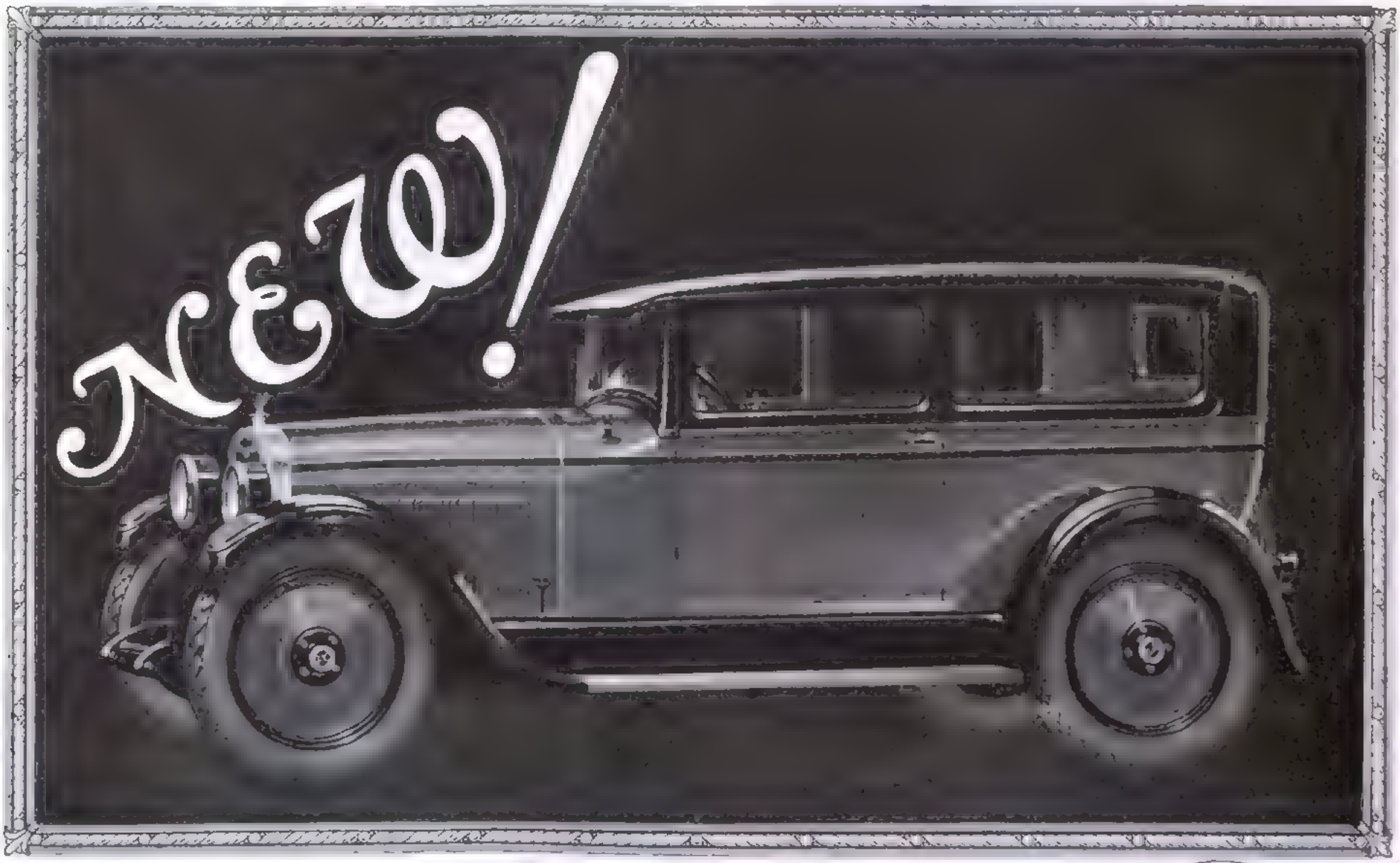
"The earliest perfumes were the dry, resinous gums of fragrant trees—myrrh, frankincense, spikenard and galbanum. These gums were burned, and today the desert women of Arabia follow the most ancient of customs and perfume themselves by sitting near or actually in the smoke of a pan or slow fire of burning aromatic spices.

(Continued on Page 78)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

ANNOUNCES



A NEW Light Six Sedan $925 F.O.B. FACTORY

Lowest Priced Sedan in NASH *history*

Now Nash brings to the market a new 2-Door Sedan of the most spectacular character—

—*the ONLY car of its type at less than $1,000* with a 7-bearing crankshaft motor, *the world's smoothest type.*

In exquisite beauty, in rare quality, in supreme value, and in electrifying performance, this Sedan is a sensational development.

The superbly artistic body arrests your glance instantly. Like the costliest foreign models, it has the genuine wood-frame construction.

There's roomy comfort for all five passengers. Doors are especially big and broad. Front seats are of parlor-car type for extra ease in entrance and exit.

It is dowered with *"pick-up"* of startling eagerness and evenness. And you get excelling speed and power without the merest hint of roughness thruout the full range.

4-wheel brakes that are the most efficient known to the industry; 5 disc wheels; an oil purifier; an air cleaner; and many other notable attractions are included in the price.

(448)

"Comfortable ALL the time"

—and but a few minutes a day is all the attention the Spencer Heater needs

ADDED to the fact that the Spencer is the cheapest heater to own, the following letter describes another experience common to thousands upon thousands of Spencer owners:

"In October, 1913, I purchased a Spencer Heater . . . Although it has been in use eight months per year, I have not had one cent of expense for it . . . . It does not take five minutes daily to run it and our large house is comfortable all the time. I can depend upon it for 12 to 18 hours without attention."

With attention but once in 12 hours in severe weather—longer periods in ordinary winter weather—you can forget your Spencer and be sure of a comfortable, even temperature early morning, midday or late at night.

The Spencer's coal magazine, filled once a day, feeds fresh fuel to the fire continuously and automatically. The shrinkage of the coal, as it is burned to ash, governs the rate of supply. The fire is never smothered, never burned out.

But the Spencer's supreme achievement is in giving its owners these advantages at an actual saving in operating cost—a big saving!

Spencer Heaters are especially designed to burn the No. 1 Buckwheat size of Anthracite. *No. 1 Buckwheat costs $7 less a ton, on the average, than egg, stove and nut.* Multiply $7 by the number of tons you now burn a year and see how quickly a Spencer will save you its entire cost.

Let us send you "The Business of Buying a Heating System", a most informative book which deals helpfully with all the problems involved in the selection of a heater or heating system. It is not a mere catalog, but a compilation of really valuable and useful information. A note or post card brings it to you.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
Factory and General Offices: Williamsport, Pa.
Offices in Principal Cities
Division of LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SPENCER FEATURES!

THE following features of Spencer Heaters are fully described in a valuable book, "The Business of Buying a Heating System", a copy of which awaits your request.

Saves an average of $7 in the price of every ton of coal used because it burns low priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and burns no more tons.

Requires attention only once in twelve to twenty-four hours, because coal feeds by gravity as needed

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances.

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed.

Smaller radiators can be used.

Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor.

Type for every need from small home to large buildings.

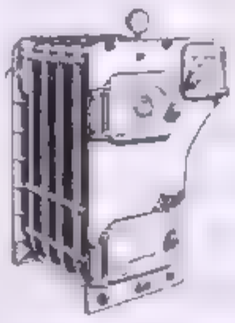
No night fireman required in large buildings.

Easily installed.

Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small size coal.

Proven by thirty years' success.

Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization.



Spencer Junior Hot Water Heater for the small home

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal — Averages $7 less per ton — Less attention required

(Continued from Page 76)

"Two thousand years before Christ the ancestors of these women were carrying on a brisk perfume trade with the Egyptians, who used incense in the worship of Ra, Isis and other gods and goddesses, and in the anointing and embalming of their dead.

"The Bible itself is fragrant with perfumes and spices, frankincense, myrrh, spikenard, apples. In the Hebrew Song of Songs there are twenty-four references to odors, and in literature, from Shakspere down to the present time, there are frequent allusions to the effect of various fragrances on individuals and on thought. So the modern woman needed little encouragement, and, getting it, she has become the greatest consumer of perfume the world has ever known."

With the repeat-sales idea always in his mind, the perfumer makes every effort to bring them about. One perfumer this year is putting out an expensive powder in a silk-lined case. The beauty and workmanship of the package bring its price to three dollars. But the perfumer remembers the woman who cannot afford to pay that price regularly for her powder, and so puts out the same powder in a smaller and quieter pasteboard box which sells for one dollar.

"The average woman," he points out to the dealer, "buys only four boxes of powder a year. If you sell her a fifty-cent powder she spends two dollars with you annually. And that spreads the profits pretty thin over a twelve-month period. But when you sell her our powder in its elaborate case for three dollars, you practically double your annual net profit per customer on the first sale. Each purchaser of the three-dollar box is quite certain to repeat, since every woman loves to use expensive powders. She will buy three additional one-dollar boxes over a twelve-month period. And that raises your minimum sales to six dollars on four boxes against the present low average of two dollars on four boxes."

The Oriental Lure

The modern trend in perfumes is toward the heavy, exotic Oriental odors. Women today are not satisfied with the faint, ghostly fragrance that enhaloed their grandmothers and their mothers. Short skirts, bobbed hair and a wider outlook on the world have brought them an aggressiveness that makes them demand a perfume that will leap out and hit you in the nose.

This year will see the introduction of the Spanish influence in the world of perfume. These perfumes will be heavy, sensuous and alluring, and they will be incased in containers and boxes which follow the Moorish plan of architecture. The Spanish influence is the result of the transference of dreams from one spot of the world to the other. Heretofore, Paris was the dream city, but so many Americans have visited Paris in the past few years that the French city has become a reality, and a reality can never be the scene of a dream. Spain, the material, is not so well known. Thinking of it, we see the conquistadors, beautiful dark women dancing in mantillas, blue nights, purple fragrances, bullfights and love-making. So Spain and Spanish castles house all our dreams of beauty.

Women buy two-thirds of all perfumes and perfume lines in the United States Men buy the other third. The heaviest buyer of expensive perfume in the United States, the manager of the perfume department of a great New York department store told me, is the newly rich woman. Colored people buy the least expensive, as do the very poor factory workers. The type of woman buying the greatest volume of perfume is the thrifty individual of moderate circumstances. Wives, as a type, buy very small quantities of perfumes, but what they do buy is always of the best quality.

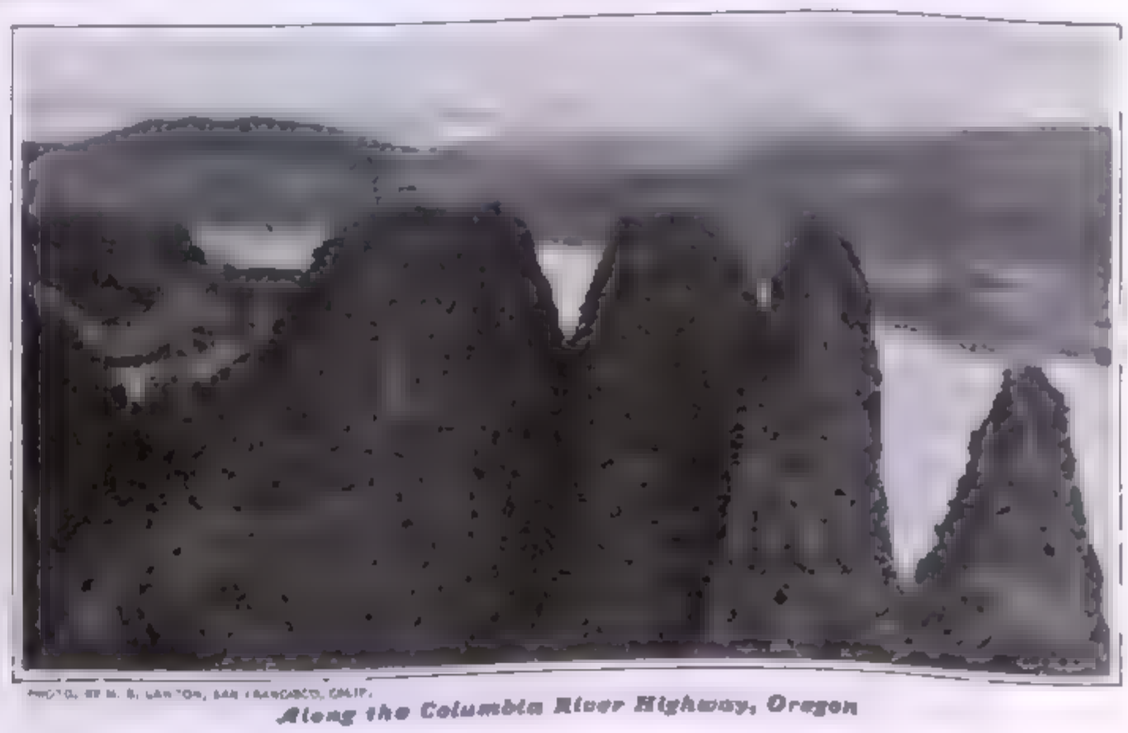
Following His Nose

Man is not despised in the beauty market. According to Mrs. Maurer, he used $8,000,000 worth of hair dyes last year, and more than 500,000 men use cosmetics secretly.

Publicly, man is supposed to frown upon perfumes and their uses. But he has a sneaking hankering for them. Most of the time he enjoys it secondhand and is a very good customer of places selling it. Men, a saleswoman declared, are never swept off their feet by a flashy package, as are women. Their main idea in shopping is to get a real good perfume. The saleswoman handles a man customer gently and tactfully. First of all, she finds out the type of woman he is buying for, whether she is blond or brunet, tall and slender or of short stature. Having learned this, she suggests that he decide which one of four general classes of perfume he desires—floral, a bouquet, semi-Oriental or heavy Oriental. When he decides this it is simply a question as to which odor most appeals to him. This he considers very carefully. He wants to please himself as well as the woman for whom he is buying it.

Customs change. Ten years ago woman anointed herself with a faint breath of floral fragrance. Today she goes in for the exotic, and renews it in perfume shops, just as she buys gasoline at a filling station. In New York there is a little perfume shop. Women drop in here casually to be sprayed and freshened by a capable salesgirl. This service is free and is taken as a matter of course.

So has a subtle something descended upon us. The perfume business is on the increase, with the limit no more in sight than is that El Dorado lying just beyond the horizon. For a long time we will have our Edouard Foucaults, ancient pagan priests, lost and transplanted in time, worshipers of invisible and unheard beauty. These sit in their laboratories day after day and year after year, experimenting with the lifeblood of flowers and building therefrom the delicious fragrances of which romance and dreams are made.



Along the Columbia River Highway, Oregon

This Way—Health!

"CONSTIPATION WAS MAKING ME ILL. I had intestinal pains at my work and at all times. One day a friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast which he had used with splendid results. I have been eating three cakes of Yeast a day ever since. Now my pains are gone and I feel one hundred per cent better."

JULIUS C. ANDREWS, Hopewell, Va.

A simple method that has conquered old ills and shown thousands the way to new life and energy

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-25, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I BROKE OUT FROM HEAD TO FOOT with skin eruptions. My entire body was covered with angry welts. I could not rest at night and was tortured during the day. Finally someone suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I took three cakes a day and now I am well. I have not had any skin trouble since."

MRS. FRANK G. MEIRLING, Baltimore, Md.

"LAST YEAR I BECAME TIRED AND LISTLESS, owing to the lack of proper exercise. I was also troubled with indigestion. On a doctor's advice, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast. I cannot praise it too highly for now every trace of indigestion has vanished and I feel really fit."

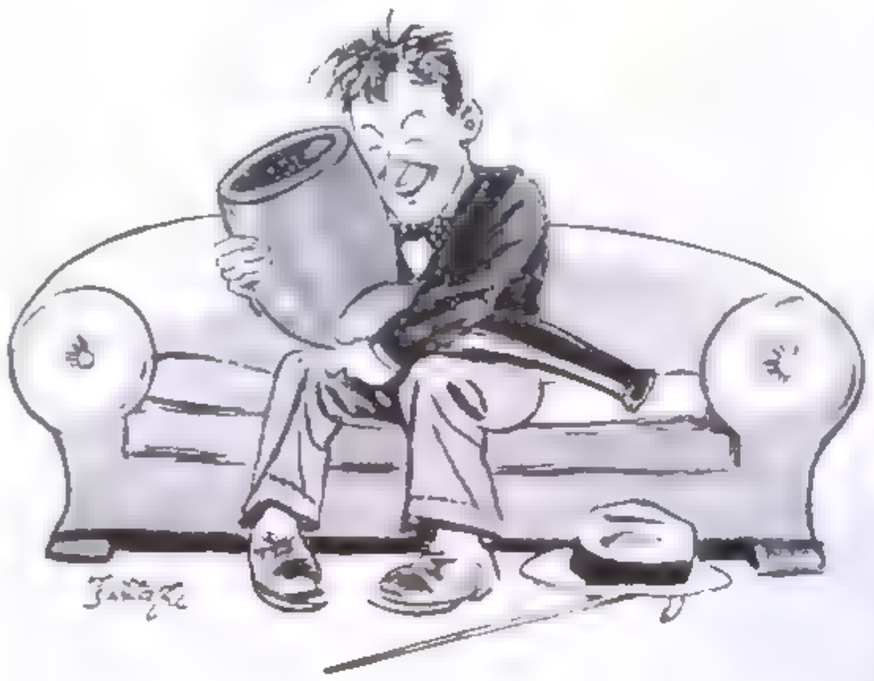
ELEANORE G. READE, New York City.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

"AFTER SUFFERING FOR YEARS FROM SICK HEADACHES AND STOMACH TROUBLE—sometimes two attacks in the same week—and after trying out various treatments unsuccessfully, I was one day advised by a Denver doctor to 'eat yeast.' I began eating a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast three times daily, and continued taking yeast in this manner until I was convinced the practice was benefiting me. I have been free from headaches for several months, and there is no reason in the world to doubt that Fleischmann's Yeast did for my stomach trouble what all the other remedies and treatments failed to do."

EDWARD A. SPROUL, Denver, Colo.

Take unto yourself a pipe and then . . .



If you've just become wedded to the sweetest pipe in the world... (or even if you've celebrated your silver jubilee) rivet this gem of wisdom in your old fedora—and don't forget it: Any paluka can *get* a pipe... but it takes a good man to *keep 'er* and keep 'er *happy!*

Be kind to your pipe. And remember: no trouble ever arises between a man and his pipe once there's a little Granger in the home. Granger's so mild—such fine old Burley tobacco. And the famous "Wellman Method" makes it so mellow... It puts you on top of the world—happy and carefree.

Being rough cut, too, Granger burns so slow your pipe *never* gets "all het up." It keeps cool and sweet... always! Then Granger makes it easy to support a pipe. For packed simply and economically it is most reasonably priced. In fact, no man need deny his pipe the joy and comfort of Granger.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

SPORT MODEL

(Continued from Page 21)

that the ancient sedan lurched, skidded and stopped in an absurd diagonal position, with its front wheels propped up on the curb.

"Are we climbing something?" inquired Doris, when she had got her breath.

"That young idiot!" gasped papa, forgetting that it was Sunday. "No right to come shooting out of a blind driveway like that! Don't care if he's driving Elijah's chariot! Young idiot!"

At that moment the young idiot appeared in person at papa's left elbow. He was an auburn-haired young idiot, with brown eyes and a brown tie to match. He was also a tall, slender, good-looking young idiot in a good-looking golf suit. And when he smiled, idiotically, it seemed that he had nice teeth; and his little reddish-gold mustache was just the sort of mustache that such a young idiot should cultivate.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "My fault entirely. Hope there's no harm done?"

"No, guess not," grumbled papa.

"I'm really most awfully sorry. I wasn't thinking. I mean I wasn't thinking of anything in particular, and I ——"

"When you drive a car," announced Mr. Weston firmly, "you should keep your mind on the car."

"Yes; quite right. I usually do keep my mind on the ——"

Then the young idiot saw Doris, and where he kept his mind during the next five or ten seconds it would be difficult to say. It was a lovely morning, late in June, and very bright, and rather warm.

"Well," said the young idiot, smiling vaguely, "thanks very much. Thanks a lot. Beautiful day, isn't it? I've never seen such blond—uh -beautiful—uh—I mean weather. Thanks awfully, really!"

And the young idiot retreated two steps, took one step forward, fell back again; and then, suddenly remembering where he had left his mind, looked into Doris' azure eyes and said, "Why, of course—we used to go to dancing school together! Thanks a lot!"

And he went away from there with a graceful sauntering walk that apparently was a part of his idiotic charm. He seemed fond of walking, because he walked right past his own car, drawn up at the curb, without even seeing it. And anyone who could walk past a car like that without seeing it must be, thought Doris, a trifle light in the mind, or something.

"Do you know that young man?" asked mamma, turning around and looking fondly at her daughter.

"Yes, I think so. Yes, I'm sure he must be Philip Webb. I heard at the club that he was coming home. He's just graduated from Yale, and he usually spends his summers in Europe, but this year his father wanted him to come home and organize the polo team. They say he plays wonderful polo. And they say he's awfully sort of attractive, but rather fast. Do you think he looked fast, mamma?"

"Well, I don't know but he did a little."

"He was fast coming out of that driveway," growled papa; then—"Webb? Do you mean T. Roland Webb's son?"

"Yes," replied Doris. "I'm quite sure ——"

"That man Webb thinks he owns this town. Guess his son takes after him."

"Yes, I remember him now. We did go to dancing school together. How funny!"

"What's funny?" queried papa.

"Nothing," said Doris.

"These rich men's sons! They think they can drive right over you. Just because his father owns a bank ——"

And so they went on to church. Mr. John Collender was waiting for them in the vestibule. Papa had planned to greet his young business associate rather coldly, and even, if the opportunity offered, to lecture him on the evils of overindulgence in astronomy. But the truth was that Mr. Weston stood somewhat in awe of young Collender. The latter was so obviously right, so surely poised, in his attitude toward life. To begin with, he was physically fit; he was always on his toes and ready to go. He had the air of a boxer coming out of his corner—an impression that he managed to convey even in the most commonplace situations and under the politest circumstances. He was stockily built, broad-shouldered, square-jawed, and well-groomed both as to dress and person. And he had personality. There was no doubt of that.

He came forward now with a characteristic rush that rather disconcerted papa. "Good morning, Mrs. Weston. 'Morning, Miss Weston. Hello, chief!"

"Hello, John," mumbled papa sourly.

"Well," said mamma, "shall we go in?"

"Well," said Doris, "I think maybe Johnny and I won't sit in your pew, mamma. Because I have a little cough—I've been sort of coughing a good deal this morning—and maybe Johnny and I had better sit near the door so that if I get to coughing I can slip out without making any disturbance."

"Well," said mamma thoughtfully, "I think maybe that would be a good idea."

"What does she mean—she's got a cough?" whispered Mr. Weston, as he and mamma padded softly up the aisle. "I haven't heard Doris cough since she was three years old and had the croup that time."

"It wasn't the croup," replied mamma simply. "It was just a bad cold." An answer which so confused papa that he abandoned further inquiry and gave himself up to the reflection so subtly comforting to all husbands and fathers—that, after all, women usually knew what they were about. With a sigh, he reached for the family hymn book and was soon enjoying the vibrations of his own voice as it responded to the militant challenge of Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Doris got to coughing pretty badly about the time the collection was taken up, and when the minister announced his text she had a seizure that was really quite severe. So Doris had to get up and go out, and of course young Mr. Collender had to go out with her; and though they both hated to miss the sermon, still, as Doris said, it wouldn't be right to stay and cough and maybe spoil the minister's message for a lot of other people, who probably needed it.

"Let's walk along home," she suggested, as they left the church. "I think a little fresh air and sunshine will help my cough. And then we can stop in at Paine's drug store and get some lozenges, or something."

So they stopped in at Paine's drug store and had a couple of chocolate marshmallow nut sundaes, because Doris suddenly remembered that she had plenty of lozenges at home.

And then she saw a five-pound box of assorted sweets that she said almost made her wish she'd never started that old diet of hers. Whereupon young Mr. Collender laughed and said that it was foolish for a girl like Doris, with her figure, to fall for this dieting craze.

"You're just right," he insisted vigorously. "Not a pound overweight." And then Mr. Collender paid for the box of candy and they continued their walk in the benevolent June sunshine.

"You're really awfully sweet to me, Johnny," said Doris. "And on such short acquaintance too."

Collender, with one of his eager, athletic gestures, grasped her forearm, squeezed it gently and dropped his hand to his side.

"Listen, Doris, I'm often accused of making snap judgments, but—well, I've trained myself to size up people almost at a glance; and though I admit it's harder to tell about a woman—still, when I meet a winner I know it. And you're a winner, Doris. You're the sweetest, prettiest, snappiest little personality in this town—and it's a snappy town too. I'll say that for it." (Continued on Page 82.

NOT ONE AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO ~ NOT ONE

The Reo Road
That carefree, comfortable highway *whose end is three years farther on*

THERE'S a highway in every automobile.

It's the same highway for all cars in some ways . . . it begins at the dealer's door and ends at the junkpile . . . it runs South, East, North and West as the drivers of the highway choose.

But the kind of road you find, the kind of travel you enjoy, the cost of going, and the end of the road are different.

So the man who wants his highway more pleasant and of lower cost, who desires to enjoy the scenes along the road or keep his mind free for the duties of the day, buys a Reo.

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Reo owners find a different highway built into their Reos . . . a highway whose end is three years farther on than that of the average American car.

A highway whose twists and turns are followed, with less effort, with fewer turns of the steering wheel than are found on ordinary cars.

A highway more comfortable through Reo's generous long, long springs, lighter weight, deep upholstery and seats whose width and height assure freedom from fatigue on even the longest rides.

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The Reo road is a pleasant road, for Reos are so built that they seldom need repairs—any garage man along any road knows that.

And when they do need repairs—for every automobile needs maintenance some time—they who follow the Reo road find that the Reo is so designed that repairs can be made more quickly than on ordinary cars so that less time is lost . . . and many repairs are cheaper.

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Drop into a Reo dealer's today. Ask him to take you out for a spin on the Reo road—the pleasant highway whose end is three years farther on than that of the average American car. See Reo's distinctive good-looks for yourself. Try out its comfort and handle its easy controls. Then you'll know why Reo owners prefer the Reo road.

REO

The Special Sedan

$1745

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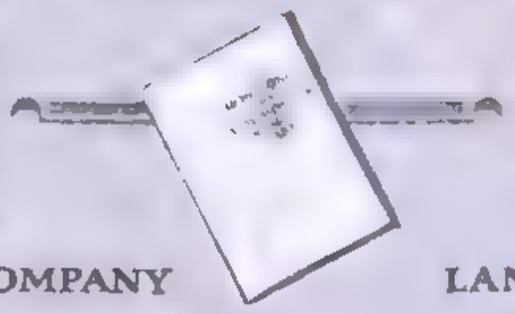

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WINTER AND SUMMER—rain or shine—the bus must maintain service. Its huge engine presents an unusually difficult problem in starting—and demands a sturdy, dependable form of starter-drive. Eclipse anticipated the starting requirements for this heavy-duty service and met them with a specially developed Eclipse Bendix Drive. Throughout the world, "Eclipse at Elmira" is known as an authority on starter-drives, and its products accepted as standard.

"The Mechanical Hand That Cranks Your Car"

The Eclipse Bendix Drive is standard equipment on a large majority of the world's automobiles—and is the form you probably know best of the Eclipse products used in starting gasoline engines. It is the automatic connecting link between your electric starting motor and the engine of your automobile—a "mechanical hand" that takes hold of the fly-wheel, cranks it, and then lets go. Eclipse also starts—

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and all kinds of prime movers

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N.Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, Hoboken, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

(Continued from Page 80)

"Do you really like it? I mean me?" murmured Doris, with a sidelong glance so naïve, so charmingly grateful, that Collender actually was thrown out of his stride. He had to skip to get into step with her again.

"Doris, you're a queen. There's nothing too good for you. You ought to have this whole town eating out of your hand. And, by George, you will have, if I can make your father see things my way!"

"I think papa's wonderful," said Doris gently. "But, of course, he's just the least bit shortsighted when it comes to doing anything really practical like joining the polo club or buying that Cyclone-Six roadster. I was in there yesterday sort of talking to the salesman, and he said at first he couldn't promise me immediate delivery. But after a while he said he guessed maybe he could let me have that car they've got on the floor, because he said it would be a better advertisement to have me driving it around town than it would be to keep it in their showroom window. He was rather a nice man. Sort of bald, but terribly sympathetic. So I think that someone really ought to talk to papa about how necessary it is to take advantage of your opportunities and be progressive."

"Now that," said young Mr. Collender, "is exactly what I want to discuss with you, Doris."

"How funny!" exclaimed Doris, with a pleased smile. "Because that's just what I wanted to discuss with you. Isn't it funny the way we just sort of want to discuss the same things, Johnny?"

They were still discussing papa's progress when they reached the Weston home on Front Street; that quaint old house with the mansard roof which papa had bought on mortgage when he was a young man just fairly launched in the insurance business. It had never, thought Doris, looked so pathetically inadequate, so hopelessly out-dated, as it did on this glorious June morning.

"And I was just thinking," she remarked, as they mounted the steps of the front porch, "that if papa could ever be persuaded to sell this old house and really move out to some nice location like Riverside ——"

"You're absolutely right, Doris."

"It certainly would be nice," she sighed.

By this time they were in the living room. A sober room, filled with furniture of no recognizable period, the general color scheme a blend of gentle browns, the decorative fireplace, with its gas logs and fake brass andirons merely adding a note of pathos which was accented by a large oil painting, hung over the mantel, of sad sheep grazing in a sadder meadow—the whole effect one of mild indifference to time and taste. A certain cheerful mustiness in the air, a fine dust of sunlight, which gave to everything it touched a melancholy benediction.

"This room!" breathed Doris, sinking into a deep-cushioned leather armchair. "It just sort of seems to depress me. Sometimes I think I'll die if I don't get out of here pretty soon."

"Doris," said Collender, standing solidly in front of her, "I'm going to get you out of here. And I'm going to get you into the polo club, and I'm going to get you that roadster. Now what do you think of that?"

"I think it's terribly sweet of you to take so much interest in me," murmured the girl. "And I do sort of believe in you, because you look so capable and successful, and—I mean—so sort of strong. I think it's your shoulders, Johnny."

"Doris, the first time I danced with you last night I said to myself, 'Here's the Weston Imperial Insurance Company's greatest asset.' Yes, I did, Doris! Why, it's as simple as ABC. What's the most important requirement for success in a town like Fanewood? Social contact—that's the thing. Social contact! And here you are, all set to step right into the most exclusive circles. All you need is the proper backing, Doris. Just a little chance to spread yourself, that's all. And once you get in with the right people, your father's bound to trail along. Before he knows it, he'll find himself right up there at the head of the parade, and that means business, Doris. I'm telling you!"

"Then you think of me just as a—a business asset?" queried Doris sweetly.

"Why, no," returned Collender seriously; "not just as a business asset. At least, I—well, I'm afraid to tell you what I really think of you, Doris."

"Is it as bad as all that?"

"It isn't bad at all."

"Isn't it, really?"

"No, it isn't. It's just that I don't believe in mixing business with—er—sentiment."

"Don't you, really?"

"No, I don't. And for the present, at least, I've got to stick pretty close to business. I told your father when he sent for me that I'd guarantee to put the Weston Imperial Insurance Company back on its feet, and I'm going to do it. But I don't mind telling you, Doris, that ever since last night I've had a new incentive to make good. You're the incentive."

"Am I, really?"

"Yes, you are. I tell you so frankly. And some day I'm going to tell you more—a whole lot more. But just now my job is to get your father to snap out of his slump and make a noise like one of the big men of this town, and you've got to help me, Doris."

"I'll do my best," promised Doris, lifting her long lashes and smiling into his eyes; "I really will."

"Shake hands on it," proposed young Collender; and added, as she gave him her hand, "You and I together, eh, Doris? We'll put it across."

But it really was mamma who put it across. To be sure, the conversation during that Sunday-noon dinner was conducted chiefly by Doris and young Collender. They got the jump on papa while he was carving the roast, and papa never quite made up the lost ground. He was on the defensive from the start, and by the time the coffee was served—in those little painted cups that mamma had bought in Buffalo on her wedding tour—Mr. Weston was reduced to a state of mere feeble stubbornness. "Now you look it here! I will not buy that car. Because if I bought a car like that, Doris would drive it, and then when we all went for a ride I'd have to sit out in back, on that foolish rumble seat, right out in the weather!"

"No," said mamma unexpectedly, "you can sit with Doris. I'll sit on the rumble seat."

"Why, Allie!" cried papa, and you could fairly see his defenses crumbling. "Do you think I ought to buy that ridiculous roadster?"

"Yes, I do, Penny. I really do. I've thought so all along, only I didn't want to say so, because I know you can't afford it."

"I never said I couldn't afford it!"

"But I've been listening to Mr. Collender talk," continued mamma placidly, "and I agree with him that it's time for the Westons to gamble a little."

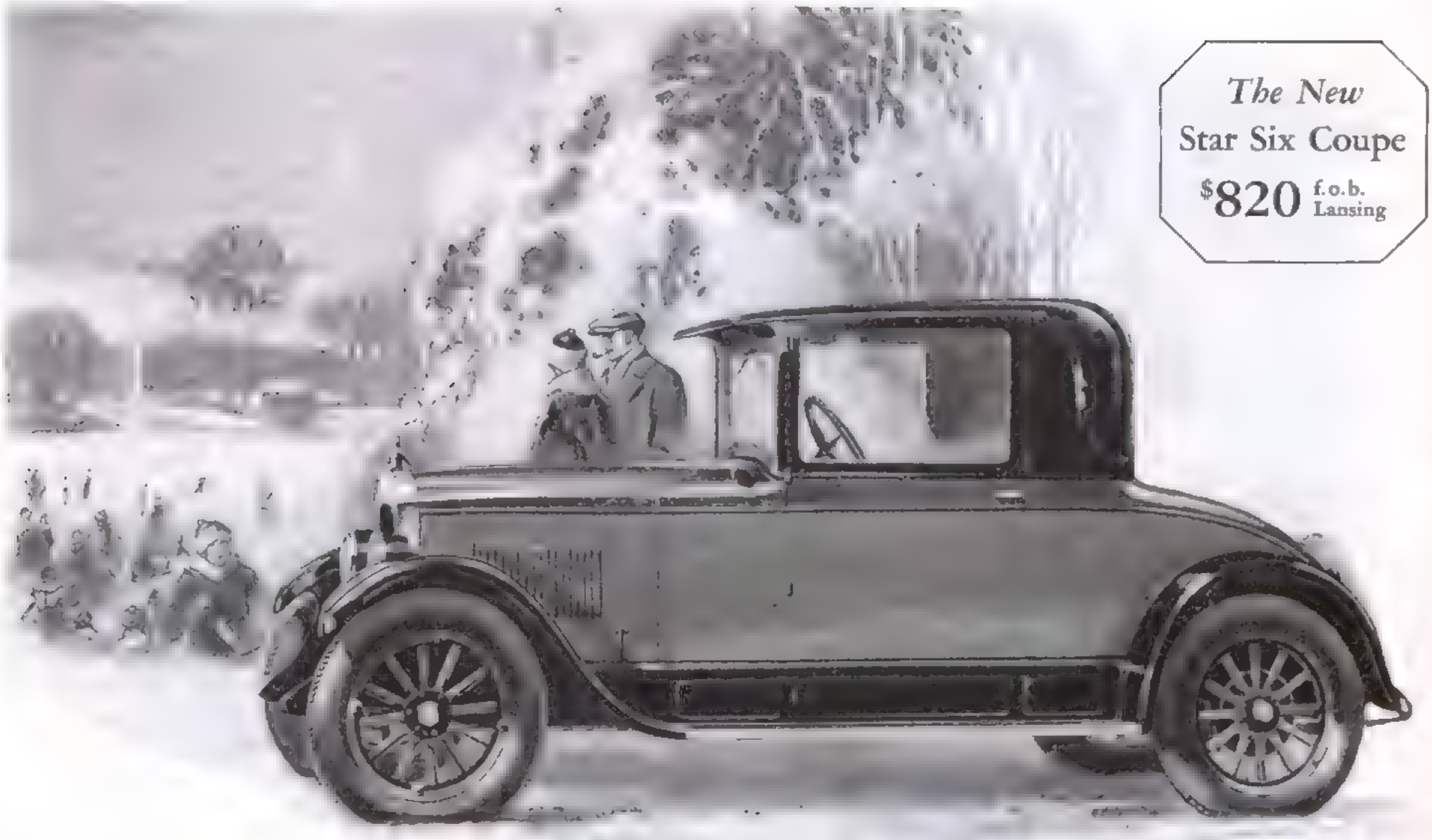
"Allie!" exclaimed papa, in a voice that quavered and then cracked completely.

"And besides," concluded mamma, "we'll still have the old sedan, because I don't think you could sell it even if you wanted to. . . . Pour your father a glass of water, Doris. He's choking."

"I'm not choking," retorted papa, choking. "And even if I am, it's all right. I don't care. What's the use of being the head of a family if nobody listens to your arguments? But have it your own way. I guess I can stand it if you can. And if we go stone broke, and you and Doris have to take in boarders, Allie—why, don't blame me, that's all. As for you, John Collender ——"

"Oh, now listen, chief!" soothed Collender, with an ingratiating smile. "It's just a matter of publicity—that's all—an investment in personal publicity. And a

(Continued on Page 84)



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$820 f.o.b. Lansing

Distinctive Coachwork

IMPROVED STAR FOUR

Com Chassis	$470	Coupe	$675
Convertible Roadster	550	Coach	695
Touring	550	Sedan	795

Prices f.o.b. Lansing

THE NEW STAR SIX

Chassis	$650	Sedan	$975
Touring	725	Sport Coupe	995
Coupe	820	Landau	995
Coach	880	*COMPOUND FLEETRUCK*	
De Luxe Sport Roadster	910	Ton Chassis	975

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IN addition to the proven power supremacy and admitted mechanical superiority, Star Cars are distinguished leaders in coachwork.

Beautiful Hayes-Hunt Bodies, roomy interiors, streamline design, extended roof visor, polished lacquer finish, are only a few of the important reasons why the Star Car is gaining new friends, admirers and owners by the thousands.

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LET the children get up as early as they like on Christmas morning—if there's a Perfection Heater among the presents. It starts its career of service and radiates warmth to every corner of the room—even before the gift card is untied! Carry it anywhere there is a chilly spot. It provides generous warmth at low cost. Ask any dealer to show you the new models.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY • *Cleveland, Ohio*
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co. Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

Chases Chills from Cold Corners

PERFECTION
Oil Heaters

(Continued from Page 82)

mighty sound one too! If I didn't think so —— Well, you know my only object is to see you a big success in this town. That's straight, chief! You're the sort of man a fellow feels loyal to, and wants to boost all he can. Yes, you are! Why, the way you've treated me since I came to Fanewood, making me feel right at home and asking me out here today to share your wonderful hospitality ——"

"It was Doris," began papa, rather ungraciously; but since he was not an ungracious man, and because young Collender was really a nice, clean-cut, likable young chap, he added, in a more friendly tone: "Well, well, that's all right, John. I don't question your loyalty. And—er—h'm—always glad to have our friends take potluck with us. Er—well—you might pour me a little water, Doris. I seem to have caught that cough of yours—the one you had in church this morning."

"Oh, yes," said Doris. "I think I got it riding in a closed car. You know, papa, they say these closed models like our sedan aren't nearly so healthy as the open ones."

"Let's all go sit on the front porch," suggested mamma, tactfully, "and watch the Sunday tourists go by."

III

ON THE morning of her nineteenth birthday Doris received the surprise of her life. What do you suppose she got from papa? It really was the most wonderful thing.

A brand-new baby-blue Cyclone-Six sport roadster, with disk wheels and a nickel-plated radiator and all the trimmings. Oh, boy! What a surprise! Why, it was just like a miracle.

Because when she first came down to breakfast about ten o'clock that morning—papa having departed long since for the office—she never even thought of going to the window to look out and see what she was going to get for her birthday. Because you never do look out of windows to see what you're going to get for your birthday; now do you, really? And then all at once she remembered that she had a date to play tennis at the polo club that morning, so she thought she'd just go to the window to see if it was as nice a day as it seemed to be. And sure enough, it was even nicer. Because there was the new sport roadster standing out in front of the garage, and —— Well, it certainly was a lovely day.

And when she got back to the table, there under her plate was a long, stiff, white envelope with the polo-club emblem on it—two crossed mallets with a polo pony rampant—and inside it a stunningly engraved card that read as follows:

THE APPLICATION OF
MR. JAMES PENNY WESTON, ESQUIRE,
FOR ONE HUNDRED SHARES OF THE FANEWOOD POLO CLUB PREFERRED STOCK HAS BEEN RECEIVED AND WILL BE DULY ACTED UPON. IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT ACCEPTANCE OF THIS APPLICATION BY THE ADMISSIONS COMMITTEE CONSTITUTES A LIFE MEMBERSHIP IN THE CLUB.

ALL CHECKS SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO T. ROLAND WEBB, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT AND TREASURER.

"Oh, mamma!" sang out Doris soulfully. "What a nice thing it is to be alive on your nineteenth birthday! Isn't papa the dearest person—I mean, really? Because I never sort of thought he'd do it all at once, and now that he's done it, I'm sure it's going to be the very best thing in the world for all of us."

"Eat your cereal, darling," murmured mamma, quite mechanically and without any idea that Doris would eat her cereal—she never had.

"And isn't it funny," went on Doris, with a rapt smile, "that I just happened to buy that blue sport suit the other day? Because it's just the shade of the roadster, and I think I ought to look quite nice in it, really."

"Do you think you can manage it?" inquired mamma a trifle apprehensively. "The car, I mean."

"Manage it! Why, mamma, of course I can!"

"Well, you take extra pains with that car now, Doris. Because if anything should happen to you—or it—well, your father'd never stop talking, that's all. He'd just never stop talking."

"I'll be careful, mamma. But, of course, you know you've got to keep up a certain speed or you may get hit from behind. But I'll be careful. Now I'm going to telephone papa and thank him for such a wonderful surprise."

Half an hour later the prettiest young woman in Fanewood was rolling smoothly along the winding river road that led toward the polo club. Dreamily she drove, in a blue suit, in a blue car, under a blue, blue sky.

Why, she wondered, did people say they felt blue when they meant unhappy? She was feeling completely blue—and she was fairly tingling with happiness.

An automobile horn, respectful but insistent, sounded behind her. She roused a little from her daydream, but did not look around. . . . Again the horn.

Doris was slightly—oh, ever so slightly—annoyed. Instinctively, almost unconsciously, she pressed down the accelerator. The blue roadster shot forward with an exhilarating rush. But, of course, you couldn't start speeding in a brand-new car—you really couldn't. And yet it was rather a shame, with all that power at her command. And then, too, there was always the danger of being bumped from behind.

The speedometer must be wrong. She couldn't possibly be going more than twenty-five.

A long, lean, rectangular hood crept into sight on her left, and it was a cream-colored hood. She recognized it instantly. The same car that had almost wrecked papa the previous Sunday, and doubtless driven by the same young idiot. Yes, now she could see him, out of the corner of her eye.

The pursuing car edged up silently, relentlessly, with a certain superior suavity that was really too much. It really was too much!

"I wouldn't think of racing with him," Doris told herself haughtily. And anyway, that speedometer simply couldn't be registering correctly.

The two cars were now side by side. Directly ahead was a turn in the road, quite a sharp curve, marked by a sign that read Danger!

Doris' heart was racing if she was not. Well, it was only common sense to speed up a little and shake off the touring car while rounding that curve. Then she'd slow down and let him pass her, the idiot! So she speeded up a little—just a little, really—swung her blue beauty around the curve and, to her utter horror, saw standing placidly in the middle of the road not fifty yards ahead of her a large, red, ridiculous, impossible cow.

Only it wasn't impossible, really. Because there it was, you see, and there was Doris speeding up a little, and there was the end of the world in plain sight, and ——

Vaguely she realized that on her right was a gentle grassy slope falling away to a shallow and really charming trout brook. At least it used to be a trout brook years ago, when papa was a boy.

"I wonder," thought Doris, "whether there are any trout in that brook now. I think papa'd sort of like to know. I guess I'll go down and see."

It was rather rough going down the bank, and quite exciting, and really a little bit terrifying too.

Crack! Something had happened. Something had snapped, given way.

Crash! Something else had happened. What was it? All this was most confusing, really.

Doris, still sitting alert at the wheel of the blue roadster, now peacefully parked in the middle of the trout brook, turned her head by cautious degrees and saw close beside her, also at rest in the trout brook, the cream-colored car, and seated at the wheel of it, the young idiot with the reddish-gold mustache, who looked at her and said,

(Continued on Page 86)

Choose Manning-Bowman Electrics for gifts to make charming homes more charming

Homes where life is lived with a fine flavor . . . where entertaining is an art . . . hospitality complete! Homes where you have spent moments pleasant with friendship, gayety, light laughter. For these homes, you want gifts of home-things—a compliment to their essential charm.

Electric Waffle Iron 1616, price $15.00 *Manning-Bowman Percolator Urn Set 4150/9, price $42.00*

SUGGESTIONS for gifts like this are easily found in Manning-Bowman Christmas displays. Choose a beautiful silver percolator for the most delightful hostess you know. She will use it for after-dinner coffee by the firelight—her home more charming and more pleasant for your gift.

For the home where Sunday breakfasts and suppers are famous, choose a Manning-Bowman electric waffle iron. This is a splendid style—plate-size so that serving is easier, made with the exclusive M-B non-drip batter rim, for pleasant table cooking.

Some home-maker you know would delight in a shining, new Manning-Bowman electric toaster for her breakfast-table, to help in luncheon and dinner cooking. And a handsome gift for a tiny home or city apartment would be a Manning-Bowman table stove on which after-theatre rarebit, or an occasional complete six o'clock dinner, can be prepared.

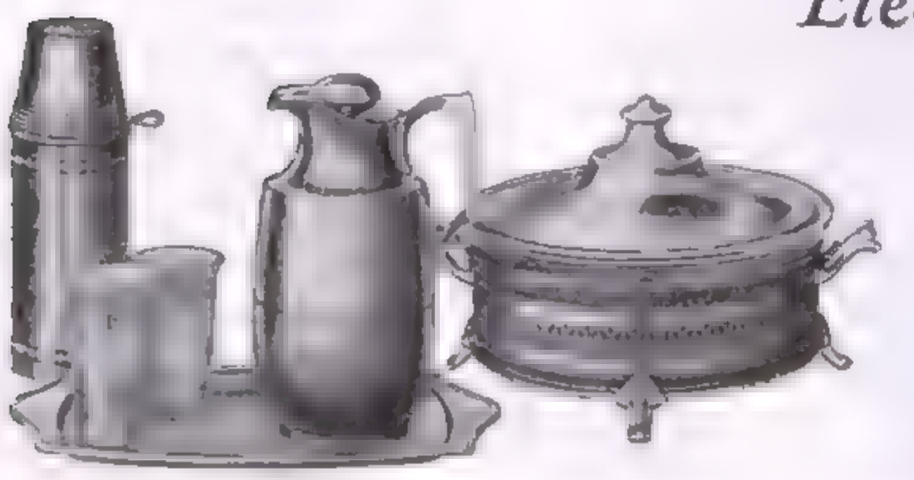
Choose Manning-Bowman for its recognized good quality. There is nothing better to buy in table electrics. Each piece is guaranteed. Long and perfect service is assured. Its dignity and beauty of design suit the finest table settings. On sale at quality stores everywhere. Manning, Bowman & Company, Meriden, Conn. Write for "From Breakfast to Midnight Bridge," a free booklet on electrical cookery.

M-B Household and Table Appointments for practical and decorative uses—Hotakold Vacuum Bottles and Casseroles come in the same famous Manning-Bowman quality, beautifully designed.

Manning-Bowman

Electric Appliances

"M Means the Best"
Trade mark



ILLUSTRATED BELOW—*M-B tip-and-turn Toaster 1229, price $8.00. Convenient Electric Tobacco Lighter 101/1, antique iron finish, price $5.50. Electric Heating Pad 682, with soft eiderdown covering, price $8.00.*

LASIER STEERING ~ LESS ROAD SHOCK

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Ross Makes *Every* Steering Job *Easier*

The truck on a road-construction job has to make its own road—must force its way, heavily loaded with materials, over soft, loose, rutty, muddy, uneven ground! Hard going—and *harder* steering! The Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear makes steering *twice* as easy under *this* and all other conditions—holds the wheels steady and true in soft, loose earth, sand and gravel, prevents ruts and bumps from jerking the steering wheel . . . That is why Ross is standard equipment on more makes of trucks than any other gear—likewise on cars and buses. Best for trucks and buses—best for your car, too! Drive a Ross-equipped car once and you'll have no other.

It's All in the Cam and Lever

You know you can do things, and easily, with a lever, that are wholly impossible *without* one. The *long lever* in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear is one reason for the tremendous *power* that makes Ross steering so easy. And the *cam*, with its variable pitch, constitutes the almost impassable barrier to road shock, that makes Ross steering so safe and so comfortable.

Mail the coupon below for FREE booklet, "Efficiency in Steering," and list of Ross-equipped cars, buses and trucks

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Please send me your FREE booklet, "*Efficiency in Steering*," which explains fully the Ross Cam and Lever principle.

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Name ...

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Car owner ☐ *Car dealer* ☐ *Automotive jobber* ☐

11

(Continued from Page 84)

"We did go to dancing school together, didn't we?"

"Yes," said Doris, "we really did. . . . Isn't it a beautiful morning?"

"Isn't it? I think it's beautiful."

"Such a nice day for motoring."

"Oh, splendid!"

"But you miss so much of the landscape when you're driving," said Doris, with a little sigh. "I really think it's nice to stop now and then and sort of look around."

"This," said the young man, "is a nice quiet spot."

"Yes, isn't it? So restful and charming. Do you suppose there are any trout in this brook?"

"I'll get out and see."

"Oh, no, don't bother. I was just wondering. . . . Wasn't that a big cow in the road up there?"

"Wasn't it? I've never seen such a big cow."

"And so unexpected!" said Doris. "I really didn't know what to do. So I just drove down here to rest awhile and think it over."

"Yes, I saw you turn off," he told her, beaming. "So I thought I'd turn off too."

"But you were behind me. You might have stopped."

"I never thought of that."

"Do you mean to say that you deliberately followed me over to the bank and down here among the trout—if there are any trout?"

"Well," replied the young man apologetically, "I didn't exactly deliberate. There wasn't time. I just followed you."

"You might have been killed!"

"So might you," he answered cheerfully.

"But I didn't turn off on purpose. My only idea was to keep from hitting that cow."

"Oh, well," observed her companion in disaster, with an idiotic grin, "I've always been fond of riding cross country. Though I must say I prefer a horse. By the way—in case you've forgotten—my name's Webb—Philip Webb. And you're Doris Weston, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. But I don't feel like it. I mean, I'm not the same person I was ten minutes ago, really."

"Neither am I. Funny how people change, isn't it?"

"Yes, isn't it? . . . You play polo, don't you?"

"A little. But I have other accomplishments."

"Have you, really? What else can you do?"

"I can play tennis, sing pathetic ballads, act in charades, read poetry—I read rather well—and talk for hours to anyone I like, regardless of circumstances."

"How frightfully interesting!" exclaimed Doris. "I'm sure you must be a very entertaining sort of person, really."

"You ought to know me better. If you'll let me, I'll be awfully happy to call on you sometime this evening. I mean, some evening this week."

"Well," murmured Doris, "I'm rather busy this week."

"Then how about tomorrow night?"

"Let's see—tomorrow night ——"

At this point a raucous voice behind and above them shouted suddenly, "Hey, hey, you down there! Anybody hurt? Why don't you answer? Can't you speak?"

They looked and saw, to their astonishment, three cars drawn up at the side of the road and at least half a dozen people standing on the bank gaping down at them.

"Are you conscious?" bellowed a large man in a silly-looking plaid cap.

"No!" shouted back the young idiot, Philip Webb. "What of it?"

"Don't you want any hel-l-lp?"

"Not this morning, thanks."

"I'll come dow-w-wn!"

"No, no! Go away. We like it here. We're having a picnic."

"Oh-h-h! A picnic!"

Philip Webb waved his arm violently at the intruding figures on the bank, who in a short time strangely disappeared; then again turning to Doris, he said, "Tomorrow night at eight?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, with a gasp; and all at once he saw her turn pale. "I I—feel so funny. I—I'm awfully afraid I'm going to faint."

She was dimly aware of Philip Webb leaping out of his car and splashing through the brook to reach her side; still more dimly she realized that she was being lifted and carried somewhere, by someone, and that this someone possessed a shoulder against which it was rather pleasant to rest her head.

And then she found herself lying flat on her back on the grassy brook side, looking up at the blue, blue sky. And this same Philip Webb was bending over her with his most amusing solicitude.

"Are you all right now? I thought you were never going to open your eyes!"

"How silly!" breathed Doris. "Yes, I'm quite all right, really. . . . Oh, my legs!"

"What's the matter with them?"

"Nothing," said the girl, sitting up and smoothing down her short blue skirt; "only, I didn't buy this suit to faint in."

"Oh, I see—I mean—I'm awfully glad."

"What on earth are we going to do now?"

"Leave everything to me," answered the young man simply and comprehensively.

"I wish I could! But, you see, my car was brand new this morning. It was a birthday present from papa. And when papa hears of this," said Doris, with fatalistic calm, "he's going to be frightfully put out. He is, really!"

"Oh, I don't think your car's badly damaged. Nor mine either. And as the whole thing was my fault ——"

"But it wasn't your fault!"

"I insist that it was. So you must leave everything to me. . . . Can you walk, do you think, as far as that house up the road there? Or shall I," asked Philip Webb, rather hopefully, "go on carrying you?"

"Oh, no; I can walk perfectly well."

"I'll call up a garage man I know and tell him to come haul our cars out of the brook. Then I'll telephone for a taxi and take you home."

"And what," inquired Doris of the landscape in general—"what shall I do when I get home?"

"Well," answered Philip thoughtfully, "of course I can't very well advise you. But if I were your father—which, thank heaven, I'm not!—and came home and found you in bed recovering from a severe shock ——"

"M-m-m!" mused Doris. "I sort of think maybe that's a good idea."

It proved to be an excellent one. For when papa came home that night, and sat down to read his paper, and saw on the front page of the evening Clarion the story of his daughter's impromptu adventure in the trout brook, he was, in the words of the poet, fit to be tied.

But mamma just said "Sh-h-h!" And kept on saying "Sh-h-h!" till papa passed the peak of his rise and began to look wan and frightened.

"Allie, is the child hurt? Is Doris—she isn't hurt, is she, Allie?"

"No, no. She's all right, Penny. Only—the shock, you know."

"Oh, my Lord! Yes, the shock. Of course, of course! Where is she, Allie? I want to see her."

"She's in bed, asleep, Penny. And that's the best thing for her, you know. I wouldn't go up now if I were you. The poor child! You're not going to scold her, are you, Penny? The car wasn't hurt at all—not even scratched. Just a front spring broken."

"No," promised Mr. Weston, with a groan, "I won't scold her. But I knew this would happen. I just knew it. It's the beginning of the end for us, Allie. We're on the road to ruin. I know it. I can feel it in my bones."

But papa's fears were groundless. In other words, he was wrong as usual. Doris' accident proved to be the turning point in the family fortunes; though it really was John Collender, that ingratiating young

(Continued on Page 88)

Soon
a new line of automobiles with

The speed of an aeroplane

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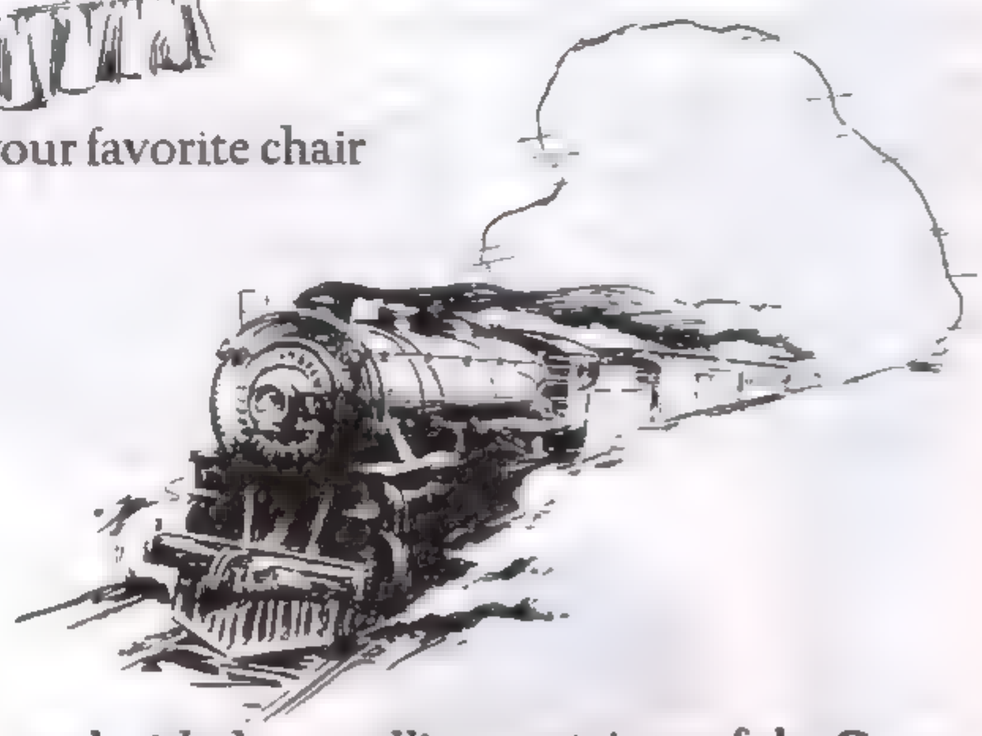

-and with the travelling certainty of the Century

One of the greatest forces responsible for this nation's success is the **will** of its people to prosper; to advance; to seek that which is better than they have. This attitude is a great economic asset but it places an endless requirement upon those who seek to merit public patronage. Perhaps this is no more evident than with motor cars. What satisfied yesterday seems mediocre today. Cars **must** be better built, of better design, capable of better performance and longer life. Car owners are too experienced and too critical to be satisfied with superficial changes. Simply changing body lines, or colors, or even prices will not suffice for those who want the **best** obtainable today. Improvements must be real and fundamental. Auburn is ready to offer a new line of cars to satisfy, as never before, the **highest** requirements of those who demand the most.

—E. L. Cord, President.

The Six—120" wheelbase, 65 M. P. H. Sport Sedan $1195.
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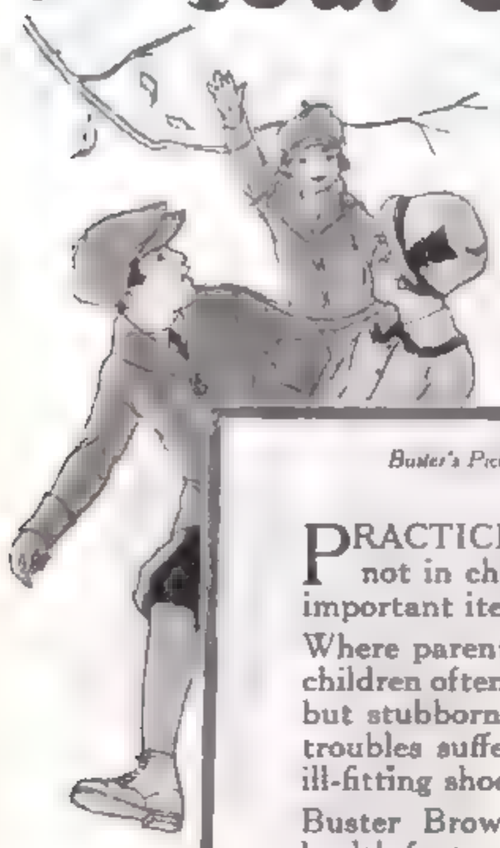
What Price *do you* Place *on* Your Children's Health?



Buster's Picture *in Every Pair*

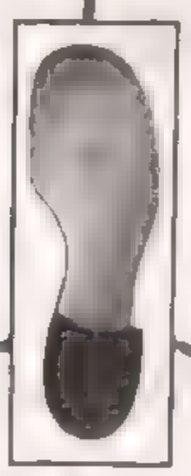
PRACTICE economy where you must, but not in children's shoes. Shoes are the most important item of their apparel.

Where parents practice false shoe economy, the children often pay a heavy penalty. Many minor but stubborn physical ailments other than foot troubles suffered in adult life are the effects of ill-fitting shoes worn in childhood.

Buster Brown Health Shoes have distinctive health features—important features that cannot be built into cheap shoes. Some of these features are listed in the panel below.

Buster Brown Health Shoes cost less PER DAY OF WEAR. 100% leather construction, and the perfect fit produced by the health features, combine to give them a surprising length of life.

BUSTER BROWN
for Boys HEALTH SHOES *for Girls*



Buster Brown Health Shoes come in the season's most delightful styles for children—The health features ADD TO rather than detract from the smart appearance and beauty of the shoes.

Coffee calf elk blucher, correct and serviceable for school wear $3.50 to $5.50, according to size.

A very smart boot of Russia calf with smoke elko top. $4.50 to $6.00, according to size.

IMPORTANT FEATURES!

The illustration shows the straight line of the inside forepart of the shoe, one of the effects of the scientific last measurements, which distribute the body weight naturally and evenly.

It also shows the resilient rubber heel and how it is "flanged" to prevent running over, a condition which ruins feet and wears out shoes.

Other important health features are the new sprung up arch, the 100% wool hee cushion and the shaped to nature heel seat. Each feature is an improvement over former methods of manufacture and each is important to the health of your children.

Sold by the Better Shoe and Department Stores

Brown Shoe Company

ST LOUIS *Manufacturers* U. S. A.

Also Manufacturers of Brownbilt Shoes for Men and Women
16 Great Specialty Factories. Daily Capacity 60,000 Pairs

(Continued from Page 86)

genius, who grasped the opportunity which almost immediately presented itself.

On the night following the accident, Collender dropped in at the Westons' to talk to papa about some incidental matter of business. Doris, it seemed, was still confined to her room. But about eight o'clock she came downstairs looking like an angel who knew what the convalescent cherub should wear. She had on a blue house gown that made young Collender think of Juliet strayed into Macbeth's gloomy castle. Only mamma noticed that the natural curl in Doris' hair had recently been encouraged by a water wave.

Then, just as the clock in the living room struck eight, the doorbell rang, and before anyone quite realized what had happened, the Westons—including young Collender—were being called on, informally but quite definitely, by Mr. and Mrs. T. Roland Webb, of Riverside Boulevard, Riverside, and by Mr. Philip Webb, their idiotic son.

Well, it was wonderful—as even papa agreed later—the way things worked out. Mrs. Webb and mamma got to talking about the service in Bidloe's new department store—Mrs. Webb didn't like the escalator; she said it made her feel conspicuous—and Doris and Philip were hunting through the bookcase for a copy of Keats' poems that she was sure always had been there. He wanted to read her certain lines from the Eve of St. Agnes. That sort of left papa and Mr. Webb and John Collender in a little group by themselves, and naturally they started to talk about the future of Fanewood.

Mr. Webb began by gracefully insisting that he be permitted to pay for his son's recklessness in the matter of that trifling accident yesterday morning. "Phil's a careless driver. Always has been. It's the sporting instinct in him. But I don't mind, Mr. Weston. Not me! I like the sporting instinct. I admire it."

"Wouldn't think of letting you pay for Doris' little smash-up," papa managed to get in edgewise. "Nothing to it, anyway—absolutely nothing."

"I tell you, Weston, it's the sporting instinct that's going to build up this town! Now you take that new Riverside development out by the polo club —— Oh, by the way, I see that you've applied for membership."

"Yes, I—we ——"

"That's fine, Weston. Fine! That club's going to make this town. Now you take that new Riverside development. I don't mind telling you," said Mr. Webb, lowering his voice to a confidential mumble, "that I'm personally interested out there. In fact I'm doing most of the financing."

"We know that, Mr. Webb," spoke up young Collender coolly; and added, as the banker turned to stare at him: "You're the only man in Fanewood who could finance a big proposition like that."

"Ah—h'm—well, tell you what you ought to do, Weston—sell this place and move out to Riverside. Everybody's doing it. Eh? Ha-ha!"

Before papa could answer, John Collender again spoke. "That's just what Mr. Weston's thinking of doing," he said with enthusiasm; and added quickly, like a boxer following a left lead with a right cross: "You were talking to me about it this morning, don't you remember, chief?"

"This morning?" blundered papa.

"Why, yes. Don't you know? I was saying to you that we ought to drop in and see Mr. Webb about the insurance on those new houses he's putting up out there, and you said you didn't feel like talking business with a man who might be your neighbor one of these days."

"Er—oh, yes," piped up papa. "Oh, yes, to be sure."

"Is that so?" rumbled Mr. Webb, brushing some cigar ash from his well-rounded waistcoat. "Well, I'd be glad to see you any time, Weston. No need to stand on ceremony. Got plenty of good lots left out there. And—uh—now about that insurance. Of course, I'm covered on the amount of construction already started; but I don't mind telling you that we're thinking of building a model group of homes along the river front—just to protect our own investment, you understand. Set up the right standard. Show people that this is going to be a real high-class development. Now that's where you ought to buy, Weston. I'll be glad to show you the layout if you'll drop into my office some day soon. Er—why not tomorrow morning?"

"About ten o'clock, Mr. Webb?" It was Collender who asked the question.

"Ten o'clock? M-m—make it eleven. No, make it one o'clock at the Bankers' Club. We'll have luncheon together, Weston. Chance to talk. And—uh—we can also take up the question of insurance on those new houses."

"I'll be there," said papa. "Have a fresh cigar, Mr. Webb."

An hour later, John Collender, stepping out on the side porch that overlooked the modest Weston flower garden, discovered, in the shadow of a screening honeysuckle vine, Doris and Philip Webb seated in a hammock, talking earnestly together.

"Mr. and Mrs. Webb are going," said Collender politely.

"Ah," uttered Mr. and Mrs. Webb's sporting son from the shadow, "then I must go too. Good night, Doris."

"Good night, Philip. Awfully nice of you to come over, really."

"Thanks, Doris. Thanks a lot. See you again soon. Call you up. Well, good night. See you tomorrow at the club. Shoot a little tennis. Good night, Mr. Collender."

"Good night, good night," said John.

When Philip had gone, the young business genius sat down beside Doris in the hammock.

"Well, you seem to have made progress with that bird, Doris."

"Oh, we used to know each other when we were kids," replied the girl indifferently.

"You did? Say, that's fine! Everything's breaking just right for us, Doris. Your father's having luncheon with the old Webb tomorrow, and you're playing tennis with the son. By George, it couldn't be better! Just keep it up! Be nice to him, Doris. String him along."

"You mean, you really think I ought to go around a little with Philip Webb?"

"Why, sure—for your father's sake! It's absolutely the right thing to do. It'll help a lot, Doris."

"I've heard he's rather fast, Johnny."

"Oh, I don't think he's so bad. Just a rich man's son, that's all. Not much strength of character. No personality. But I guess you can handle him, all right."

"Well," sighed Doris, "I'd be glad to do anything I could to help papa."

"Gee!" suddenly burst out young Collender, inching ardently toward her. "Gee, but you're beautiful, Doris! You certainly are a queen."

"I'm glad you think so, Johnny. I am, really."

"Would you mind if I—I mean—just one ——"

"Not tonight, Johnny. No, please! Somehow I don't feel like being kissed tonight. I haven't felt like myself since my accident, you know. My temperature was a little subnormal before dinner, and I ——"

"All right, Doris. Your word is law to me. But some day?"

"Yes, maybe some day," murmured Doris; and then: "A girl certainly feels safe with a man like you in her life, Johnny."

IV

AND then—as the movies so succinctly put it—with the passing of summer, came the fall. Came the golden autumn days. Came one day in particular when Mr. and Mrs. James Penny Weston and daughter Doris transferred their household goods from the old house in Front Street to the new house in Riverside Boulevard, Riverside. The new house was a darb, a dream, a knock-out. It was so much of a knock-out, indeed, that even Doris felt

(Continued on Page 90)

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

DRAWN BY KARL HORTER

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BLABON'S Linoleum

(Continued from Page 88)

slightly dazed that first afternoon as she and mamma and papa stood on what was going to be their front lawn and gazed at its dazzling white clapboards, its brilliant green shutters and jaunty chimney pots.

"Well, there you are!" finally observed papa, with a curious minor note in his voice. "I hope you're satisfied."

"Mrs. Webb has asked us to sit in their box at the polo match tomorrow," remarked mamma rather dreamily.

"We certainly are coming up in the world," said Doris. "But do you know, papa, I feel sort of badly about selling the old house. I mean, I can't bear to think of perfect strangers living in that nice old house."

"What?" exclaimed papa. "I thought you hated it."

"Yes, I know; but I mean—I think it would be rather sweet if you could just sort of keep it and rent it. I really do."

"So do I," said papa. "The trouble is," he added gloomily, "there's no one in Fanewood who'd be willing to live in such a house."

"It was always sort of dark and drafty," commented mamma, in her bemused murmur; then: "You know, Penny, I was looking at those new electric refrigerators down at Bidloe's the other day and I think it would be nice if we ——"

Doris moved off out of earshot, walking toward the house. She was going in to take a nap. There was to be a big dance at the club that night, and tomorrow the newly organized Fanewood polo team was to play a real match with the Greenwich Whirlwind Four, and the day after that ——

The girl smiled vaguely at the recently purchased Crouching Venus that made for art in the hall of the new Weston home.

"I don't know," whispered Doris to herself, with rare introspective gravity. "Life is funny. It's awfully funny, really!" Then she looked hard at the Crouching Venus and said, "Think of papa living with that," and walked on up the stairs to her own room.

John Collender was taking her to the dance that night. John wasn't a member of the club, exactly, but he was thinking of joining. And now that the Westons belonged, he was out there pretty often—with Doris.

So no one thought anything about it—except perhaps to wonder when the engagement was going to be announced—when Doris and Johnny entered the club ballroom that evening. Well, possibly there was one person who thought something about it, but he didn't say much. All he said was, as soon as he had cut in, "What you see in that stuffed shirt of a John Collender I can't make out, Doris."

"He's a wonderful man, Phil. He really is."

"How wonderful?"

"Why, he's put papa on his feet—in a business way, I mean. Last June papa was almost sunk, and now look at him! Look at mamma! Look at me!"

"I'm looking at you," Philip Webb replied rather grimly. "Do you want me to tell you what I see?"

"Not here," murmured Doris.

"Come on then. Let's get out of this."

They left the ballroom and wandered out on the light-streaked lawn, over which hung a slight haze, a blur of silver mist. At the top of the river bank a rustic summerhouse stood in the shadow of a huge willow. Here Doris and Philip stopped and sat down.

"You and I've been playing around together all summer, Doris," he began abruptly and rather soberly.

"M-m-m," said Doris.

"And I—well, when I'm with you, every time I look at you I get a certain impression. I get the impression that you're really not awfully interested in this silly game."

"What game?"

"Oh, you know—this social hullabaloo. Only, it's more than that. It's the whole modern notion of things, a kind of religion, a fever—called progress. You're involved in it, and so am I. Sometimes I feel that my whole life's been a kind of delirium. But I don't think I'm fooled by it, and as I say, when I'm with you I don't think you are either. But when I'm away from you, Doris—well, frankly, I'm not so sure."

"Aren't you?" returned Doris sweetly. "And does it make such a frightful lot of difference?"

He looked at her with a queer intensity, an intensity surprising in a young man of his sporting nature.

"Yes, it does. I'm awfully sorry, but it does make all the difference in the world to me."

"Why?"

"Because I want to marry you, Doris."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl faintly. "Do you, really?"

"You know I do!"

"Oh, I see. And you're afraid that if you marry me you'll have to go on playing this—this game?"

"Listen, Doris! I've got four thousand a year of my own. It isn't much, compared with my present allowance from father, but I can count on it. And I—I'd rather like to try living on it—with you. I mean I'd like to go somewhere with you and just not do anything but live."

"Four thousand a year isn't much, is it?" Doris inquired of the silver mist veiling the world about them.

Philip Webb looked at her, then got up suddenly. "No," he said, "it isn't much. . . . Shall we go back up there and dance?"

"Maybe we'd better," agreed Doris; and as they started toward the clubhouse, involuntarily walking to the beat of the dance music emanating from it, she said, "It's really funny that people don't know what they want. You think you do, but you don't, really."

"I know what I want," asserted Philip Webb.

"That's because you've been thinking about it," she told him a trifle resentfully. "I haven't. I've been too busy trying to prod my family out of that awful rut they were in. And now that we're out of it—oh, I don't know. I wish you hadn't chosen tonight to be so serious. I wanted to have a good time tonight. I wanted to dance."

"Go ahead," retorted Philip coldly. "I'm sick of it. I'm going for a walk."

At the door of the ballroom he left her. Doris was curiously hurt, curiously upset and angry. She didn't know why. It was all quite inexplicable. But she felt as though, all at once, something solid and sustaining had been snatched away from her; the smooth dance floor, as she crossed it, seemed to waver under her feet; the brilliantly lighted room appeared to have taken on the unreality of the mist outside. The swirl of the dancers was a grotesque and meaningless gyration of automatons.

"Johnny," she cried, as young Collender came athletically plunging toward her, "take me away. Please, get me out of this."

"Don't you want to dance, Doris?"

"No," she decided, though only a moment before she had told Philip she wanted to.

"Come on then," said Collender, taking her arm.

Then, somehow, to her complete bewilderment, she found herself back in the summerhouse on the river bank with Johnny Collender. They were seated there just where she and Philip had sat not five minutes before, and Johnny was making vigorous love to her.

"Doris, you know you said that some day you'd let me ——"

"I said maybe, Johnny. And anyway, I might not like it. Then I wouldn't like you any more. So you'd better not kiss me. You'd better just talk to me."

"Will you promise to listen?"

"Yes."

"Then here's what I've got to say, Doris: You and I were made for each other. I'm as sure of that as I am that I'm alive. Look what we've done; look what we've accomplished since last June. Only since June, Doris! And we've done it together, you and I. Your father's making money

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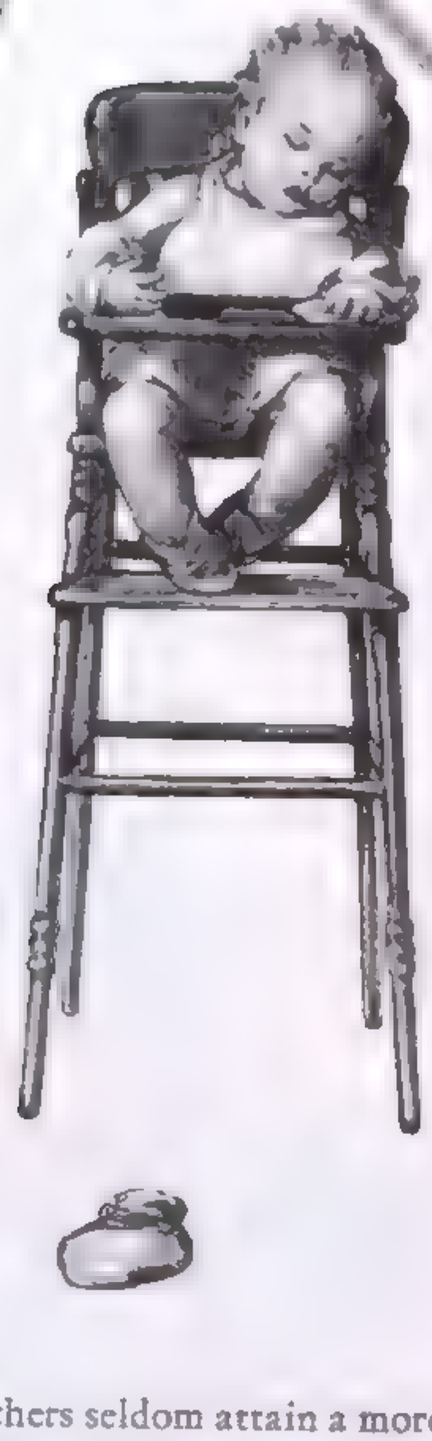
THE BABY



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Parents have learned that they may safely follow the advertising of this merchandise. For the manufacturer, as well as the advertising agent, knows that the surest ways to the children's market are along the avenues of tested purity, of proved cleanliness and quality. And when a reliable product appears over the signature of the reputable merchant or manufacturer, is it so remarkable that his message carries more weight than the casual recommendation of a neighbor? . . . and that the captains of the greatest and most lovable army in the world turn to the magazines and newspapers for the supplies that help them to make life ever more easy, healthful and pleasant for the little companies which they lead against the charging years.

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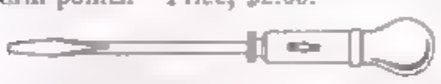

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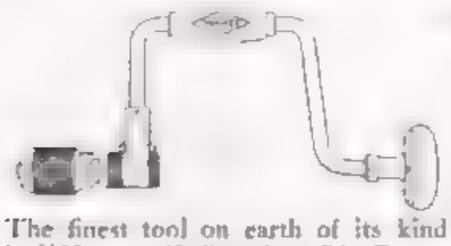

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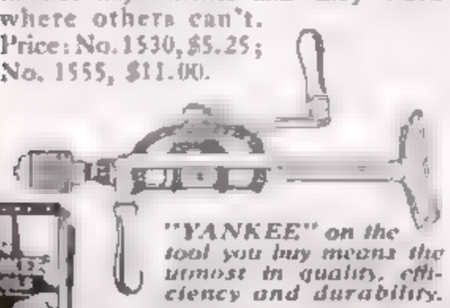

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"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 90)

He's beginning to be known as a successful man; and more than that, he is a successful man. Your mother's Mrs. T. Roland Webb's closest friend. You know—everybody knows—what that means. And as for you, Doris ——"

"Yes? As for me?"

"Well, you're happy, aren't you? You've got just what you want."

"Have I, really?"

"Oh, not everything you want, of course. But you will have, Doris, if you'll just trust me enough to marry me."

"Johnny, I ——"

"Doris, you know me. I don't want to brag, but you know I'm the sort of man who succeeds. And with you to help me, why, we'll just walk off with this town!"

"I might fail you," sighed Doris, with unexpected humility.

"Fail me? You?" Young Collender laughed aloud. "Not after this summer, Doris. Do you think I haven't watched you? Why, you're a wonder! Look what you've done to that simple-minded goldfish, Philip Webb! Oh, I know I advised you to be nice to him, to string him along—but the way you've done it!"

"Sorry!" rang out a clear, strangely metallic voice behind them. "I was just coming up the steps from the float and couldn't help hearing what you said about me"

Doris turned slowly as though in a dream, and saw the figure of Philip Webb standing at the top of the steps that led from the summerhouse down the bank to the club bathing float.

"Philip!" she gasped, suddenly terror-stricken.

"It's all right, Doris—and I apologize for being here. But I'm glad it happened, just the same. Glad to know I'm a simple-minded goldfish. But don't say it out loud again, will you, Collender? Because if you do I'll knock your block off."

"Oh, no, you won't!" blared back Collender.

"Then say it."

"No, no!" begged Doris in a panic; and the next moment, because it was such a frightful thing, really, she burst into tears; and of course that diverted Collender's attention to her, so that he hadn't time to repeat that Philip Webb was a simple-minded goldfish.

"There, there, Doris! It's all right. Don't you care. It's all right."

"Yes," said Philip, in his clear, cold voice. "And it's all right with me too. Glad to know you were only stringing me along, Doris. Though I must say it was rather a pleasant summer while it lasted. I enjoyed it. Thanks for the summer, Doris. Thanks a lot!" And Philip, brushing past them, went serenely on his way toward the clubhouse.

"I hate him!" cried Doris passionately. "I hate that man as I never thought I could hate any human being, really!"

And then John Collender kissed her.

V

DORIS didn't sit with mamma and papa in the Webbs' box at the polo match the next afternoon. She sat with young Collender in her smart blue roadster, which she had driven up to the edge of the playing field, near the south goal.

"I'm not feeling very well today," she had said to her mother at luncheon, "and I may want to leave early. So I'll just sit with Johnny in the car."

The truth was that she couldn't bring herself to sit in the Webbs' box, she hated Philip so. And since Philip was the mainstay of the Fanewood team—well, it would be too painful, really, to hear his mother's worshipful comments, to behold T. Roland Webb's beaming pride.

"I hope he falls off his horse!" she said vehemently to Johnny, as the Fanewood team amid great applause, galloped out on the field.

No one really expected the Fanewood four to beat the Greenwich Whirlwinds. But at the beginning of the third quarter the home team was leading, five goals to four, due chiefly to the playing of young Webb.

He was putting up a whale of a game, and his furious riding brought frequent concerted gasps from the crowd.

Then, with catastrophic suddenness, the hero went down. Approaching the south goal at full gallop, his pony stumbled. There was a moment of suspended horror as the little animal struggled to recover itself. Then a muffled thud; the slender figure of Philip Webb shot forward in an incredibly graceful curve, struck heavily and lay quite still on the trampled turf.

An awful silence rushed down—seemed to gather like an apparent pall above that crumpled figure, which lay for an instant in complete solitude, inexpressibly lonely, on the brownish-green field

"Get me some water," breathed Doris to Collender. "I feel faint."

"All right, Doris. Steady now!" Young Collender jumped out of the car and ran at full speed toward the clubhouse. Other people were running. There was movement, excitement, a panicky milling in the stands.

On the playing field, the players of both teams had rushed to form a group about the injured man. An isolated male figure, with flapping coat tails, was running with a black bag in his hand.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. An automobile, a jaunty baby-blue sport roadster, shot out on the field and dashed directly toward the locus of disaster. The car was driven by a girl in a blue suit, who, when she reached the spot, leaped out and dropped to her knees beside the fallen hero.

"Phil!" cried Doris, taking his head in her arms. "Oh, Phil, speak to me! Darling—darling, speak to me!"

And then an even more extraordinary thing happened. It was only vaguely realized by the people still sitting hypnotized in the stands, but to the handful on the field it partook of the nature of a miracle.

"Speak to me, Phil!" pleaded Doris.

And Philip spoke. He said, "That you, Doris? Thanks for coming. Thanks a lot. I've been waiting for you." And he sat up and smiled confusedly into her eyes. She tugged at his hands, and suddenly he was on his feet, swaying a little, but smiling happily. "All right, Doris," he said. "Let's go. I don't want to play this silly game any more." Then to the appalled group pressing around him: "Go away!" pleaded Philip. "Doris and I are having a picnic."

"Put him in my car!" commanded the girl. "Oh, please help me."

"I can walk," muttered Philip. "This your car, Doris? Yes, I remember—all my fault. . . . Go away, the rest of you. . . . He'd tell my father he's a simple-minded goldfish"

"Get in, Phil. No, no! The front seat! There!"

Somehow she urged him into the car. He sank down on the seat, shut the door with a curiously wooden gesture, said loudly, "No more silly games!" And then ——

Even as his erstwhile team mates shouted, "Wait! We'll go with you," Doris threw in the clutch; the roadster lurched forward, shot like a materialized blue streak across the polo field, swept through the gate that led to the club driveway and disappeared in the general direction of the setting sun.

In Box Number 1, Row 1, Section A, Mrs. T. Roland Webb clutched the arm of her dear friend, Mrs. James Penny Weston, and said: "He must be all right, Allie! He was sitting up in the car. And to think that it was your Doris—while we all sat here like bumps on a log! Oh, that wonderful girl! She'll drive him right home, and —— Hurry, Roland! We must hurry home, don't you understand?"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Mr. Webb excitedly. "Come on, Weston. Help me find my chauffeur."

"Doris'll look after him," chirruped papa mechanically. "Doris'll look after him. Doris'll ——"

But when, twenty minutes later, the Webbs' car reached the Webbs' proud mansion on Riverside Boulevard, there was no blue sport roadster parked in front of the house.

Instead, there was a rather stupefied butler, who said, "Beg pardon, ma'am. They've been and gone, ma'am."

"Gone!"

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Philip left a message, ma'am. He said to tell you he was feeling quite happy, ma'am, and that he and Miss Weston was going for a bit of a drive, ma'am. And Miss Weston said to tell you she'd telephone later, ma'am, and that none of you was to worry, because it was quite all right, ma'am. And then Mr. Philip, he begun to sing, ma'am."

"Sing!" burst out Mrs. Webb wildly. "Why in heaven's name should he sing?"

"I'm sure I can't say, ma'am,"

"Now you look it here," spoke up papa firmly. "Those two kids are all right. You take my word for it. Only sensible thing to do—go in the house and wait till they telephone."

So they went in the house and waited—and waited.

At six o'clock that evening the telephone rang, and five minutes later the T. Roland Webbs and the James Penny Westons were again abroad in the Webb car. Their course this time led them into town, along Front Street and up to the door of the former Weston home—that pathetically quaint old house with the mansard roof which papa had bought on mortgage so many years ago, and which he saw now through a sudden mist of tears.

"To think she'd ever come back here!" he murmured as they mounted the steps.

Then they were in the sober old living room, and Doris, still in her blue suit, her blond hair curling with an effect of reckless abandonment about her pretty face, was confronting the four of them.

"My boy! Where is my boy?" wailed Mrs. Webb.

But Doris made a gesture—a brief upward flutter of her hand. "He's in bed asleep. He's quite all right, really. I sent for a doctor—right after the minister had gone."

"The minister!" gasped all four in unison.

"Yes; you see, I wanted to marry him before he could change his mind. So I sent for the minister, and then we were married, and—well, you see, Phil was still a little bit unconscious, but the minister said it was really quite all right, and he hoped it would be legal. And Phil said he was so happy he didn't care. And so the minister went away, and then the doctor came, and he said Phil would be all right in the morning."

"So you married him while he was still unconscious?" weakly commented papa. But Doris only smiled into his misting eyes.

"And while we're on the subject, papa," she continued, "I'd just like to say that Phil and I are going to live very quietly from now on—for a while anyway. And so I sort of thought you might let us have this house, because it really ought to rent for almost nothing, it's so old, you know. And if you don't want the old sedan, we might take that, too, because it sort of goes with the place, and ——"

"But what about the new car?" cried mamma, seizing at random upon the most obvious fact in her daughter's heresy.

"That ridiculous roadster?" cried Doris. "You and papa can keep that. I never want to see it again." Then suddenly the slender, gallant figure in the blue sport suit crumpled down into a chair, covered her face with her hands and burst into unrestrained weeping. "Oh, mamma!" she sobbed. "I almost lost him!"

They all crowded around her. Mamma and Mrs. Webb knelt beside her, one on either hand, and T. Roland Webb blew his nose vociferously.

"She almost lost him," repeated Mr. Webb, vaguely and emotionally, to papa.

"Now you look it here!" said papa, no less emotionally. "Doris never lost anything she really set out to get—never!"

Santa Claus receives his Christmas Gift

A purchase from your jeweler is an investment in permanent values

PREMEDITATED

(Continued from Page 17)

"I think," he said slowly, "that we have reasonable grounds for hoping that we may eliminate premeditation. . . . I will see the girl in the morning."

"And try—try to find some way out! I feel I know she did not do it."

"Perhaps," said Caleb, "you have considered what that implies."

"It implies that she will be freed from this awful situation "

"More than that. It implies that some other person killed Emery Battle, and that he planned the murder with evil adroitness, so that suspicion would fall upon Carol alone. There may be men in Luxor who could kill a man who had wronged them, or to gain some essential purpose, but one does not like to think of one who would also settle deliberately his crime upon an innocent girl. Some acts, Miss Rooney, are so wicked as to be beyond human belief. Can you believe in the existence of such a man?"

She hesitated. "Is that conclusion necessary?"

"Absolutely."

"Then," she said, "there is such a man."

"Or woman?"

She shook her head. "No sane woman."

"There is no other woman with a motive," said Caleb. "This Nellie Kaiser, to whom Emery Battle was intending to will his property—if the killing had happened after the will was signed—is only a child. The only effect of this thing upon her was to deprive her of something that surely would have been hers if another day had passed."

"But," interjected Marty Rooney, "are we sure she had no relative who believed the will was signed?"

"Ah!"

"Or that this person knew of the existence of this new will? If she was, indeed, Battle's daughter, unacknowledged by him, wearing that taint, living in poverty, might not that alone be sufficient motive? And might such a relative—a sister of her mother's, say—not hate the girl who occupied the place she felt should be Nellie's?"

"But the opportunity! Show me who was given the opportunity." His face was very weary now, heavy with that melancholy which habitually lay upon it. "In order to free one person from the accusation of an evil thing, must we prove another to have committed a worse crime? . . . Sometimes I think man was created on impulse. He never could have been planned the way he is."

Marty Rooney got to his feet. "Spare no expense," he said. "I will be responsible."

Caleb eyed him gravely for a moment. "Which," he said cryptically, "proves what I just said. . . . Good night. Good night, Miss Rooney."

When they were outside, Seena turned her face upward to her uncle. "Now what did he mean by that?" she said.

"He was astonished," Marty said with a whimsical smile, "that any good could come from so evil a man as I."

"Why, why does he dislike you so much? Why is he always fighting you? What is the reason for it all?"

"He has to fight somebody," Marty said. "It's his nature. I just happen to be the victim."

II

IN THE morning Caleb Hope was admitted to the house that had been Emery Battle's, and found the girl, Carol Deane, sitting in the parlor, hands folded in lap, strangely quiet and cool and resigned. There was no trace now of the terror Seena Rooney had spoken of; only a dreadful stillness and unnatural calm. She nodded as he entered, but did not rise

"Miss Deane," he said, "I was told you wished me to act for you "

"'Twon't be much good," she said in a dead voice. "I guess I can look for the worst."

He studied her. She was tall and well made, slender but robust—a girl accustomed to work and able to work. She was strong—one could tell that at a glance—capable of wielding such a weapon as had brought the end of all things to her stepfather. And she was pretty—would have been pretty but for that grayness of cheek, for the set lips and despairing eyes.

Caleb spoke gently. "If I am to do my best for you, you must tell me the truth."

"I'll tell the truth," she said.

He nodded and then asked directly, "Did you kill Emery Battle?"

"No."

"Did you know he had altered his will?"

"No."

"When he came home from Lawyer Barton's, he didn't tell you?"

"No."

"Why did he change it at this time?"

"I don't know."

"Had there been any trouble between you, any quarrel or disagreement which might have brought it about?"

"No more'n usual. He hated me and I hated him."

"Then why should he have left you his money at all?"

"He promised ma."

"But was he a man to keep such a promise?"

"He was scairt."

"Of what?"

"Ma."

"But your mother is dead."

"That's why he was scairt. He was afraid of what she'd do if he didn't keep his word. When she was dyin' she threatened him."

"He was superstitious?"

"He was afraid of ma." Upon that point no more was to be had from her; but Caleb visualized life in that house—the life of this man who hated his stepdaughter and devised means to make her life a torment, and the life of this girl who hated her tormentor. And he visualized the presence of fear. It is not to be wondered that he drew his shoulders together as if there had been a chill draft.

"When—at what hour—was Emery killed?"

"I don't know."

"Won't you tell me all about it—just as it happened, omitting nothing?"

"I finished the supper dishes—that would be about half-past seven, maybe—and he went out. And I went out. I always go out in the evening so as to be out of this house."

"Where did you go?"

"Where I always go—up there on the hill in the woods. And I set there thinkin' and wishin' like I always do, and lookin' down on the town and the lights and houses where folks lived happy. It's still up there, and kind of nice. There's a place I go to where I can set and watch."

"Did anybody see you go?"

"No."

"Nor come back?"

"No. I jest go out the back door and cross the lane. Nobody can see. The woods start right there."

He nodded. "How long were you gone?"

"The clock struck ten, and I come back again."

"And it was dark?"

"Exceptin' for the moon."

"And then?"

"I come up the back steps and into the kitchen, and there I see the ironin' board and a dress on it. It give me a start."

"Why?"

"Because it hadn't any business to be there. Who'd iron a dress of mine but me?"

"You didn't bring out the board and start to iron before you went out?"

"No. And there was a light in that room of his that he uses for an office, so I knew he was there, but I couldn't see what he wanted to be ironin' a dress of mine for. It didn't seem natural."

"No," said Caleb, "it wouldn't seem natural. . . . And then?"

"Then I looked in, and there he was."

"As he was found later?"

"Yes "

"And what did you do?"

"I don't remember clear. I was scairt. I don't remember clear until next day."

"You didn't give the alarm—didn't call for help?"

"It kind of looked," she said with that desperate calm, "as if there couldn't ever be any help for anybody."

"And that's all?"

"That's all."

"You didn't see anybody or hear anybody?"

"It was quiet," she said, "as death."

"And this—all of it—you are sure is the truth?"

"What good would it be to lie? Nobody'll believe even the truth."

But Caleb felt he had been hearing the truth. Monstrous as it was, impossible as it was, he felt that the girl's story was one of fact.

"Who," he asked, "knew you always went up on the hillside after supper?"

"I don't know. Maybe nobody."

He reflected a moment. "I want you to think, to remember. Before I come to see you again, I want you to write down the name of every person who has been to this house for a month—for any reason—to a meal, on business, to visit. Remember them all."

"Yes," she said dully.

He went into the kitchen, where he spoke to the deputy, who lounged on the back stoop. "Everything as it was found, Jim?" he asked.

"Everythin' but him," said the officer.

"Keep your eye on me to see I don't move anything," said Caleb.

"What d'ye expect to find?"

"I'm looking," said Caleb, "for corroboration."

"Hain't none here. Don't believe they kept none in the house."

"I'll look around anyhow," Caleb said lugubriously; "you never can tell where you'll find it."

"You can tell easy in this house. Emery, he never spent a cent on falderals."

It did seem so. In that plain kitchen was nothing which, to Caleb's keen eye, seemed helpful. The ironing board, with the half finished dress upon it, was still in place; in Emery's office there was nothing, if one excepts a stain on the cheap carpet.

"I presume," said Caleb, "there's lots of evidence here—if one understood such esoteric matters as finger prints and bits of raveling, or even cigarette ashes. But to me there is nothing."

"Be you goin' to defend her?"

"Yes."

"I cal'late for once you bit off more'n you kin chew."

"Then," said Caleb, "you hold the opinion of the majority?"

"I hold the opinion of everybody," said Jim.

"Fortunately," said Caleb, "guilt or innocence is not determined by popular majorities."

He left the house and walked leisurely up the street, pausing now and then to speak solemnly to some acquaintance. he was abstracted, downcast, if one might judge by his expression—which one could not—weary. His long, thin, stooping body proceeded slowly until it came to the bank building, and here he turned in to mount the stairs to the second floor, where he rapped upon Lawyer Barton's door.

"Come in," said the attorney's voice. "Oh, it's you, Hope. Come in. Have a chair. Have a cigar."

"Thank you. Won't smoke. There's too much smoke now. I can't see through it. . . . I'm defending Carol Deane," he said with unaccustomed abruptness.

"Poor girl!" said Mr. Barton.

"As you realize, you will be an important witness for the prosecution."

"Unfortunately."

"Would you mind telling me what you know about it?"

"Not in the least. I've been Battle's lawyer for years. Not that he had a sight of business, but when he had. He came in here the afternoon before he was killed and sat right where you are sitting. In a rage, he seemed. For a while he just panted and scowled, and then he said he wanted me to draft a new will for him."

"Give any reasons for the change of beneficiaries?"

"He just swore—at the girl and about the girl. I got his ideas and told him to come back with two witnesses the next day. But the next day never came for Emery."

"Is that all you can tell me?"

"Every word. Battle was close-mouthed when he wanted to be. But something had angered him—something the girl had done, I figured it."

"But not what?"

"Not what," said Lawyer Barton.

"Well, much obliged. I guess I know as much about it now as anybody. I've seen all the evidence there is."

"She's young and she's pretty," said Barton encouragingly. "You may get a verdict of manslaughter."

"I'm afraid," said Caleb, "that wouldn't suit. A girl who must spend her twenty best years in prison isn't planning much on the few years she'd have left over when she gets out. No, I don't think I shall show samples of manslaughter. I couldn't make a sale."

He returned to his office, to which presently came Seena Rooney, impatiently seeking news of progress.

"What have you done?" she demanded in that imperious way of hers.

"Rome," he answered, "is currently reported not to have been built in twenty-four hours."

"No," she said, "but they must have begun to dig a cellar."

"I've seen the girl, I've seen the place, I've talked with the witness."

"And?"

"The world is full of imperfections," he said somewhat irrelevantly "Imperfections are the natural order When you meet perfection—suspect it."

"Very nice and sententious, but what does it mean, if anything?"

"It is corroboration."

"Of what?"

"An impression; an impression founded, doubtless, upon sympathy, but by no means upon evidence."

Her quick mind leaped to a conclusion. "Then you believe she is innocent?"

"Absurdly enough, I do."

"Then you'll get her off?"

"Provided I can establish a too perfect perfection. Um—if you were going to iron a dress—one with ruffles and doo-dads—which, naturally, you would never do—how would you go about it?"

"Why should I press a dress?"

"A telling question. Why, indeed, should you? But I seem to remember my mother—who both could and did understand the technic of a flatiron—and of many other things which the modern young woman, exemplified by yourself, has not mastered."

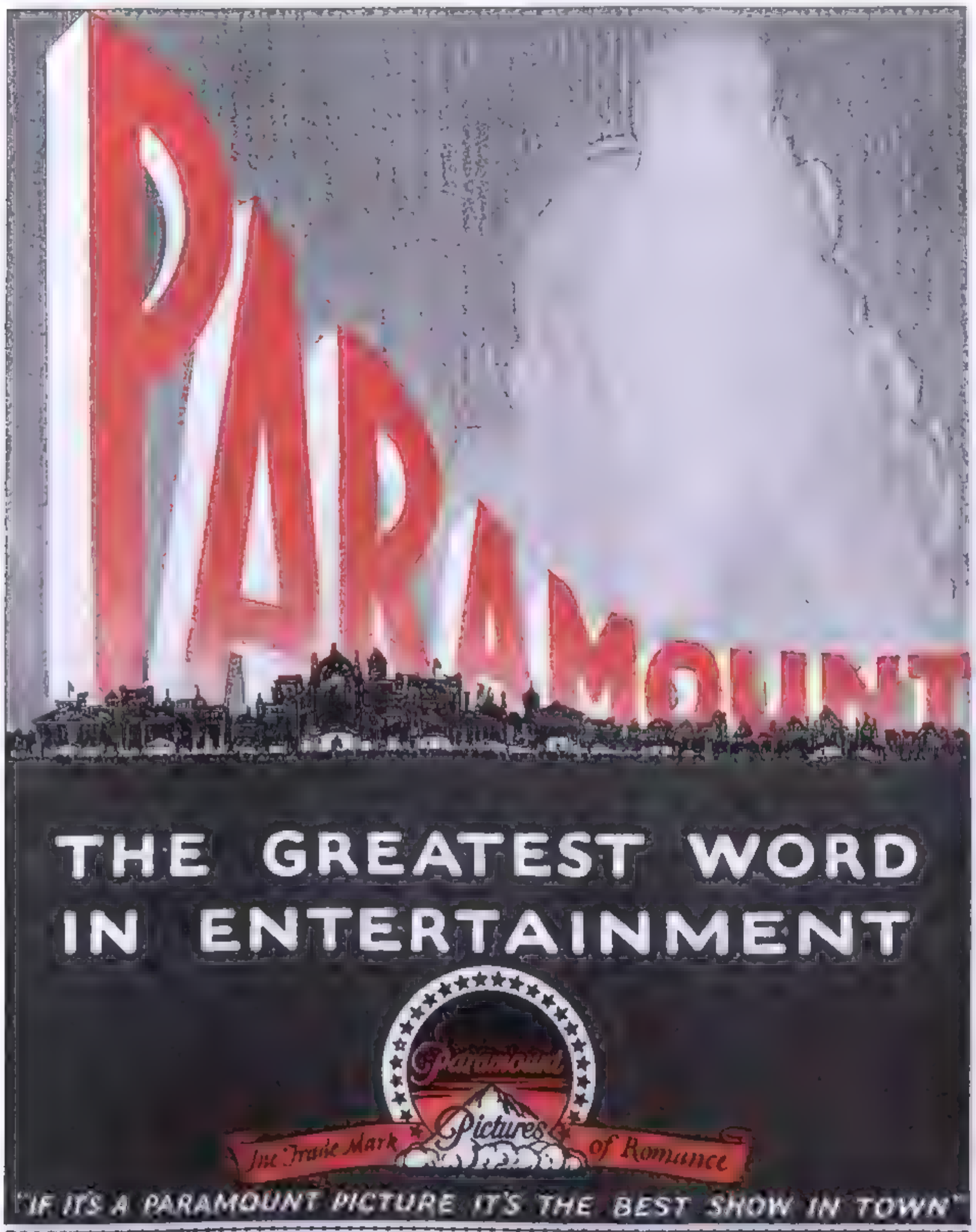
"What has ironing to do with it?"

"A great deal, perhaps. Would you iron a fussy dress by slapping it down on top of the ironing board, or would you put the skirt over the board so the iron would press but one thickness at once?"

"Of course, that's how anybody would do it." She eyed him speculatively. "You noticed and remembered a little thing like that?"

"They don't give master's degrees for real education," he said. "It is the incidental—I may say the inconsequential—

(Continued on Page 99)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THE SHOW OFF	With Ford Sterling, Lois Wilson, Louise Brooks and George Kelly.	Malcolm St. Clair	
Sinclair Lewis' MANTRAP	Clara Bow, Ernest Torrence and Percy Marmont.	Victor Fleming	
THE CAMPUS FLIRT	Starring BEBE DANIELS	Clarence Badger	
TIN GODS	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Aileen Pringle and Renee Adoree	Allan Dwan	
NELL GWYN	Starring DOROTHY GISH.	Herbert Wilcox	
VARIETY	With Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti.	E. A. Dupont	
DIPLOMACY	With Blanche Sweet, Neil Hamilton, Arlette Marchal, Matt Moore and all-star cast	Marshall Neilan	
YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Lowell Sherman and Clive Brook	William Wellman	
HOLD THAT LION	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN	William Beaudine	
Zane Grey's FORLORN RIVER	With Jack Holt, Raymond Hatton, Arlette Marchal and Edmund Burns.	John Waters	
Florenz Ziegfeld's KID BOOTS	Starring EDDIE CANTOR. With Clara Bow, Billie Dove and Lawrence Gray.	Frank Tuttle	
THE GREAT GATSBY	With Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, William Powell and Georgia Hale.	Herbert Brenon	
YOU'D BE SURPRISED	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH	Arthur Rosson	
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers	Gregory La Cava	
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN	William Beaudine	
THE QUARTERBACK	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Esther Ralston	Fred Newmeyer	
THE ACE OF CADS	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Alice Joyce and Norman Trevor.	Luther Reed	
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The new Todd Super-Speed Protectograph can be operated by one person at the rate of 1200 checks an hour. The amount line is shredded into the very fiber of the paper in indelible ink of two colors. It is easy to read and there is no chance for disputes over the amount.

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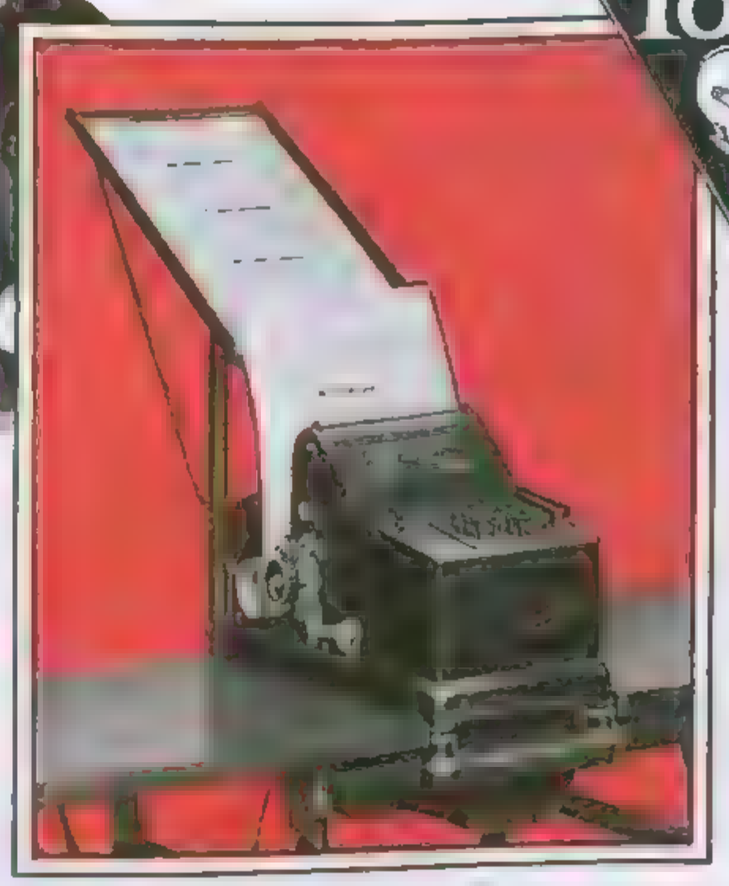

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1

The Protectograph eliminates a large percentage of all check frauds by preventing *raised amounts*. The Protectograph is made in a variety of standard models, one for every type of business, priced from $37.50 up. Only Todd can make a Protectograph.

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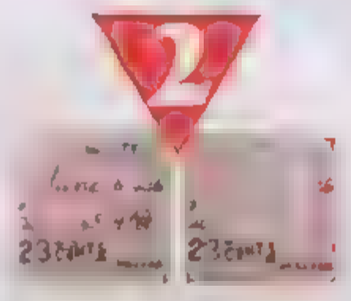

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3

Standard Forgery Bonds cover the remaining check-fraud possibilities, namely, forgery of signature and forgery of endorsement. Qualified Todd users receive policies at the most advantageous discounts from the Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company, New York City.

(Continued from Page 94)

noted and remembered, which makes the usefully erudite citizen."

"All of which means?"

"A slight flaw in perfection. But by no means a fatal flaw. A beautiful woman with a microscopic mole on her cheek may not be flawless, but she may be more deadly."

She stamped her foot. "Have you made any progress? Can you never answer a direct question directly?"

"Seldom, if ever. To smooth the ice, to pour perfume upon the violet, is not, as Mr. Shakspere says, wasteful and ridiculous excess. Anybody can answer categorically, but I prefer variety. Time cannot age nor custom stale the infinite variety of my answers."

"After all," she said coldly, "my uncle is paying you to do this work."

"The leopard cannot change his spots, but he can dye a few of them white. . . . It is, as I hinted in the preface, too perfect. No criminal, with malice aforethought against his own peace or dignity, could so skillfully arrange a crime as to bring inevitable conviction upon himself. It is this that affords corroboration of a nonintellectual impression of innocence."

"You mean?"

"I mean that all that surrounds the killing of Emery Battle proves so conclusively the guilt of Carol Deane that no man can ever prove her innocence."

"You are hopeless!"

"It is a disease from which I seldom suffer. I hope on."

"Then?"

"Why," said Caleb, "the corollary is clear. If we cannot by any means prove Carol to be innocent, we must, by all means, prove somebody else to be guilty—somebody, I should say, with a perfect alibi. Some man who can prove he was not there. Some man who harbored a motive unknown to anybody else. When I find the one man in Luxor who could not possibly have committed this murder, then I shall know whom to suspect."

"That sounds like nonsense."

"It sounds so much like nonsense," said Caleb, "that it undoubtedly is nonsense. But if it is, then Carol Deane killed her stepfather. Either the impossible is a fact or the fat is in the fire. . . . And now, if you will remove your presence, which is irritatingly distracting, I will think. It is a novel pastime for a member of the human race, but I am eccentric enough to enjoy it."

"Of all things!" said Seena, flushing with resentment at such a dismissal. But she did not move. This tall, stooping, melancholy young man fascinated her with his conversation, even when it offended her; but more—he fascinated her by his mental processes, which she could not follow, though she perceived dimly the trail of them through a sort of twilight of logic. "What are you going to think about?"

"The guilty man," said Caleb.

"You know who he is?"

"I know who he has got to be. But he probably isn't. . . . And please don't come back again. If there is any need, I'll communicate with your uncle."

This time, instead of taking offense, there was a queer smile in her eyes. "I hate a coward," she said, and he lifted his face to peer at her in some surprise. "You are," she said, "a pretty picture of the terrified misogynist. But really, you're in no danger. Anybody can have my share of you, Mr. Hope. Were you, perhaps, vain enough to suppose I might be in pursuit?"

"The late King Solomon," said Caleb in his most lugubrious tone, "was reputed to be a wiser man than I. Mind, I do not admit it, but such is his reputation."

"What of it?"

"He admits that four things had him gasping and clinging to the ropes, to wit: The way of a fish in the sea, the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent on a rock and the way of a man with a maid. You will note that the way of a maid with a man was no puzzle at all. He had solved it. Women were a fresh-washed windowpane to him. But men—they were the cryptic creatures."

"Yes."

"Which was a confession. Being carefully translated and annotated, it means that Solomon understood almost everything except why it was that, invariably, he made a fool of himself when there was a pretty lady in the offing. . . . I'm taking a leaf out of his primer. I do not fear you—I fear me. And I have quite other plans for myself, and so—good morning."

"I wish I did want you," she said pertly, "just to upset those plans. But there isn't a place in the house where I could put you. You're not in the period with the rest of the furniture. . . . And I shall come as often as I like."

So saying, she got to her feet and went out of the door, and Caleb gazed after her ruefully.

III

"A MAN'S bookkeeping may be very significant," said Caleb Hope to Jinks Baker. The remark was made in Jinks' cigar store as the young lawyer sprawled disconsolately over the show case.

"Mine is," agreed Jinks. "I got two spindles. On one of 'em I stick bills and on one I stick receipts. Come the thirty-first of December and I pay off all my bills. That method of bookkeepin' signifies that what I got left is mine."

"If," said Caleb, "a meticulous bookkeeper ——"

"A what kind?" interrupted Jinks.

"Meticulous."

"Nobody kin accuse me of it," said Jinks with self-conscious rectitude. "Go on."

"If this bookkeeper were, over a period of twenty years, to account in detail for every penny, and then some six years ago sums of money were to appear and be deposited anonymously, as you might say, what would be your opinion?"

"That he was tired of meticulosity."

"Possibly, but not probably. Let us take a hypothetical case ——"

"Go jest as far 's you like," said Jinks, "though a little dice-shakin' 's the worst thing I ever tolerate in the store."

"—— of a man," continued Caleb, ignoring the interruption, "who, six years ago, deposited a hundred dollars on the fifteenth of the month, and who continued so to deposit on the fifteenth of every month for upwards of a year. Then, still clinging to the tradition of the fifteenth, he deposits a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and then a hundred and fifty—until, for the past nine months, the sum has risen to two hundred and twenty-five dollars. Would that series of events suggest anything to you?"

"That he got a raise in pay," said Jinks.

"But still being hypothetical, let us suppose this man set down the details of every other penny that came to him, but that no mention whatever is to be found in his books of these sums regularly paid on the fifteenth—what then?"

"I'd say he had a reason."

"My trust in you was well founded," said Caleb. "I expected no less. . . . But there is one more event to note. Supposing the same hypothetical individual was killed *vi et armis* on the fifteenth of the current month."

"I'd be flabbergasted," said Jinks.

"And so," said Caleb, "am I. There confronts us the peril of a too enthusiastic deduction—namely, that death was in some manner connected with these increasing payments. It might be a fact; we may hope it is a fact; we may even guess at the reason for the payments and for the neglect of them in the records—but would we be safe in assuming it all to be fact?"

"Wa-al," said Jinks, "yes—and no."

"Exactly my position," said Caleb. "You perceive that I am using you as a mental scratching post, and God bless the Duke of Argyll. . . . We revert to the killing. Our imaginary man was killed for a reason."

"Be kind of a waste to do it without," said Jinks.

"Reasons for homicide fall under known heads—greed, revenge, jealousy, fear. That covers most of them, but one is left, and that is necessity. Now mind, Jinks, 'necessity' is a queer word. Have you noticed it?"

"I never got to laugh at it much," Jinks admitted. "Mostly necessity crowds me unpleasant when it comes along."

"Necessity," said Caleb, "depends a lot on whose dog gets kicked, if you follow me. It is an individual matter. There may be a hundred methods of doing a thing, but if I can see but one, then that one is necessary—am I right?"

"I wouldn't dispute it."

"Now if the man you have in mind as the author of the homicide did not come up to the specifications for a *crime passionel*, and could get no money or advantage of a cash sort by his act, and was the sort to take a stealthy and subterranean rather than an overt and violent revenge, what would you deduce?"

"That it must be fear or necessity. Them two is left."

"And we might go farther and say he did it because it was necessary to remove his fear. Or we might eliminate fear and say it was necessary, to his way of thinking, to abate an intolerable condition of affairs."

"You might," said Jinks, "without strainin' a hair."

"Which brings us," said Caleb without elation, "to the possibility, not to say the probability, of blackmail."

"Gosh!" said Jinks, who had followed this excursion into pure reason with somewhat laggard steps but a profound admiration. "You mean Emery Battle was killed because he was blackmailin' somebody? But he couldn't blackmail Carol Deane. She didn't have nothin' to be blackmailed out of."

"That," said Caleb, "is just the point."

IV

MR. BRIGGS, justice of the peace, performed in Luxor those functions which fall to the grand jury in other localities. It was his duty to preside at a hearing and to determine if sufficient evidence was presented against the accused to warrant an indictment. Mr. Briggs was sufficient unto the occasion. He sat behind his table, his hand resting upon that most profound legal treatise—Tiffany's Justices' Guide—and faced his court room as one who confronts an enemy over a sure fortification.

The brief but telling evidence of the state was in against Carol Deane. Of direct testimony there was none; of indirect, a sufficiency. Caleb Hope arose at the end, a melancholy figure with an expression of hopelessness.

"Your Honor," he said, "it will, perhaps, save time if I make a statement, laying before you the nature of the evidence I propose to adduce in favor of Miss Deane."

"Go right ahead," said the justice.

"Miss Deane will tell her story. She will deny that there was any quarrel between herself and her uncle preceding the killing, or that he informed her of the proposed change in the will. She will tell you where she was when the crime was committed, but her testimony upon that point is unsupported. And she will tell you how to iron a dress."

"Eh? What's that?"

"She and other experts will confirm that no woman would press a dress in the way that dress on the ironing board was being done. In other words, we will demonstrate that no woman who knew her business would go about it to ruin her best gown."

"What do we git from that?"

"That the board was set up, the dress placed clumsily upon it and the ironing started by a man." He passed rapidly on. "Next I will produce a list of persons who have called at the house of Emery Battle

(Continued on Page 101)

Speaking of Gifts That Last

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BUILDING BLOCKS

(Continued from Page 99)

in the past six months. Excluding casual peddlers, the butcher and the milkman, I will show that each of these came, not socially, but to pay money—with one exception. There are fourteen such persons. I will prove that each came to pay, but I cannot prove that of the fourteenth. I assume it. Emery Battle was not sociable."

"I don't see nothin' to that," said the justice.

"Then I will produce the books of Emery Battle. I will show that every cent of his income and outlay has been carefully accounted for—with a singular exception. This exception is a regular payment, increasing in size, made on the fifteenth of every month for six years past."

"What of it?"

"It supplies the motive," said Caleb. "I hope to convince you that Battle was killed to put an end to the necessity for making such payments—in other words, Your Honor, blackmail."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the justice, and his manner for the moment was not judicial.

"It is impossible," said Caleb, "to prove the innocence of my client, to prove that she was absent from the house at the hour of the crime. I must establish her innocence in the one possible manner—which is to establish past a reasonable doubt the guilt of another person. I have no negative evidence, therefore it was necessary to find positive evidence."

"And did ye?"

"You shall judge of that, Your Honor. . . . But I shall pause to touch upon the nature of the evidence already in, if I may. Has it impressed you as singular that there is but one witness whose evidence is directly damaging? We have the testimony of those who found the body and who found my client. But the most damning evidence comes from one man—and one man alone. I refer to the making of a new will."

"Just so."

"Nobody but Emery Battle and his lawyer knew of this will. Nobody alive but Mr. Barton knows of it now—of his own knowledge. No man can prove that Battle went to Barton to change his will. It is a matter which rests upon Barton's evidence alone. I ask you to consider that."

"Where's that leadin' us?"

"To a perfect alibi," said Caleb. "Mr. Barton has gone out of his way in his testimony today to establish a perfect alibi. He is treasurer of the local lodge. It was lodge night. Fifty men can testify to his presence in the lodge rooms at the hour of the crime."

"Then that lets Barton out of it—not that he was in."

"It does," said Caleb, "if one of those fifty lodge brothers can testify to seeing him throughout that period; if there was not an interval when he was out of their sight long enough to have gone to Emery Battle's house and to have done what was done and make his return."

The spectators in the court room were silent now, tense, leaning forward in their seats.

"I shall prove," said Caleb, "that Barton was not on view for upwards of an hour; that he occupied the office where he writes in the books of the lodge—adjoining the lodge room—and that the door was closed to shut out from him the sounds of the ritual."

"That hain't enough," said the justice.

"The window of that office is some twelve feet from the ground. I shall prove that a ladder was placed against that window down which a man might climb, and I shall, if required, produce the very ladder. . . . I shall so prove that Barton had an opportunity to commit the crime."

"But you got to set up a motive."

"That," said Caleb, "is more simple. Mr. Barton was that fourteenth man. Once each month he called upon Emery Battle to pay him money. One hundred dollars a month in the beginning, but later, as Barton's ability to pay increased, the extortions increased as well, until they became unbearable."

"What for? Why was he payin' Battle money?"

"You will recall that the beneficiary under this new will of Battle's was Nellie Kaiser."

"Yes."

"Which did not cause surprise, because it was common gossip that she was Battle's daughter."

"Yes."

"Six years is not a long time," said Caleb. "Memories extend that far, facts persist that long. . . . And Emery Battle was indifferent to public opinion. I will show that the payments to Battle by Barton commenced with the birth of Nellie Kaiser." He turned suddenly to Barton, who sat grasping with terrible intensity the arms of his chair. "Barton," he said, with commanding force, "whose daughter is Nellie Kaiser—and why did her mother die unattended by a physician? Stand up, Barton, and answer—explain that murder of six years ago—the cowardly taking off of Nellie Kaiser's mother to shield the reputation of a man who feared the pointing of the finger of scorn."

Barton pushed himself to his feet, stood with sagging jaw and wavering knees. He struggled to speak, but only a mouthing and a mumbling were audible—and then, slowly, he crumpled, sagged into a quivering, terrified heap—a jibbering, moaning, sobbing heap, unsightly, unmanly, shameful.

"I think, Your Honor," said Caleb, and his voice was stern, as none in that room had ever heard it before, "we have ample confession. But now secure it by actual words."

Caleb turned, his face not stern now, not harsh and accusing, but very weary. Beside the softly sobbing Carol Deane sat Seena Rooney, holding the girl gently. Caleb walked to her side.

"It's all right," he said; "everything is all right. You can go home."

Marty Rooney stepped forward with impulsive hand extended. "Hope," he said, "my congratulations. But where—how did you dig up that evidence—about the ladder and about the Kaiser girl?"

Caleb shook his head in that tired, unhappy way of his and expelled a breath that was not of relief, but was rather an expression of that feeling of heaviness which sat upon him—of regret that such exposures as that of today must fall within his duty.

"I had no evidence, Mr. Rooney," he said slowly. "I just reasoned it out that these things must be so, but they were not susceptible of proof. I had to pretend more than I knew—to force a confession."

He turned away from the man's expressed admiration, but Seena touched his hand gently, and her eyes were gentle, too, more kindly and understanding than he had ever known them to be.

"Thank you," she said. And he carried away from that little court room, and kept with him for long, the memory of her voice.

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 5)

heavenly Father or repeat a single sentence of the communication she received. If you pressed her at this point she would give you a sort of sweetened, thou-fool look and remain silent.

She never persecuted even sinners for her own righteousness' sake, but she was always cheerful, whisking around in the glory of her faith without making a fuss about it. She was very diligent in small ways of goodness and was always getting her prayers answered so definitely that she could see and feel these answers with her naked fingers, when the most intelligent saint among us could not get a literal reply to the most eloquent petition he could offer. She had a life filled with hardships and never was aware of that. The only indulgence she allowed herself was a very small brown pill she took for a stitch in her side. Then, stitch or no stitch, she went on with her duties and spiritual activities that now were leading up to the great invitation to meet her Lord, which we call death.

All at once she became a distinguished person. We went to see her lying there in the front room on her company bed, waiting, her hair skewed up as usual, her little old face resting above the pillow like a very bright withered star. Eyes clear and kind, still seeing God, and taking us in with an occasional curiously wise glance, not reproachful or contentious for her dear doctrines any longer, but somehow leaving us out of her thoughts. She had done doing good to us. She had no more duties to perform, no prayers to pray. Everything was settled except that stitch in her side, which would pass presently.

A few of our worldly minded people whose religious creed has become little more than a theory of anonymous natural forces came in quietly, and Miss Winnie had the superlative distinction of being attended by them toward the end. My notion is that they came to listen in case she had something revealing to tell at the very last, or maybe they expected to discover some pathological explanation of her faith. This is the reason I want no damnably rational people about me in my final hour. I may have a dim vision of immortal things myself. I might recognize some dear familiar face in the great cloud of witnesses which attends us, for all we know. And if I happened to betray the confidence of these invisible visitors with no more than a whispered word in my weakness, these wise ones would certainly contend that such illusions frequently attend the dissolution of mortal faculties. I have heard them do that—a sort of intellectual blasphemy they commit against the veracity of the dying.

But these rationalists got no such satisfaction out of Miss Winnie. The quality of her mind was not changed. She held on with astonishing wit to her spiritual faculties, and made no hysterical proclamation of her faith or sensational revelations of the invisible. Quite conscious and serene, she put herself through, making no more than the motion of her hand as if she clasped another hand not seen. I suppose she had been lifted up for so many years that she experienced no unusual exaltation at this time.

Now I am peculiarly sensitive to the suggestions of great music, the eloquence of courage or noble events like death. I have never witnessed the passing of even the humblest man or woman without experiencing a sort of spiritual tremor of astonishment. My scalp prickles as if I beheld a miracle, not terrifying but sublime. Mountains rise before me—not of this earth—their top touching the stars, immeasurable spaces spread between, and I behold the bland light of ages to come on this man or woman, set free at last from our little furrows of time. For the briefest moment I seem to know that what we are delivered from by death is time, that all our circumstances, whether for good or evil, are transient events conditioned only upon these little ridges of our days, and that to escape them is to be changed, as the Book says, in the twinkling of an eye. And our corruption does put on incorruption, because there is no more material in us upon which tainting time can work. You can only tell your thoughts, not much of the unspeakably high places you have visited in the spirit, but something like this I have felt a few times in my life seated beside the lowly bed of a sinner or a saint when they

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would be taking leave of themselves in the flesh. Then the vision faded and I would be as I had been before—the mortal friend of the dead, weary with the night's watching, with all my tomorrows of time between me and that bright knowledge I held for a moment.

Still, some courage I have had in living; the best thoughts I have ever copied for others to live bear some faint relation to these stolen inspirations. I get a hunch about what we really are by reading the faces the dead leave behind them, whether we think they die in the Lord or not. However meanly marked they are by the experiences they pass through, they take a look of quietness and dignity. Always they seem to me accusative, as if the good they tried to do did not turn out very well on account of the diminishing eyes we kept upon their efforts, as if the evil they knew had been done to them had come upon them from without. And now they show a strange innocence in death of the men they were in life. I challenge anyone to find the look of guilt in a dead man's face, even though he had been a felon. It is a tragedy or an indictment written in lofty sentences. He is shriven and proud at last and will have no more to do with us, is what it means.

When the news came one morning that Miss Winnie had passed away I hurried upstairs to a closet where I keep certain things in an old chest. The men and women who die here are usually old people who make the transit in the winter on account of no longer being able to endure that stitch in the side with which so many of them are afflicted in bad weather. There are no flowers in our fields and gardens then, and we are nearly a hundred miles from a florist. So I try to keep something imperishable and appropriate on hand for these emergencies. This time I had two long green palm leaves, artificially preserved, with a sheaf of what might be called undertaker's wheat tied on them with a bow of lavender ribbon. This piece had really been provided for an excellent old man who had been sick unto death earlier in the winter, but contrary to all expectations had survived his illness.

Now, however, when I opened the box and considered these two glittering green palm leaves sticking up so far above that bunch of bearded wheat, the thing looked too harshly impersonal, like the casually complimentary epitaph friends cast upon the bier of a worthy citizen who will never vote again in this world. A tiny bouquet of spring beauties, those innocent, earliest flowers that bloom, like the little sisters of goodness, so close to the earth, would be more suitable for Miss Winnie, I felt, returning the box to the chest. Then I thrust a notebook and pencil in my pocket and started over the hill to the house where she had woven all the bright days and dark days of her years into the fabric of a good little life.

Three months had passed since I had been able to write anything worthy of my soul. Some shadow had fallen upon the high places in my mind, and I had been obliged to cast much copy into the flames for conscience's sake. Here at last, I reflected, was a chance to recover my altitudes in the written word. . . . There are special magazines in this country devoted to the exploiting of the life and deeds of successful men. A baseball hero is almost sure to get himself enhanced with an extremely complimentary biography in the daily papers. This stuff is sufficiently important to be syndicated. How was it that they never employed Boswells to record the little lives people like Miss Winnie lived so admirably without ever attaining any worldly success, but which were within the reach of the humblest to emulate whether they could twirl a baseball or not? She had made more home runs in one day probably than the swiftest man we ever had on the diamond. She had kept the Commandments, which is something probably few captains of industry do. And she was never in need of going into training to practice her Beatitudes. A familiar, sweet old pride entered my breast, and I stepped with a longer stride. These boastful people who recorded how they succeeded in the world never set down how they had failed in other ways. The hired biographers of sporting celebrities could not possibly interpret the singing sweetness of such a character as Miss Winnie's. I had some practice at this business, and so on, and so forth.

Being human, we cannot escape the double motive for our best deeds. But it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that it may be both a worthy and profitable motive.

I was going to pay a call of condolence on Miss Winnie's bereaved relatives, and at the same time obtain, by association with her memories, a few wing widths of inspiration I had lately lost as a writing interpreter of the humbler classics in living.

I went into the front room, where a group of neighbors sat becalmed, heads bowed, as we do here on such occasions. We come in, pay this tribute of silence and go our ways. I chose a seat just inside the door, with my own eyes reverently lowered. But I was aware of the bed in the corner where Miss Winnie had lain for so long. It was empty, puffed up, smoothed and covered with a white spread, the way she always kept her company bed. There were two very small dim smears of sunlight on the floor, cast through the thin curtain of the window. My mind caught at them as curiously appropriate to Miss Winnie. I was seeing the long bright trail of her footsteps through the years and over this last mountain top, mixing Scriptures, as usual, with my own fancy, you understand, when someone brushed past me into the room. I heard a sob and a thin tearful voice exclaim, "Don't you think she looks natural?"

I gasped and swept the room with a startled glance, having no suspicion until this moment that death was in there with us. On a narrow board beside the front window, and lifted up until the sunlight caught her and the wind ruffled its garments, lay the body of Miss Winnie. She was wearing her best dress, with a gray veil spread over her face, hands primly folded, eyes closed. I had seen that same staunch, wrinkled look of confirmed sweetness on her face many a time when she sat, leaning like a good little old pillar of the Word in church, fast asleep beneath this same gray veil.

The sweat popped out on me. I felt the usual tremor with which the perception of all miracles must be accompanied. I perceived the grim dignity of poverty which even in death is not able to borrow the toilet of a fine white shroud. Still, I felt the titter of some kind of hysterical humor rising in me. I could see Miss Winnie swishing down the aisle of the church, wearing that air of pride and authority she always had in the house of her Lord, and nowhere else, going to her own funeral presently with one little frost-bitten flower in her hand. It was touching with that kind of pathos that brings on laughter.

We never can hold our high note. Something happens. The spotlight of comedy is always close to where we sit in a noble mood, inviting our angels, or, maybe, composing a keepsake sentence for immortal literature. Move an inch one way or the other and it gets us, sheds the light of a jest upon us, and we become ridiculous. As near as I can tell, this is what happened to me that day. The inspiration to write a God-taking memorial to Miss Winnie was gone.

Over and over I had similar experiences that winter. I became the victim of my own grotesque wit, a sort of pallor spread over my mind, making it the mirror of realities. At last I gave up the idea of trying to write, and could find nothing else to do. When you have worked with one tool nearly thirty years it is not easy to take up another one and go ahead. I could not substitute the needle for the pen. For the first time I grew tired of this cabin. I have tried to grow my own antiques like an honest woman. Most of the furniture I have was purchased with the money I received for A Circuit Rider's Wife when it appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The pieces may not be valuably old yet, but they have a more honorable history than things you buy merely because they are old. Now, however, they appeared to me faded, worn-out, in need of the mending and the furbishing up that real antiques must have before you can be vain about them. I could not bear the stir and confusion involved in this business.

I did not want to do anything, or even see things done. More particularly, I did not want to read, which has been my chief diversion for years. This was no doubt on account of the black jealousy I felt toward other writers who could still rise upon the wings of their literary inspirations. I suffered from subconscious envy peculiar to critics. If my favorite author split an infinitive I observed it with some kind of mean satisfaction, although I have always despised the doctrines of mere grammar—as I do certain ones the theologians have derived from the Scriptures—and have always held firmly to my own right to split up any kind of verb if the whole of it was liable to bulge too much in the middle of a sentence. What I mean is that it is much easier to be noble and generous in your judgment of others when you are in full possession of your own powers to achieve along the same line and feel that you may go them one better any time. This is the reason why the soldiers of the 60's never boasted of their deeds and courage in the Civil War until the young men of this generation went into the Great War and won victories. Their legs are stiff. They could no longer march into battle and defeat the enemy.

This accounts for the suspicious and critical attitude so many old women have toward young and beautiful girls. They have no legs worth revealing. They have grown old, homely and a bit stiff in their knees, and they have acquired by experience some meanly disillusioning knowledge of the significance of the airs and prancings of these young ones who are still innocent of themselves. It also explains the contemptuous intolerance brilliant modern materialists show toward spiritually minded people. They have lost the endowment of their own spiritual faculties and subconsciously resent the larking spirit of these simple wayfarers toward heavenly experiences, when science proves there are no such experiences. They are outraged because such ignorance cheats their wisdom and escapes with the substance of things unseen.

But these are afterthoughts. I cut a sorry figure sitting before the log fire in this cabin that winter in the drizzle of my own mind. I wondered if this depression was due to the arrival of old age at last. For years I have dreaded the dull, tired, complaining old person I expect to be, who will come in presently and take possession of me, skew up my hair on the back of my head and expose my high forehead literally smoking with wrinkles. She would lose interest in everything but her rheumatism, and regard all I have accomplished here with a critical eye. There are no words to tell how I have feared her dominion and puling helplessness. I had no rheumatic twinges, and still took a feminine interest in arranging my hair, and retained the habit I have always had of perking up my countenance when I passed a mirror, but I missed the dear vivacity of living.

(Continued on Page 107)

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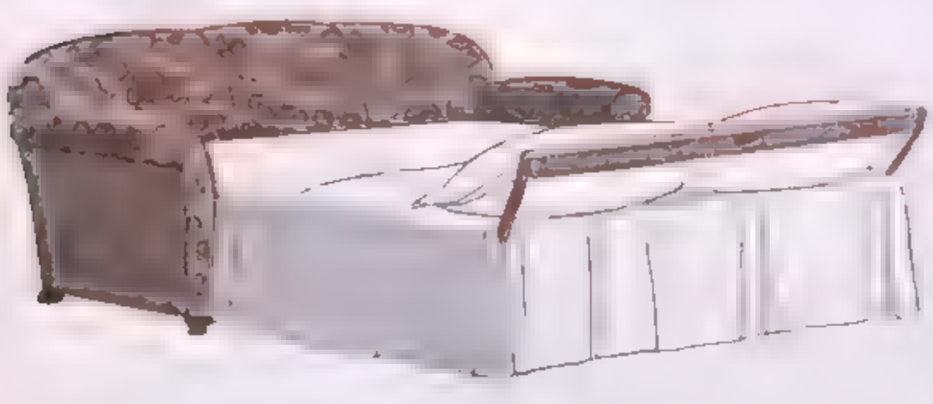

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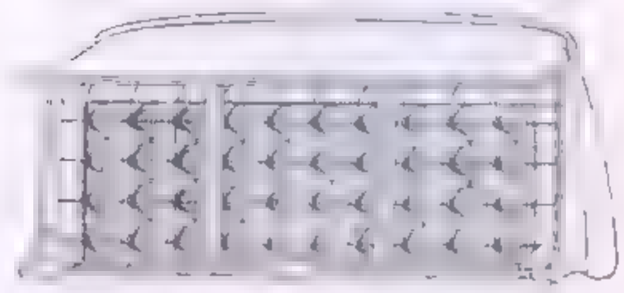

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(Continued from Page 102)

The idea of giving up the fight and settling down into the good conscience and peace of old age never occurred to me. There is no such thing as a good conscience if you are honest with yourself. It is the vanity of moral braggarts. And I have always scorned the peace of saints. In my opinion it is an involuntary confession of spiritual laziness or a proclamation of selfish satisfaction in a world filled with men and women not nearly so well off. Peace is for the dead and may be a very dull experience, for all we know now. I will have none of it so long as living offers opportunities for enjoying normal human happiness.

For fifty years I have been a trifle short on happiness. I always meant to finish up everything and live happy ever afterwards, as they do who have earned fortunes and retire from business and live comfortably on their incomes. Now was the time to start on that adventure, but I was in no mood for it. A fearful light of reason had fallen upon me, depriving me of those powers of illusion so essential to happiness. The aura of gospels, hymns and prayers, beneath which I had lived, faded out. It was like losing the bright canopy of the Word that had protected me for so many years from the dreadful shadows of realities.

I am just telling how I felt, because no doubt a great many people have been temporarily damned by the same kind of sensations. It is a sort of revolution which takes place where you really live on the inside. If you survive it you do so by reconstructing your one-man civilization.

I went on taking a few Scriptures as usual during this period, merely from force of habit. They did me no good. I could see through them, if you are sufficiently villainous to know what I mean.

One night my eye fell upon this passage in the Gospel according to Matthew: "For He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." I had always interpreted this as one evidence of a tender providence, which made no such distinction as we do with His mercies. Now, in one of those flashes of reason I mentioned a while ago, it came over me that what this Scripture possibly means is that in the matter of sunlight and rainfall no man is considered, only the needs of the earth as a whole, and it is a fearful indictment of our dearest doctrine of special providence.

I lay back in my chair astounded. Suppose other preachers besides Matthew had used the impersonal will of God in the same personal way to wheedle us along, as we reduce great truths to little tales to compliment and please children!

Now, if you have written a bit of poor copy you can revise it or burn it; if the floods have washed away one crop you can plant another or go into bankruptcy for your fertilizer bill, as the case demands; if you have committed a transgression you can repent and go ahead. I have had some practice along these lines and am reasonably proficient, but it is another business altogether to revise your sense of the Almighty and suspect that you are one of the more doubtful insects of this providence; that His concern was to create a planet with laws that simply predestined us along with the leaves of the grass. Imagine a Christian woman mulled in the Word for fifty years having such thoughts! I was that much down on my luck as a child of God, from not having been taught that the only special providence we enjoy is the extraordinary endowment we have over all other creatures in the way of rational faculties and those spiritual aspirations which do foretell eternal life, else we would not have them. This is it—our intolerable honor and distinction—the power to think, the will to believe and achieve, always capable of making that polite contribution to the glory of God by conquering ourselves and every other adverse condition. In short, He has made us creative and courageous in His own image and sentenced us to hard labor and to overcome all the vicissitudes of mind, flesh and spirit, by way of proving our origin.

This is a vast compliment He has paid us, and does indicate a terrifically special providence; but reducing it to my own personal dimensions I no longer felt equal to living up to so many opportunities of the divine will. Having reinterpreted that Scripture in Matthew, I resolved not to plant any more crops here until I was able one way or the other to control the floods and circumvent droughts with an irrigation system. For that is precisely what it means, and it is very expensive. The weather of the Lord may be good for the earth as a whole, but it can be very disastrous to the individual who lays the scenes of a year's hopes in fields of corn omitted from Nature's budget of rainfall that season.

I was tired of contending with so many ennobling adversities. I was tired of fighting so many good fights. The victories we win invariably thrust us up against the next front. I longed to drop back far behind all the battle lines I had ever bucked in living. Nothing can save any of us from the defeat of death. And I was never so much of a saint as to wish to die with my spiritual boots on. Quite to the contrary, I wished to avoid ending like a poor old ruffian of the Lord, without ever having practiced the gentle art of human happiness, when so many scenes are laid in Nature for innocent pleasure.

I wanted to put a ring on my finger, wear a fine garment and go about some, relieved of my responsibilities. I am as sparsely settled with virtues as the average respectable person. At that, they make stony ground upon which to spend a vivacious old age. Only a fool can imagine himself righteous enough to be satisfied. Besides, mere righteousness is not satisfying. It is like the bones in your body—necessary, but not good-looking. I have been acquainted with too many bony-spirited saints not to know better than to make such a spectacle of myself. We require some other grace, some winged levity, for a really lovable character. And I no longer felt lovable—a diminishing sensation many outrageously upright people endure with an air of superiority. I was never afflicted with that kind of static hypocrisy, but I have always made a more or less militant effort to keep up appearances as a good Christian woman. But mere appearances are deceitful. I have, for example, a lively temper, which I never show in public, because only my heavenly Father who seeth in secret knows how fiercely honorable my temper is. I began to long to go far away from where I had achieved all my reputation, and where I might behave more veraciously without attracting attention.

I was not actually tired of my virtues, you understand, but I was for easing up on a few of my harsher principles, as one loosens up a tight garment at the end of a long hard day, without being obliged to care how she looks to people who cannot see her. It seemed to me that I had grown a trifle wasp-waisted, morally speaking, from copying my nobler attributes into so many books and trying to live up to the copy. Whatever else may be said of me, I have always been an earnest and indefatigable plagiarist of the best virtues. When you think about it this is the only way to acquire them. We are not born virtuous, but very weakly innocent.

The modern phrase used to cover my growing aspiration is "Be yourself." I despise it as the most wanton motto ever translated from our lower nature to delude fools into acting gallantly according to their primitive instincts. It depends entirely upon what kind of person you are whether you can afford to be yourself without becoming a menace to society. But I have always entertained the theory that it is reasonably safe for men and women, well grounded in the principles of good conduct, and who have acquired a taste for decency, to trust themselves without clinging so frantically to the Lord for strength to enable them to behave properly. What is the use of practicing chastity, temperance and faith, if you remain to the last the poor creature of your ignoble lower nature, with no faith at all in yourself?

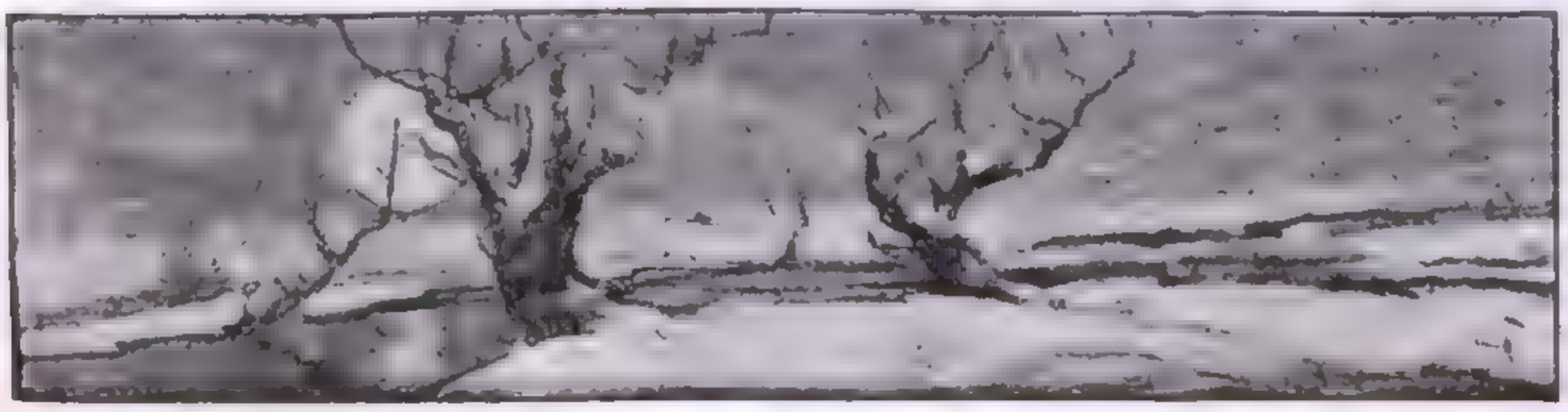
I was for giving myself a few airs, in spite of that Scripture which says to take heed when you stand lest you fall. Like many others, it has been misinterpreted, and really refers to those occasions when you vaunt yourself like a duck-legged Pharisee upon the too lofty pedestal of your righteous vanities. I was not planning to stand very high. My habit has always been to remain on the level and merely encourage myself by contemplating the shining heights of saints as the promised land of my soul. It is safer.

Whatever happened, I was determined to keep my soul, because being accustomed to having one for so many years, I could scarcely be myself without this kind of winged consciousness. But the way I figured it out was that I was also in desperate need of spiritual rest. There is no distinction in feeling like a valorous worm storming the gates of paradise, and I was in that state of woeful weariness as an immortal soul; no wings, merely a wriggle. There must be some pleasanter, easier use I could make of mine without offending it.

Just so I moped in my cabin during the whole of that winter, with the drenching rains falling outside, and the high winds blowing the smoke down the chimney inside. As a prisoner works long and tediously in secret to effect his escape, so I followed the trails of thought copied here for the benefit of many tired dutiful men and women who might enjoy a healthier salvation if they reached the same conclusion, even if they only go into the next county, sit down and rest for a few days among strangers who do not know enough about them to discover that they are not acting up to their usual diligence in the mere rectitudes of living.

I resolved to get away from this valley, change all my scenes, for better or worse, and try the adventure of going abroad in the world with no missionary intentions against it. This was the most valorous act of faith I ever performed.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.



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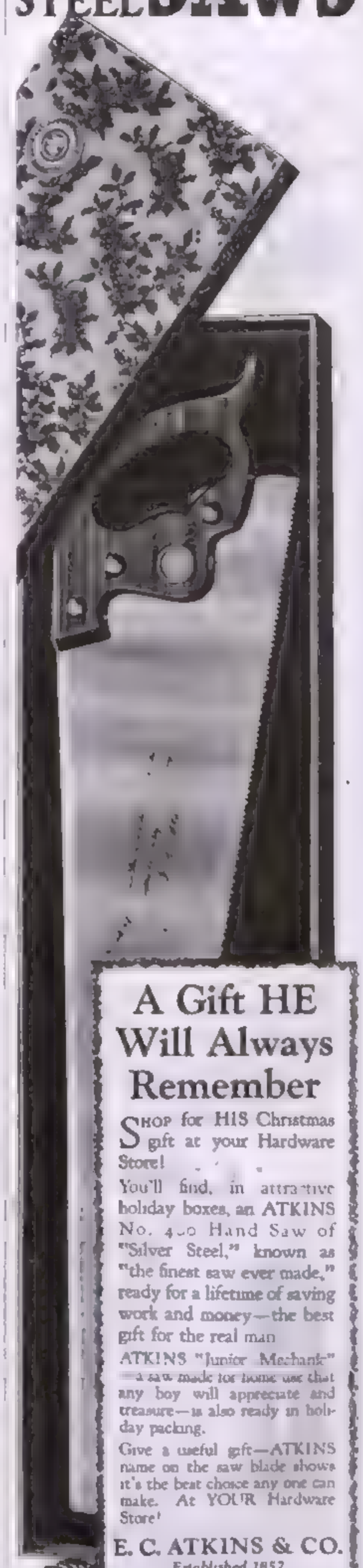

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Aw Chee! wot's th' use?

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SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

THE LIGHTHOUSE ON LONG ACRE SQUARE

(Continued from Page 11)

and a half, but he hadn't been fired. There was always a row of idle bricklayers in the street, toeing the building line and ready to jump like sprinters at the crack of Mike's knuckle, but there was no colored fellow down there to do Mile High's work—no, no three.

Rob Roy paid him a hundred and up to a hundred and fifty a week. Before the war that was money. Builders stared ruin in the face when they had to pay a common laborer a dollar seventy-five. Mile High bought a Harlem brownstone front out of his first pay from Rob Roy, paying fifty dollars down. He used to circulate among Rob Roy's jobs to see that the second mortgages were properly secured, seeing that arches were dry-filled to the underflooring, that the white coat wasn't slapped onto the brown in a condition to develop butterflies, that a smoke test of plumbing wasn't settled with a box of cigars.

He was Rob Roy's outside man. Jake Wolf was the inside man, if you still have a moment. Jake Wolf was a real-estate lawyer. Some people think generously that a lawyer is a lawyer, and they would hire a bankruptcy man to do a job in admiralty, or a negligence man to form a corporation or handle a patent case. They might get service. And then again they might be retaining a man who doesn't know any more of the matter than they do. They would be doing that very thing if they propounded any but a routine question in real-estate law to a good many New York lawyers. This is not a reproach. Years ago the big title companies practically cinched their monopoly of title examination, and a lawyer who can't examine a title isn't equipped for real estate. Jake came to New York friendless, drifted into the law department of a large title company, spent ten years in rising to the post of reader, and was then pointed out in the company with awe as a man who was getting thirty-two dollars a week. For part of his thirty-two dollars, Jake read the title to the Welworth Building, and O.K.'d a policy for twenty million dollars. When times were slack the harassed manager sent Jake outside to close, just to get him off the floor, fearing that some anxious stockholder would see him loafing and write in. Jake closed a title in Rob Roy's office one day, and was thenceforth done with the august title company and its August-September-and-October thirty-two a week. Rob Roy knew a good man, and offered him seventy-five a week to begin.

But Jake didn't believe in real estate as a source of wealth. He liked the stock market—that had the glamour of the unknown. He played it constantly; it fed him hope once in a while, and then stripped him right down to his job. Jake didn't know whether he was having a good time or not. Sometimes he would draw a determined breath and begin an oath to swear off, with this phrase: "If I could once get square with the market ——" He was a pleasant little man, always spending next week's pay check, black-haired and blue-eyed, with deeply lined face and Roman nose.

Jake had his own room in the suite, but he was generally out with the bookkeeper and stenographer in the room where the builders and brokers sat around and fished to pass the time. Jake hadn't an awful lot to do. Rob Roy's requirement of him was that he should do things right. He could catch a thorny real-estate question on the fly; he could dictate an interlocutory judgment right onto the typewriter, and crack with a contractor while the machine rattled. Not that he was careless or casual. He knew. There were mighty few questions in his province that he hadn't considered again and again during his ten years in the title factory. And, too, many agreements that other people would want put in writing, with several drafts, interlineations, riders and the seal of the notary, were intrusted by Rob Roy to oral agreement. He wouldn't enter into a written contract with everybody, and an oral agreement doesn't amount to a hoot if it tends to affect the title to realty. It's void. Rob Roy bought that Fifth Avenue corner from Ed Linger, and there wasn't a pen scratch except on the deed. He simply told Ed to come down on a certain day and get his seven hundred thousand if he hadn't decided meanwhile to run out on his word, but sign a contract with him Rob Roy would not. Ed was known to be tricky. His employer's idiosyncrasy lightened Jake's work. He would have had a man's size job to tie Ed Linger so that the fellow couldn't wriggle.

Rob Roy had the big front room with the four capacious Turkish rockers wherein the former state official used to sit and wait for the returns to come in from his ventures. There was a white-marble mantelpiece of the sort that an antique dealer, having an order from a millionaire anxious to hook up with tradition, buys for two dollars and a half over in some wrecking yard and sells for more. A coal fire burned in the grate underneath during the cold months; the building was as old as that. There were black-walnut bookcases under the windows looking down on Wall Street, and an antique Oriental rug on the painted floor. And yet the room did not look dingy and poverty-stricken, as rooms inexpertly fitted up with secondhand furniture generally do; it was cheerful, intimate, disarming.

Two Turkish rockers faced each other before the fire, and Rob Roy's big walnut roll-top was backed against the papered wall in a corner, suggesting to the visitor short on horse sense that business was a side issue here. Even a bright man would be lulled into relaxing by the absence of hustle and bustle. And, in fact, Rob Roy was never pressed for time, and built his deals in an atmosphere of amiable leisure. He did things right the first time. There was really not much detail to his business; he held at most times from fifteen to thirty million dollars' worth of New York real estate, but the improved stuff was all in the hands of local agents—specialists. One firm handled his residential property, one his lofts, another his office buildings; they got their 2 or 3 per cent and left him to his thoughts. He could have taken the management into his own office, and made a bedlam of the place, and been unable to do anything else. He had penetrated the fallacy of the coöperative idea—that, instead of minding your own business, you can mind the other fellow's, too, saving his profit and adding it to yours.

At the time that he built the Lighthouse he was about forty-eight years old, broad shouldered and deep chested and yet spare of flesh; an abstemious man. He wore highly polished and square-toed shoes, with soles as thick as a policeman's. He bought his hats for four dollars apiece from an old established firm on the Bowery, and whether they were felt or straw, they were high-crowned and squarish and heavy and hard, but his shoes came from a fashionable shop on Sixth Avenue at twenty-five dollars a pair. They certainly fitted him, but he would not stand for any time, nor walk slowly, without suddenly stamping his foot and having an apparently critical look at it—one of his few nervous gestures. He was a great walker, disliking conveyances of all kinds. One might meet him anywhere in the city striding along, looking at the houses, stopping across the street from new jobs. He said that he examined property with his feet; they certainly found him some good and overlooked buys—some sleepers.

He had the long face, the long upper lip and the deep-set eyes of the Gael; such faces are sometimes melancholy and spiritual, but much can be done for them by regular habits and long walks—Rob Roy was a brisk and cheery man. His voice was dry and creaking, and rarely changed in tone or color. When he wished to be impressive, in promise or threat, he lowered his tone. Since disentangling himself from the happy-go-lucky National Realties, his success had been unbroken. Royal MacGregor, multimillionaire and plain liver, confidant of a dozen bankers and friend of a hundred patrolmen and letter carriers, acquisitive and spending, conventional and pioneering, refusing his signature and never breaking his word, a church member building his home on the Bright White Way, builder and speculator, called by his friends what he was christened by a vituperative enemy—Rob Roy.

And yet, thinking him over again, I do not know that I have quite captured the essential flavor of the man—there was certainly something predatory in him, though restrained by virtue or policy. He was too fond of stratagems, ambushes and surprises; the grimness of his face in repose, and the heaviness of its lower half suggested that he would have made a notable freebooter if his times had favored the simple plan. His friends must have detected this capability, fusting in him unused, or they would not have found apt the name of an old-time robber chief and driver of other men's black cattle.

II

SAM RENNOLDS introduced the Lighthouse episode. Sam was a practical builder; a long and red-headed man with the huge and durable hands of a journeyman carpenter. Sam had had his card as a wood butcher for many years before becoming a boss. At the moment when he walked into Rob Roy's office with his business affairs occupying his head to the exclusion of all pleasant matters, he was wondering if Fortune was going to give him back his tools.

"Hello, Sam, how's the rush?" asked Jake Wolf.

"Chief in?" inquired Sam, ignoring the polite question.

"Looking for a job?"

"Believe me," said Sam glumly, "I got one."

Rob Roy opened his door, nodded curtly but amiably, and said "Hello, Sam."

"Can I see you, boss?" asked Sam, walking up to him and shaking hands.

"What about, Sam?"

"About that job of mine up on Long Acre Square."

"Is it necessary? Come in a moment." Rob Roy turned on his heel and reëntered his room. "Sit down, Sam."

"The matter with me, boss," said Sam, seating himself, "is that I don't know when I'm well off."

Rob Roy did not comment on this by word or gesture. Sam had been one of his string of builders, had made a killing on a Rob Roy job, and had gone out for himself to make it all.

"Going ahead up there, Sam?"

"Not a wheel turning, and won't be, boss. I'm hooked. You know the property? It's that forty-two-foot-corner on Long Acre that used to belong to the Ducey estate. I bought the lease on it, with ten years still to go. Let's look at the atlas, and ——"

"I know the property very well, Sam. Too bad you didn't speak to me before going in there. I was all over it a year ago, and dropped it on account of the restriction.

"As I recall the matter, the plot is forty-two feet on Long Acre and seventy-five feet deep on the side street. I appraised it at the time at nine hundred thousand dollars. A very fine plot, if it could be used. At the time it was brought in here the property itself wasn't for sale, but there was an old lease on it, with ten or twelve years to go, and that lease could be bought for twenty-five thousand dollars. What did you pay for the lease, Sam?"

(Continued on Page 111)

Lower fire loss means lower insurance costs

America's great red burden—the annual fire loss! How much does it cost every citizen to strike the compensating balance—the inexorable law of economic life?

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W451

(Continued from Page 108)

"A hundred thousand dollars. Oh, they saw me coming." Sam stirred angrily. "I bought the lease because my lawyer told me the restriction in it could be broken. And what does the sucker do now? He writes me a letter this morning telling me he still thinks the restriction is no good, only he finds out the court disagrees with him—he's been to court with Benny Zanders about it—and if I will send him five hundred dollars he will appeal. Can you imagine?"

"Benny Zanders owns the plot now, subject to the lease?"

"Yeah. He bought it at the partition of the Ducey estate. I guess he picked it up figuring that I would throw up the lease Well, he has not got long to wait now. The restriction, written right in the lease, says the property shall be used for the erection of a dwelling house for one family only, and if that restriction can't be broken the lease is worth nothing. You can't even put in a store. Who's going to build a private house on Broadway, and who's going to live in it? When that lease was made, about fifty years ago, they were probably feeding the cows in Long Acre Square, but, boss, it ain't no pasture now. That's the argument my lawyer give me—that times are changed, and this and that. So I shoot my hundred thousand dollars on the lease, and jump in and tear down the old wooden house, and dig out, and figure I will run up offices and stores and clean up big in the next ten years. And now he tells me the court disagrees with him."

"You would have had a gold mine if you broke that restriction, Sam," said Rob Roy, walking slowly up and down. "And there was an outside chance to do it. Jake outside studied the lease at the time, and he thought there was a chance. I wouldn't blame your lawyer particularly. He probably didn't know that the Ducey estate had two other private houses right there—I suppose our friend Benny has them now—so that they were in a position to claim damage. Those restrictions are always doubtful propositions, and nobody knows if they are good or not until the courts construe them. I wouldn't say the gamble wasn't worth a hundred thousand."

"You turned it down at twenty-five, boss, and that's good enough," said Sam. "Well, I didn't know you were over the ground or I wouldn't bother you. I thought you might see an out for me."

Rob Roy stamped a shoe and contemplated it thoughtfully. He raised his bright and sunken eyes to his former follower. "Come in Monday afternoon, Sam, and I'll advise you. But be prepared to be told to hand that lemon to Benny Zanders; he's the only man it's any use to."

"I'll lose twenty-five hundred a year the rest of my life," growled Sam, "before I will let him make a dime off me. Of course, there's the taxes to pay too. Oh, what a come-on!"

"You're mixing business and pleasure, Sam," said Rob Roy, patting his shoulder. "Twenty-five hundred per annum is the ground rent? Come in Monday."

At three o'clock Rob Roy left his office and walked uptown, heel and toe from Wall Street to Long Acre Square above Forty-second, making the journey in little more than an hour. He went up Broadway, passing Fourteenth Street where had been New York's amusement district twenty years before, passing Madison Square wherein O. Henry warmed the benches while he besought ugly and venomous tramps for the precious jewels of stories that they bore in their heads, passing Greeley Square and Thirty-fourth Street, beyond which, it was confidently said ten years before, the bright lights could not go, passing Forty-second Street, which was the new northern dead line.

Rob Roy had garnered several sizable fortunes by keeping just ahead of the march of the theaters and their numerous auxiliaries up Broadway, and he was well acquainted with the current real-estate superstitions, disbelieving them cautiously. His scientific doubts were strengthened now by the sight of a theater crawling up out of the ground on the square above the putative dead line.

He came to Sam Rennolds' job. This was now an unsightly hole in the ground, partly filled with the rubbish of a wrecked house, circumscribed by planks on barrels, and officially watched over by a tramp who chose rather to sleep in a toolhouse and be paid for it than to snooze fitfully in Bryant Park and have his broken soles fanned by a policeman's locust.

The site was commanding; a building thereon could have been seen from afar off, would have been seen from sidewalks crowded from gutter to building line by people mostly come to gape. He liked the site more than ever, raising his opinion of it another fifty thousand dollars.

He returned to Forty-second Street, walked east to Park Avenue and ascended to the office of Benny Zanders. Benny Zanders, then one of New York's principal real-estate operators, did business in a four-room suite. In the large outer room behind the three glass-partitioned offices was a table eighteen feet long; on the table were the particulars of the properties Benny had to sell, each building being represented by a mimeographed slip giving rent roll, mortgages, price and terms; twelve million dollars' worth of property was lying on the table. Brokers pawed over the slips, taking what of them they wished to offer to clients. Other brokers sat and waited to offer Benny good things; they knew he would give them a prompt yes or no—generally no—and that he would not require time for prayer and meditation or to go home and talk to his wife before he spent a hundred thousand dollars. In the New York real-estate market, where a bargain is a lump of fat pork among sharks, Benny snapped fastest of all, and the brokers liked that. Nor did he seek to make his fortune on each buy; he would pay half a million for a house, mark it up ten thousand dollars, and throw it onto the table.

Benny's door opened promptly and he appeared, pushing an importunate broker before him. "Go out, young man," he said in a low and hurried voice. "Ain't I told you the property is my own? Go look on the table. . . . Come in, Mr. MacGregor."

"He wanted to sell you your own property," chuckled Rob Roy appreciatively, entering and closing the door.

"Sure," said Benny with a bright smile. "An apartment house. I own it so long—almost two months—I forget it is mine. So then comes this young man and offers it to me—he got it from some other broker who don't tell him the owner—and I tell him, sure, I will take it, and go get me a contract. Just now he brings me the contract, and wants to sue me for a commission if I don't buy. Well, it's a good advertisement, ain't it? My properties are so cheap, I buy them myself!"

His prominent black eyes winked rapidly and his underjaw wagged, causing his flowing black beard to rise and fall on his narrow chest. Benny was an immigrant; it wasn't ten years since he had come through The Narrows, and now he didn't know himself how much he was worth, being too busy to stop to count. He was purely a trader, knowing no more of construction than the patrolman in the street, producing nothing but a market. He knew that most building in New York was speculative, with no gold buried in the walls, shaving the rigid requirements of the city departments with no margin either way. He let a fifty-dollar-a-week clerk look at the houses for him; all Benny asked, was the financial statement.

"Perhaps, then," said Rob Roy, "you have forgotten that you own a forty-two-foot plot and two abutting houses over on Long Acre Square."

"Are you come to sell it to me?"

"I'll sell you the lease on the forty-two feet."

"How much?"

"Seventy thousand dollars."

"I don't want it."

"Make me a bid."

"Ten thousand—no more."

"No."

"Listen, MacGregor. I don't got to buy in that lease, understand me? You mean the ten-year lease Sam Rennolds got, ain't it? Well, what good is that lease to my friend Sam? He can't build nothing there but a private house, not while I own the land and those adjoining private houses."

"That seems to be what the court held, though I think it's against common sense in view of the change in the neighborhood. However, you're both playing dog in the manger. A very sweet thing is going to waste there while you're at odds. He can't get it while you keep that fool restriction alive, but he can keep you out of it for the next ten years."

"I wonder," said Benny.

"About what?"

"Listen, MacGregor," said Benny, leaning over his flat-topped golden-oak desk. "There was a old house on that plot when my friend Sam took it, ain't it? Well, I ain't giving you news when I tell you that improvements goes to the owner of the land when the lease is expired. That old house was mine, ain't it? But my friend Sam tears the house down. I don't say nothing, because I suppose he will give me a bond to put up a new house and just as good, like he got a right to do under the lease. Well, I wouldn't be hard on him. He could give me a bond now and put up a new house, or he could take my ten thousand dollars."

"You want him to put up a modern residence in place of the old frame house that was on the plot?"

"Well," said Benny, spreading his hands, "might he could put up an old house. My friend Sam is a great builder. But if he don't put up a house now, he is breaking his lease. Tell him to read it."

"You're no fool, Benny," said Rob Roy testingly. "You yourself are using your two houses in the rear for something beside private residence."

"I am not, MacGregor, because I am no fool. That is just why the judge wouldn't let my friend Sam break the restriction.

(Continued on Page 113

A Rice Field and Cocoa Palm in Hawaii

Ding! Ding!

Let's go! If you are still using "horse car" methods in this electrical age, it's time to "transfer." You've reached the end of the line, without getting your money's worth.

In floor cleaning, for instance! Mopping and pole brush scrubbing do not get floors really clean. To keep floors even half-way clean with such methods will take more workers and more hours than necessary.

Electric Scrubbing is an established fact. The FINNELL Electric Floor Machine is the first and foremost in the field. Nine thousand users know that it scrubs floors far cleaner than other methods, in a fraction of the time. The FINNELL routs dirt from every crevice, scours floor surfaces of all kinds free from grease, grit, grime, and stains.

The FINNELL waxes and polishes too. Ideal to preserve and beautify linoleum.

Free Booklet. "Your Questions Answered by Users," gives full information about the FINNELL for business concerns and institutions. Address

FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc.
1012 N. Collier St. Hannibal, Mo.

Floor Machine headquarters for twenty years

District offices in principal cities of U. S. A.
Standard Bank Building, Ottawa, Ont., Canada
114 Southampton Row, London, W. C. 1, England
Kungsgatan 65, Stockholm, Sweden

FINNELL
ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

It Waxes
It Polishes
It Scrubs

HOUSEHOLD FINNELL
There is now a Finnell for home use. If interested ask for booklet, "Beautiful Floors."

WATCH YOUR THROAT!

The warning signal

MORE serious illnesses than you can count on the fingers of both hands start with the warning signal, an irritated throat.

A tickle in your throat is nature's way of saying "Look out—Danger ahead: the bacteria are getting the upper hand!" Naturally, too, because the throat is the open door for infection. It is the ideal breeding place for disease germs.

And in spite of this, so many of us neglect throat protection! A good, healthy body will be able to throw off the attacks of many bacteria, but very often the human system is not in the proper condition to fight them back.

When you think of your throat in this way, it seems amazing that more people do not take the proper precaution against illnesses that start with throat infection. Particularly, when the safe antiseptic, Listerine, is as near at hand as any corner drug store.

Be on the safe side these winter days. Use Listerine regularly as a mouth wash and gargle. ***Also, then, you will be on the polite side with regard to that insidious condition, halitosis (unpleasant breath).***—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Risk a quarter!

Risk a quarter on our reputation. Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste. Our reputation won't suffer.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

(Continued from Page 111)

Sam claims the neighborhood is all changed, but the judge says, 'No. There is Benny Zanders sitting with two private houses yet, and that gives him a equity to make you build nothing but a private. If Benny Zanders would use his houses for business, I would let you use yours too. I give equity to people that do equity. Benny Zanders has clean hands.' Come, MacGregor, you will tell Sam he is a lucky guy to get ten thousand."

"Make it fifty, and I may advise him to take it."

Benny reflected, weighing Sam Rennolds' chance of getting out of the trap into which he had fallen. He pursed his red lips and shook his head.

"Too much already I am offering him, MacGregor, but I wouldn't go back on my word. I will give him one week to take the ten thousand or give me a bond for a new house."

"I'll advise him to give you the bond and sit tight."

"All right!" said Benny, singing the word. "He will sit, and I will sit, and we will see who will get tired."

"It's a crime to let that plot lie idle," said Rob Roy, rising. "Will you sell, Benny?"

"No."

"I'll take the lease myself and give you a hundred thousand dollars to lift that restriction and let me put up the right improvement."

"No."

"You won't buy and you won't sell?"

"No. Except, for one week I will pay for that lease ten thousand dollars. If he don't take it, he gives me a bond for a new house, or the judge gives me the lease back for nothing. MacGregor"—Benny's long slender hand closed fast—"I got Sam Rennolds just like that, understand me?"

Rob Roy mulled the matter over after leaving Benny Zanders' office. His interest in the affair was not purely charitable; a plot that would bear a ground rent of forty-five or fifty thousand a year was lying idle. He pondered without avail, seeking to find a way to take that wasted value to himself.

III

BEFORE Benny Zanders' stipulated week was up, Sam Rennolds had given him a surety-company bond for fifteen thousand dollars, the condition of which was that he should erect on the forty-two-foot corner on Long Acre Square a private residence for one family only, and equal or superior in value to the old frame residence that he had demolished.

Rob Roy had advised Sam to give the bond to prevent losing his lease, telling him that he had no alternative and that he had been woefully reckless in buying the lease and tearing down when he had merely a sidewalk opinion that he could put up a paying improvement. Rob Roy told him that it was now a good business risk to give the bond and proceed to build the residence, as it was the only likely way to bring Benny around to seeing their common advantage in compromising. He warned Sam explicitly not to fall asleep while sitting alongside Benny Zanders and waiting for him to tire. Benny, he said, was sharp.

The bond was tendered and accepted, with whatsoever reluctance. Benny then contemplated the unpleasing prospect of receiving only twenty-five hundred a year for ten years as rent for a property worth nearly a million dollars. Of course, when he bought the property from the Ducey estate, he had liberally discounted its value because of its legal condition. He had paid for it, as a matter of fact, less than half a million. But Benny was not the man to be content with conserving his money. He must certainly have pondered ways and means to oust the unlucky ex-carpenter from the plot.

There is no good evidence that he sent Harry Bowe to Sam Rennolds; but Bowe certainly played Benny's game for him. This Bowe was a court stenographer, clearing some three or four hundred dollars a month. He seems to have been a dreamer; his work was mechanical and left his mind free to go woolgathering for a fortune. He was a large and cocksure man, and persuasive, being used to listening to argument all day and transcribing it at night.

He sought Sam Rennolds out and said, "I know lots of big politicians, and I have a red-hot tip, and I want you to give me a chance to use it. Do you know there is going to be a new traverse of the Subway under Long Acre Square? Sh-h! To relieve the Times Square exits. Sixty-five feet of it will be under your property, meaning one hundred and thirty running feet of wall space, both sides of the crowd coming and going."

"What about it?" asked Sam without eagerness. "A new Subway stairs don't do me no good because I can't put stores in."

"What about all that advertising space?" demanded Bowe, crowding him. "Advertising is the big money-maker today—I know lots of big advertising men. Do you know how much is paid for that light sign on the Thompson Building roof? Five thousand a month. Have you any idea what that big sign on Forty-fourth Street and Broadway pays? Ten grand a month! Mister, they will pay any price for advertising space down that way, and here's a chance to get at the customers before they even get upstairs. Mister, I'm on the inside. I'll pay you fifteen thousand a year for that space, and you don't have to have pity on me either."

"But I can't rent it to you," said Sam.

"I'll take a chance on that, if you think anybody can stop you. Money talks, eh? We'll get up an agreement that that space is mine for five years at twelve hundred and fifty a month, and I will put up five hundred dollars cash. Here, I will give you this ten dollars now for a deposit to show *bona fides*. Take it, mister!"

"You can't stampede me by flashing real money," blustered Sam. "Put it away. But I guess you mean business, so I will tell you what the facts are. I can't rent you that space because I have only a lease on the property and it says I must not use it for business."

"Who's the man with the say?" asked Bowe.

"Benny Zanders, the big operator. He owns the property, and I got only a ten-year lease. It's no good for me to talk to him."

"Let me, mister," offered Bowe. "He may be rough and tough, but I'll talk him into a lovers' knot. We'll go right down there and lay the cards on the table before him, and he don't have to play if he don't want to. Where's his office? Let's catch a cab. I'll pay for it."

In the cab he gave Sam a good cigar and told him which end to put in his mouth. "Smoke up, Sam," he said, holding a match. "What's your man's first name—Sam? . . . Benny, eh? Well, we are going to tell Benny straight out what the deal is, see? I believe in giving every man what's for him. I didn't fish around with you and make you a bum offer? We'll tell Benny what the offer is, and if he sees enough in it for both of you, let him go to it.

"But here's a thought, Sam—get this. I can't tell Benny that the space I want is down in that new Subway traverse. That's inside info that only the big boys are hep to, and they would be sore on me. Let's see how we'll put it."

"We can say you are renting the advertising space under the ground," suggested Sam after deep reflection.

"And maybe he will think you are going to put ads on your coal bin, will he?" scoffed Bowe. "Sam, how far is it from the street level to the window sills on the first floor of the house you are going to build?"

"About three feet."

"There it is! We'll say I'm leasing off you all the wall space below the windows on the first floor, and he'll never tumble. If he consents to that we got him hooked, and we'll draw up our agreement."

(Continued on Page 115)

THE TUX

Correct in style, in snugly clinging fit, and in the comfort that custom fit brings, this zephyr-weight patent leather dress oxford is as timely for an unexpected gift as for expected holiday "affairs" Walk-Overs, according to style and grade, are priced at $7, $8.50, $10, and $12.

This style in this grade, $10

When custom orders dress shoes *make* custom-comfort your comfort-custom

YOU are dressed for the occasion without that "all-dressed-up" feeling, in Walk-Overs. You slip confident feet down into their easy-fitting welcome. Then wedding-march, dance, or stand in a reception line in smartly styled, correct-for-the-occasion shoes with fireside slipper comfort. Walk-Overs are custom-fitted to an actual foot, not just a standard size. To make their personal fit your custom comfort, walk on this trade-mark: *Walk-Over*

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

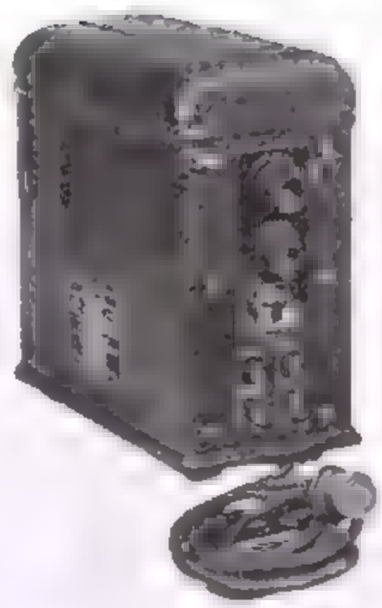
The diagram at the left shows, in black, the empty space left in ordinary shoe heels. This is why shoes gape at the top and heel. At the right, the diagram shows how the exclusive Walk-Over pear-shaped heel fits and clings

Walk-Over Shoes

for men and women

© 1920, G. E. K. Co.

WILLARD RADIO BATTERIES and POWER UNITS


Harmless solution
Solution level always visible
No tubes to replace
Will operate sets using power tubes
Full regulation for amplifier voltages
Full regulation for detector voltages
There are only four connections to make
Plug can be left permanently in socket

The Willard "B" Power Unit

This very different "B" Power Unit can be *depended* upon to deliver a continuous flow of steady "B" power in any type of 1 to 10-tube radio set, including those using power tubes in their audio stages.

Operation is extremely simple. Two knobs give complete voltage control. No tubes to wear out. No acid, either. Rugs are safe, and as there are no fumes to corrode metal parts or wiring of your radio set, cabinet installations are practical.

The Willard "A" Power Unit

Gives you storage battery reception with lamp socket convenience. Its two-speed selective charger insures full "A" battery power at all times. This Unit also charges storage "B" batteries.

Willard "A" and "B" Batteries

Don't forget that 175 leading broadcasting stations standardize on Willard Radio Batteries for voice amplification.

This is one of the most exacting jobs a radio battery ever is called upon to do. And it's the selfsame job batteries do in your own radio set.

You, too, can depend on Willards to give you better results, and because you can keep Willards charged your set is always ready for the program you want, *when you want it.*

For sale by the **Willard Battery** *men and authorized radio dealers*

(Continued from Page 113)

They entered Benny Zanders' office. Bowe strode into the presence of the operator. "Hello, Benny," he said breezily. "Meet Harry Bowe, that's me. Benny, meet my friend, Sam Rennolds, the builder. Oh, but you know him already, don't you? That's right. Well, Benny, Sam and I have a deal on, and we want your blessing. He has a lease on a corner over there on Long Acre, but he says you have a half nelson on him and he can't talk until you let go. Well, the situation is that I want to lease some advertising space from him for a flyer, so what do you say?"

"What space, young man?" asked Benny.

"Just the wall area below the window sills of the first floor."

"Just the three feet or so between the sidewalk and the window sills," said Sam.

"The space below the window sills," repeated Bowe, staring harshly at Sam.

"How much would you pay for that, young man?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars, Benny."

Benny Zanders passed a hand down his beard and looked benevolent. "Well, I tell you what I will do," he said. "Sam here is a poor man, and I wouldn't be hard on him. I would let him rent that space to you if he would give to me another seventy-five hundred a year on his lease."

"What!" exclaimed Sam. "Seventy-five hundred a year for that little bit of space? You must think people are crazy."

"Sh-h-h!" warned Bowe behind his hand.

"This young man must be twicet as crazy," argued Benny logically.

"Sure," said Bowe. "I think Benny's very fair."

"Well, let it go at that," said Sam. "I will pay you ten thousand a year instead of twenty-five hundred, and you let me lease that space under the window sills for advertising. Only"—he colored under Benny's dead-black eyes—"I ain't got the plans all completed yet, so you better say: 'All the space under the window sills, no matter where it is.'"

"It's under the window sills, ain't it?" said Benny.

"Of course," agreed Sam. "But I wouldn't want any argument about this, so you better say in what you put in the lease: 'All the space under the window sills, no matter how much.' You see, I ain't got the plans completed yet, and it might be a little more or less."

"All the space under the windows, no matter how much," repeated Benny. "Why not? Did you bring the lease? We could fix it up right away, if you and this young man get together."

"Have you got that five hundred with you?" demanded Sam of Bowe.

"Rearing to go," said Bowe, slapping his pocket.

"Then come on downstairs," said Sam, jumping up. "I know a notary near here on Sixth Avenue, and he will write it all out shipshape. He knows more than forty lawyers. . . . I'll be right back, Mr. Zanders, when I get this fixed up, and I'm much obliged to you for letting me make a dollar on that plot. I'll leave the lease here, and you can fix it up, but don't forget to put in: 'No matter how much!'"

"If you want it," said Benny, lifting an eyebrow at Bowe.

The ex-carpenter and the court stenographer departed in the direction of Sixth Avenue and found the notary public. He put their agreement into writing, inserting whereases and wherefores where he thought they sounded best, and making, all in all, not a bad fist at the work. Telescoped, the agreement said that whereas the party of the first part thought there was to be a Subway traverse under the property of the party of the second part, therefore the said party of the first part would pay fifteen thousand a year for five years for the use of the wall space in the passageway, in equal monthly installments beginning six months thereafter, five hundred dollars being paid in hand on account of the first month's rent. And Bowe ceremoniously handed Sam Rennolds five hundred dollars in cash and gathered up his signed, sealed and acknowledged copy of the agreement.

"But don't forget not to let Benny hear about that new Subway," enjoined Bowe earnestly. "He let you off easy because he thought he was soaking you a stiff price for that space under the windows."

"I'm wise," grumbled Sam, looking very cunning.

He went back to Benny Zanders' office and signed the interlineation in Benny Zanders' lease. Benny signed the change in Sam's copy, called in a notary to take the acknowledgments, shook hands with Sam, and shoved him out the door. It's a known fact, attested to by several brokers who wouldn't misstate except in the way of business, that Benny promptly put that Long Acre plot onto his table, offering it for sale as if he owned it free of the lease. This is not conclusive proof that he had conspired with Harry Bowe to raise Sam Rennolds' rent so high that Sam would have to let go or bleed freely—Benny often offered properties for sale first, and bought them later—but it's a fact to weigh.

IV

"IN THE first place, Sam," said Rob Roy patiently, "a private owner can't put advertising in the Subway just because it abuts on his property. You ought to know that, Sam. In the second place, you grossly overestimated the advertising possibilities of that supposed tunnel under your plot. And in the third place, there isn't going to be any tunnel there. You're bringing your goods to market after the fair, Sam. There was talk, six months ago, about cutting in a new exit or two, and I investigated it at the time, and found out that it wasn't going to be done. Your friend Bowe got a delayed wire—that is, supposing that he wasn't merely playing ball with Benny Zanders."

"You know, boss, I've thought of that too," said Sam.

"You're now obliged to pay Benny Zanders seventy-five hundred a year to put in a strip of advertising along your house wall where practically nobody could see it. The bigger the crowd on the sidewalk, the fewer people would get a glimpse of it. Advertising space along Broadway is immensely valuable—that goes without saying; but what you have agreed to pay for is a joke."

"What am I going to do, boss?"

"Can you afford to pay Benny Zanders ten thousand a year until he comes to terms? If you convince him that you'll do it, I think he'll quit, and will buy in your lease at something like what it is worth."

"Out of the question, boss. If I put up that private house he is insisting on, I will just about have shot my bolt, and I will not be able to sit down and take a loss. And it is a whole lot more than ten thousand dollars too."

"How much are your taxes?"

"Fifteen thousand a year on the ground. I have to pay that under the lease. It's a net lease, boss. If I could have broke that restriction, I could have got a building loan on the lease for six-story stores and offices, and it would have paid so big that I would be willing to give the building to Zanders when the lease was up, but now I will not even be able to get a loan for the private house. Who is going to lend me to put up a private house on Broadway? It would all have to come out of my pocket, boss, and I simply haven't got it. Well, this is the end of Sam Rennolds. I'm blown out like a match. I better insure myself for the wife, and jump in the East River."

"Let me have that lease, Sam," said Rob Roy.

He lit a slender Havana from the walnut humidor, seated himself in a Turkish rocker before the fire, and read carefully the clause in the lease that had impelled Sam Rennolds to consider the business possibilities of a jump from an East River dock:

> A strictly private residence for one family only, without stores, and to be used for no business purpose whatsoever. Provided, however, that the outer walls of said private residence below the first tier of windows may be used for exposing advertising signs of such nature and size as the tenant may elect, and however deep said walls may be below said first tier of windows.

"Benny was willing to oblige you and put the exception in that indefinite form because he knew you had your absurd contract with Bowe in mind; and he didn't want your increased rent to be connected in any way with that contract. As the clause stands, he's giving you a good and valid consideration for your increased rent, and I dare say he could hold you to it in court. We'll have Jake's opinion on that."

"Never mind Jake," said Sam. "I'm done with suing, boss."

"Long Acre Square," said Rob Roy suddenly, "would be a very convenient place to live, if it weren't for the noise and traffic and crowds."

"If it wasn't," agreed Sam.

"I rather think I'd like to live there myself!"

"I know where you can rent a nice new private house, if you'll pay over two thousand a month."

"Is Mile High out there yet?" called Rob Roy.

The big colored man entered.

"Mile High," said his employer, reaching for pencil and paper, "what percentage of the ordinary fireproof job is the cost of the steel?"

"Twelve to 18 per cent, about, sir," said Mile High. He spoke always in a hushed voice, making commonplace remarks in a thrilling undertone. One item in his vast building experience in New York was a fall down a dumbwaiter shaft, fourteen stories, or a hundred and forty perpendicular feet. He saved his life by pressing his elbows and knees against the rushing walls of the shute, but he landed in the cellar with vocal cords permanently muted, perhaps from intensive yelling.

"And there would be no interior weight to carry," said Rob Roy interestedly. "How would you rough the brickwork—about 8 to 10 per cent?"

"More or less, sir. Varying, of course, according as the walls carry themselves or are carried on the steel. Well, that's a stand-off. What you save on the brick you lose on the steel."

"There'd be no interior partitions in this job," said Rob Roy, leaning back to stare at his superintendent. "No arches, no carpenter work, no plumbing or steam fitting."

"Going to build a shot tower, sir?" said Mile High lightly.

"We're going to build a private residence for one family only, with advertising below the first tier of windows," said Rob Roy, cracking a smile. "Sam, I want an option on your lease for what it cost you. Sit down, Mile High. Wait outside, Sam. Send Jake in here to us."

Before that week was done a cellar digger was grubbing in the forty-two-foot corner plot on Long Acre Square, and the rubbish was swinging up to the waiting trucks. Dirt followed, sand, hardpan; trenches were excavated; pier holes went down to the living rock. Steel erectors came, American men with friendly profanity and the latest tunes to whistle as they set up the derrick that would climb with them from the bowels of the earth to the flag that they would fly from the ultimate peak. They set the steel shoes, and the mason's men grouted them in. Over swung the tall steel columns, dangling like matches in the mighty grip of the derrick.

A thicket of red columns sprouted from the hole; they put forth red beams now, like branches. The erectors walked the beams, tying them to the columns with bolts; more columns swung up to them, and they shoved bolts into those until it was time to plumb. Smiths appeared in the air, blowing their bellows; white-hot rivets flew about like gay birds, and were neatly trapped in steel buckets. The riveters knocked out the bolts, slipped in the glowing rivets, and pounded them with tremendous din of steam hammers.

The curtain walls, black with masons, rose above the street level and crept upward, swallowing the steelwork. The steel went up and up, and the brick and hollow tile climbed doggedly after it. Broadway looked and stopped and looked again, and tried to make out what sort of building was being put up, but Broadway's experience was inadequate. Broadway was looking at a building without doors or windows or permanent openings, was witnessing construction of a sort that had been infrequent since the Egyptians topped out their highly advertised pyramids.

Workers in light iron came and pinned platforms of steel rods to the two street faces of the strange building, one platform above another, all the way up the soaring faces to where, more than two hundred feet in the air, roofers were setting a jutting copper cornice. Now there was a trickle of carpenters, plumbers, steam fitters and houseworkers in other mediums than masonry and structural steel. The gallery of loafers that had reported with the cellar digger, and that had not relaxed its burning curiosity since, saw steel casement windows, and fireproofed trim and flooring, radiators, and other material for the construction of a first-class private residence. Stenographers, looking from the windows of skyscrapers, saw a pretty château, or chalet, being built on the synthetic mountain of steel and stone; if they held their jobs long enough they saw gardeners planting in deep terra-cotta boxes. Rob Roy was building his house.

We are not concerned here with the short but costly legal battle that established Rob Roy's right to rent the wall space below his first tier of windows. Benny Zanders gave him battle. His application for an injunction was refused because, the judge said, there was nothing ambiguous about that interpolated clause in the lease; he had given the tenant the right to make the walls as high, as deep, as he chose, *carte blanche*.

And Rob Roy made his basement, or cellar, deep enough to contain an upended tramp steamer. When he walked in his garden of evenings, he could see the red sun go down behind Weehawken; below him was the slender island of Manhattan that sold for twenty-four dollars as acreage in the rough; to the northeast was the Dutchmen's Hell Gate in the East River, famous, until the first decade of this century, for its large striped bass and its larger breweries, and beyond Hell Gate lay darkening and diminishing Long Island. He had picked a pretty site; a retired spot whose peace was accentuated by the deep and murmurous hum of the distant streets. Nowadays there is atop New York's skyscrapers an extremely select cottage colony composed of people of refined tastes and six-figure bank balances; Rob Roy was a pioneer.

The Lighthouse—it stood until of late, and many will remember it—is said to have cost Rob Roy one hundred and eighty thousand dollars to build. Multitudes will remember the automobiles, outlined in fire, that raced up the building's vast façade to the unvarying victory, just below the obscuring cornice, of the car whose manufacturer was paying for the performance. Most New Yorkers came to believe that the race was fixed, and made no bones about saying so to their visiting friends, warning them not to lay bets with the prowling sharpers in the square.

Benny Zanders held no grudge against Rob Roy for outsmarting him, even on the first night that the building was put to its bizarre purpose, when it was bruited about that Rob Roy had sublet the sign privilege to the Gower Electric Display Company for ten years at a total rent of a million and a half dollars. Benny was too good a business man to waste vitality on grudges.

"A smart man," said Benny equably. "He makes for himself a profit of a hundred thousand a year from what I give to him for seventy-five hundred, and lives rent free. Alri-i-ght! That's good advertising for me, ain't it?"

THERE are proved ways and unproved ways in skin care. The wise woman chooses the proved way.

The rule printed in the text at the right is probably responsible for more naturally clear and youthful skins than any other method known.

It is one any one can follow without expense or bother. Its results are proved on every side.

Choose Your Age—*Don't accept the verdict of the years*

This simple rule in daily care is preserving youthful charm for thousands . . . follow it for one week, note the difference that comes

"BE forty if you must, but never for an instant look it," is the modern woman's doctrine.

Youth can be safeguarded. That's proved on every side today. Thirty manages to look twenty, forty to look thirty under present methods in skin care.

The right way is the natural way. It starts with soap and water, with pores kept clean and open so as to naturally perform their functions.

Do that in the right way, with the right kind of soap, and you will be surprised at the results that come. Leading skin specialists have learned that proper cleansing is probably responsible for more youthful skins beyond the allotted time than any other method known. Try this for a week and note the result.

The rule and how to follow it

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats wharsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price 10c

Health may become a shadow unless you guard The Danger Line

For you this new knowledge may mean the priceless gift of health

WHAT more precious gift can there be than vigorous, buoyant health? So priceless—yet so easily lost!

In this new knowledge of The Danger Line you may find the secret for safeguarding your health—or perhaps you may discover the cause of tiredness, loss of energy, low spirits. . . .

Science tells us this

No tooth-brush can reach into all the pits and crevices in your teeth, or at the vital point where teeth and gums meet—The Danger Line. In these places food collects, ferments and forms acids. These acids are the cause of most tooth decay and gum infections.

One bad tooth can directly affect your entire system. This is because the teeth share in the blood supply. The same circulatory system which supplies them with nourishment and carries off their waste, also comes in contact with every part of the body. Poisonous substances carried off from bad teeth, or from Pyorrhea pockets, may lodge in any other organ and tissue and cause disease.

This is why neglected teeth can cause such varied disorders as neuralgia, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

The acids must be neutralized

It follows, therefore, that to safeguard your health, the dangerous acids in your mouth must be prevented from attacking your teeth and gums. Since your tooth-brush alone cannot protect you, you must make your dentifrice do so.

One dentifrice today wards off danger: Squibb's Dental Cream. For Squibb's contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, long recognized by dental and medical authorities as the safest and most effective oral antacid known. Every time you use Squibb's Dental Cream, the Milk of Magnesia lodges in the tiniest pits and crevices. There it remains, neutralizing the acids, preventing decay, reducing the peril of Pyorrhea. And it stays for a considerable time, too, giving protection all the while.

Brush your teeth regularly with Squibb's Dental Cream. It will keep your teeth clean. It will soothe and strengthen tender gums. It will promote the hygienic condition of the entire mouth. It contains nothing to injure or irritate the most sensitive tissues. At all druggists'—40 cents a large tube.

In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

Because teeth need more than brushing. They must be protected at The Danger Line. Try this simple test—Tonight, just before going to bed, pour a tablespoonful of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in water, swallow a part of it—and use the rest to swish about the mouth and as a gargle. You will be surprised in the morning to find how clean and sweet your mouth feels. The Milk of Magnesia will not only have neutralized the acids in your mouth, but sweetened your stomach also. The same result may be obtained by using Squibb's Dental Cream—it contains over 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. © 1926

SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM
Contains over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

THE JOY GIRL

(Continued from Page 40)

"Who is he?" said Courage in a harsh thin voice, breathing hard.

Silence.

"The—the gentleman you told me about, Jewel, who will take you abroad for a honeymoon all over the world?" cried Mrs. Courage, still reaching for straws. "That is the gentleman, darling?"

Silence.

"Told you about, and you never told me?" said Courage. "You'll neither of you ever seem to believe you've got a man in the family. Neither of you has ever given me my father's due. It was always so."

"Tell father, Jewel," cried her mother. Silence. "He's awfully rich, Herbert," said Mrs. Courage from pale lips. "She met him at these smart places she goes to, didn't you, Jewel? He fell in love at first sight, didn't he, Jewel? He can give her the earth, can't he, duckie?"

"No, mother," said Jewel.

"Who is he?" said Courage once more.

"A servant, father—a chauffeur."

There broke from Mrs. Courage a long moan that brought Courage nearer to her, laying a hand on her shoulder, and asking, "Do you tell us, Jewel, that you have married a servant, of the servant class?" in a voice as bloodless as his face.

"I—I thought he was a gentleman. I didn't know ——"

"Then he deceived you?"

"Yes, but ——"

"But?"

"—— I deceived him too."

Moving forward slowly, Courage pulled out two chairs from the table. There was great deliberation in all his words and acts. There was also, for the first time in many years, in this great troubled moment, real authority.

"Sit down, mother. Sit down, Jewel."

Sitting at the table, she answered her father's questions until he knew the story.

XII

MRS. COURAGE was broken, harried by a hundred shames and regrets. Out of her love and her longing she had been an untrusty guide, a false counselor. There sat her treasure, all she had of heaven on earth, lost, doomed, with the ring of bondage upon her finger. In spite of all their dreams, their hopes, aspirations and ambitions, she had been drawn, like her mother, into a marriage of meager income and hardship; she was going to walk in the ranks of the women who toiled and pinched and grew unlovely. She had, even, descended the social ladder. There was no hope for her.

For Jewel and her mother and her father saw for the first time eye to eye. She was married. Marriage is marriage. She must pick up the load and carry it.

"I am a married woman," said Jewel, with that new look in her eyes, and they nodded.

"Yes," said Mrs. Courage, streaming tears.

"Yes," said a very sad Courage as he tried with a quivering hand to wipe them away

"I'm done for," said Jewel.

They nodded. They accepted the fact of crushing defeat. They had seen valiant people defeated before. Once they themselves had felt quite valiant. They had learned to bend the head and bow the knee and toe the line to the rules of life. Rebellion was not in their consideration at all. One grumbled; one suffered; one surrendered. While as for such an act as this, punishment must follow. At their age they knew.

Life was too big for people. Only the very strong, the very clever, the very rich rode on the crest of the wave which submerged the others.

"It's been my fault," quivered Mrs. Courage.

But Courage, for the first time in years without his carpings, his grievances—

"You've done your best, my girl. There's been—a big mistake."

"I made it," whispered Jewel.

"You're young," said her father suddenly, wearied and gentle. "You wouldn't believe it could ever be satisfied—all this craving of yours. You wouldn't be told ——"

"I didn't tell her"—from Mrs. Courage.

"Now, my girl, now don't cry so. You wouldn't be told, Jewel. You thought life was like a prize-giving show. It isn't." He shook his head. "You know now. You've reached out too far."

"I thought—I thought the world had altered since your time."

"All young folks think their parents backward. Now you know. You've made your bed."

"My baby! My baby!" wept Mrs. Courage.

"It's early," said Courage, glancing at the clock on the mantel. "Time for me to have a talk with your husband this evening, Jewel, if we can get at him."

"After I left him I telegraphed him my home address, father."

She had telegraphed after she had left John Jeffrey Fleet, on her way to Dulwich. But she had left John Jeffrey out of the story that she told her little thin gray parents. Of what did he avail her now?

"He'll be here soon, no doubt," Mrs. Courage said faintly.

"If he isn't," answered Courage, "I shall go after him."

"Father!"

"Yes, I shall, Jewel. My girl, people like us haven't much in the way of the spectacular to stand up for; but our principles we can stand by. Mother and I have always stood by our principles, such as they are. The strongest of them is this: There's no toying and trifling with marriage. Marriage is marriage. When two people are married they've got to try to make the best of it."

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Courage, surrendered to her tears.

"I know," said Jewel.

"So if he isn't here by 6:30 ——"

They sat waiting: just bandying vain arguments and regrets. Presently 6:30 chimed.

"We'll go to his address."

"We?"

"I'll take Jewel," said Courage sternly.

"Then I'll go too!"

"Very well, mother," said Courage quietly.

Jewel had nothing to say. But she walked upstairs to powder her face, carmine her pale lips. This she did in her little room—the room that had seemed so absurd—before the familiar mirror that had seemed so contemptibly small. She did it with care; and combed her hair and gave her shining nails a fillip, too, with the polishing pad. She was ready.

She stood by her dressing table with her head poised gallantly and looked about the room. Her narrow straight bed, with a pink silk coverlet that once Flora the Faithful had made her for a birthday present.

Then she became aware that her mother stood in the doorway, hat and coat on, looking at her with haunted eyes that spelled fear; and that her mother knew all about her slow gaze round that sanctuary, at the straight narrow bed.

"I wish I were staying here tonight, surely just for tonight ——"

Her mother, driven even through her fear by the unquestioned conventions that had strictly ruled her life, the conventions that had forced on her incredible numbers of stupid small sacrifices and surrenders till now she was bowed to them, answered, evading: "We must see that happens."

"Well, I don't much care," said Jewel gallantly, but she looked like a young hare with the greyhounds coursing close behind her. She looked as if the ultimate scream of the young and hopeless hare might break at any moment from her tight carmine mouth. "I don't much care."

Mrs. Courage knew only too well that her bravado was grand and blind bravado. She did not know, did not guess yet—the child—what her marriage really held for her. Mrs. Courage knew vaguely, though she could not have articulated it, that scrub water, dish water, work stains are not the worst of the things that foul and destroy. And yet marriage was marriage. Once done, it couldn't be undone. A drastic and humble-hearted trial must be made of it anyway.

"Father's waiting."

Then they went down again into the slit of hall, where Courage was buttoning himself into the better of his two overcoats and reaching for his Sunday bowler hat. They stoked the dining-room fire with coal dust, turned down the hall gas to a glimmer, locked every door; performed, in spite of their agony, every one of the trivial and homely actions appropriate to leaving the house empty.

Through the snowy, blowy evening they traveled westward. They did not speak. Only, as they approached Vicary's lodging did her mother say under her breath to Jewel: "I expect your husband didn't mean half of what he said to you this afternoon. You mustn't take any notice of an angry man."

"Mustn't I, mother?"

Then Mrs. Courage remembered that Jewel had never before faced, or even seen, a very angry man. Men were not angry with Jewel—until now.

"You'll learn," said Mrs. Courage, holding her hand as they pattered along the damp pavements.

"I didn't want to learn, mother." This, too, under Jewel's breath, fierce and low.

Courage halted them before the door of the house that Jewel indicated and rang the bell. A woman came—the landlady.

"Mr. Vicary's out, sir; gone round to Mr. Fleet's, I think. He'd left here, really, this afternoon, Mr. Vicary had; only he came back for a few hours, and I'd not let the rooms, so ——"

"Where is Mr. Fleet's?" answered Courage.

Jewel replied to him before the landlady could: "It's Dawson Street—near here."

"Who is Mr. Fleet?" said Courage, as again they hurried on.

"His master."

"We ought not to go there," suggested Mrs. Courage wanly.

"We're going anywhere where he is, mother. I'm going to see him." And they stood sheltered from the snow under the kindly portico of the Dawson Street house.

Batters answered the door, and recognized, with a gleam, Jewel, with these two spare grim people.

"Is Mr. Vicary in?" said Courage at once.

"Vicary? Our—our chauffeur?" Batters murmured, taken aback. "Well, sir," he added—for Jewel had entered by this same way like a young lady earlier this very day—"Vicary is with Mr. Fleet at the moment. I am not sure, sir, if he can see visitors here."

"Take us to him, please," said Courage.

"But Mr. Fleet, sir ——"

"And to Mr. Fleet!" cried Jewel in a ringing voice.

"Is Mr. Fleet expecting you, miss?"

"It is most important."

"Most important," said Courage; and his wife echoed, "Most important."

Batters admitted them into a warm, mellow and spacious hall, where a great fire burned.

"If you will kindly wait one moment ——"

He went to a door on the right of the hall, and when he opened it the sound of two voices drifted out. Courage listened to

(Continued on Page 121)

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Philco Socket Powers will give you radio reception without the least hum; without the least distortion. Your electric lighting current will now operate your radio set smoothly and perfectly—*any kind or any make of set.*

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(Continued from Page 119)

them like a diminished gray wolf on a trail. Mrs. Courage, gazing at Jewel, held fast to her hand.

But Jewel looked again like a soldier marching, with the battle before him.

XIII

WHEN John Jeffrey had closed the door upon Jewel hurrying out with that pathetic suitcase, letting her go forth alone and fare as she could, he had almost opened it again, dashed after her, brought her back, declared to her all the madness of his hot bursting heart. But John Jeffrey, while despising mere conventions, suffered from ideals, stern and high, that went before him always like a fiery cross. With his body he loved her enough to bring her back and keep her there; with his heart and his soul and his mind he loved her enough not to do it. She must win her own battle, just as better women before her. He wanted her to fight, to shine.

She was a married woman; she had said it herself—actually with a kind of quaint dignity overlaying the despair and appallment.

Cursing Vicary silently, John Jeffrey Fleet turned back into the red room, threw himself into the chair beside the fire, and his thoughts burrowed deep. He could not get the vision of her out of his head, going off like a little ghost into the ghostliness of the unknown. After all, John Jeffrey's thoughts said, she was a mere baby.

John Jeffrey was one of those men who are sorry and tender for women. It was, speciously as people might try to twist the fact, a man-made world. It was a world made for men by men. Perhaps Nature herself had assisted to make it so.

"Wouldn't I be justified?" he said to himself, considering any road that let them out, Jewel and him.

Just here it was that Batters entered. "Vicary would be glad to speak to you for a moment, sir."

"Bring him here," said John Jeffrey like a shot. But he stayed still in the deep chair, resisting the impulse to leap to his feet, pull off his coat and be ready with a fist at Vicary's pale, smooth face. "Better be quiet just at first and see – "

Vicary came in. He looked well groomed, in a lounge suit that must have been almost new. "His wedding garment," suddenly thought Fleet, seeing the smoothness of Vicary, even veiled by the fiery mist through which he gazed. And his eyes lifted to Vicary's face. But there was not a sign, not the faintest perturbation there, to show what had been.

"Well?"

Vicary approached and stood near. "It has been very kind of you to give me the day off, sir; as I told you, there were some private affairs worrying me for some time past; all settled now."

"Good!"

"But I regret to say, sir, that I must ask you to take at once, if convenient to yourself, the notice that you allowed me to give provisionally a fortnight ago. The fortnight is just up today, sir, and I am due to leave your service tonight. Of course, I am reluctant if it inconveniences you, sir, but for all I know you may have your eye on a suitable man."

"I have. He could come at once practically. Lord Marchfield's going abroad—not taking his car."

"And you could take on his lordship's chauffeur while he is away, sir? I am very glad, sir. He is a good man with a car. You will find the cars all in order, sir. Sir, my private affairs —— I want if possible to cross to France tonight."

"You dog!" John Jeffrey thought.

"My passport is all right, you see, sir, as I have recently been on the Continent with you."

"Quite."

"I regret to leave your service, sir."

"You want your money—to be paid up now, eh?"

"If you'd be so good, sir."

"Let me see ——"

"It's just the month, sir. Twenty pounds, if you please."

Fleet sat forward in the chair, hands locked and working, hanging between his knees, not looking at the chauffeur.

"The escapades of the last two or three months were a bit too much for you perhaps, eh, Vicary?" And the question went round in his mind like a wheel! "Will he tell me? And if he does, what'll I do to him?"

But Vicary had nothing to tell, though he held onto the solution presented by John Jeffrey.

"Well, yes, sir." He smiled ingratiatingly. "Perhaps they have been. For one thing, I've got quite fond of a certain party, you understand, and couldn't tell the party who I am now, could I, sir? It's been very awkward; I didn't foresee what might happen. And the Princess Barbignon, what I used to drive for before coming to you, sir, will be sure to give me a job again or find me one. English chauffeurs are pretty much liked. She's always at her villa at Cannes for Christmas."

"You're a good cosmopolitan, Vicary, aren't you?"

"Well, sir, I am a rolling stone, I admit."

"You dog!" said John Jeffrey to himself. "I've a mind to tell you what I know, and beat your face in."

Then the thought came to him to keep quiet, to let Vicary go; to take the field of love himself. Let Vicary go. It would be easy. It would let the little girl out. If he didn't let Vicary go—if he drove Vicary to her and her to Vicary ——

Further thought on this had been unthinkable ever since she had come in and told him. He wanted her to shine, to fight. But supposing the battle receded from her; supposing that frightened marching soldier came up to find the battleground evacuated, so that the poor soldier could drop his pack, sink down on flowers and grass, look up at the blue sky, hear the birds sing again.

"Well, he wants his wages," said John Jeffrey's consciousness. "Pay him and let him go. He'll vanish all right." And slowly he unlocked his hands that were grinding together and felt for his note case. "You can have it in notes straightway. Twenty pounds?"

"Twenty pounds. Thank you, sir."

Those notes changed hands very deliberately, with a feeling of dangerous undercurrent in the action, as if the crisp paper carried from the master's hand to the servant's the fury that was in him.

Observing Fleet, Vicary said, "I trust you have been, on the whole, satisfied, sir? That I can give your name as reference in the future?"

Fleet answered steadily, "Do you think you will ever be applying to me for a reference, Vicary?"

Their eyes met. "Well, sir—well, of course, if I am driving again for the princess or any of her friends, as I anticipate, such would not be necessary."

"As a chauffeur, you're all right," said Fleet in a voice so hard and metallic that it gave this impression—that just one crack in the crust of his voice and the lava would be out, burning all before it.

"Thank you, sir. It would be only as a chauffeur, of course, that I might, if necessary, ask your recommendation."

Fleet opened his lips to say, "And now get out!"

But it was just then that the door opened. Batters stood there murmuring apologetically of people on very urgent

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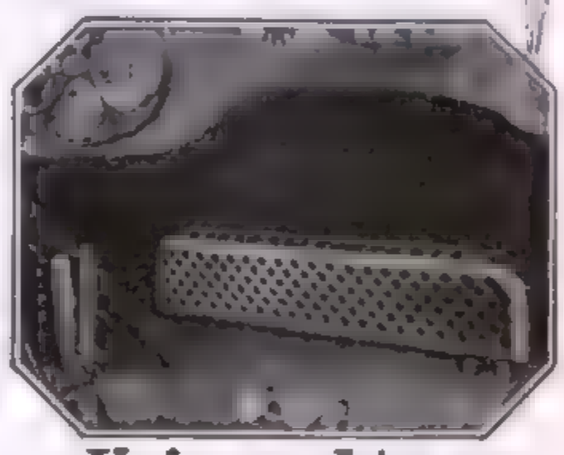

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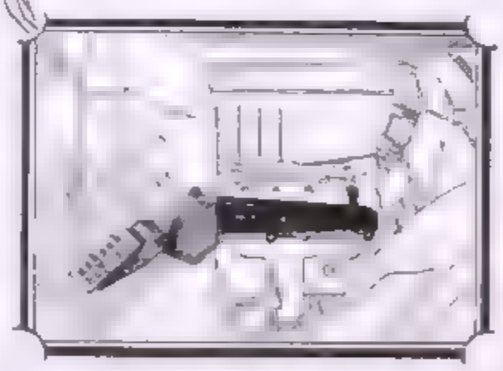

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business for Vicary, and asking also for Mr. Fleet; and then, close behind Batters, without waiting for permission, they appeared in the doorway; the owners of the two gray shadows of faces that John Jeffrey had sensed behind lace window curtains in Wallflower Road; and between them, Jewel.

Vicary uttered something under his breath, an inaudible curse. John Jeffrey Fleet sprang up, as if displaying passionately that he was master of the wine-red room, master of Vicary, master of himself and everyone concerned, and could fell fate with a blow.

She came into the room between her parents, meekly like a lamb to the slaughter, the bride who had slain herself. Marriage is marriage.

The two diminished gray people blinked a little in the light; they were unutterably sad, beaten; but the dignity of grief was theirs. And Jewel's father, looking from Fleet to Vicary, asked her in a dried voice, "Which?" And he knew instantly, and faced Vicary.

"My name's Fleet, sir," said John Jeffrey.

"Yes, sir," answered Courage. "I guessed it. This man is Arthur Vicary, your chauffeur?"

"He has just completed his service with me."

Courage's lusterless eyes said, "The dog!" too, just as if he had spoken it. But he proceeded straightway to business. "May we have a few words with him here, Mr. Fleet, apologizing for inconveniencing you?"

"It is no inconvenience. Shall I leave you alone?" This he asked with Jewel's eyes on him, beseeching.

"I would be glad of your presence, Mr. Fleet," said Courage. Vicary was actually smiling a little, cornered.

"Won't you sit down?" said John Jeffrey to father, mother and daughter.

"No, thank you, Mr. Fleet," said Courage in a manner so patient, so apprehensive of every fact in the sorry situation as to endear him instantly to John Jeffrey. "We'll stand—at least I will. Your chauffeur can't very well sit down with you, and your chauffeur is my daughter's husband. They were married this morning."

Then Vicary spoke: "Under false pretenses. She played being an heiress, thinking she had a good bet in me."

"The false pretenses were mutual," said Courage, regarding him fixedly. "You played the rich man about town. But all that doesn't avail us now. What avails us now is that you're married, you two. You have to make the best of what you've done."

"Keep quiet," said John Jeffrey to himself.

"I want to ask you, as her father, Mr. Vicary, what provision you have made for my daughter."

"None," said Vicary.

John Jeffrey stepped right back into the window recess and stood there, and at once, it seemed, the gray people forgot him; all their thoughts were centered on Vicary, and all Vicary's thoughts circled around them. Only Jewel did not forget John Jeffrey. She moved so that still she could see him, and the dumb flutter of her lips was a prayer sent to him.

Courage looked infinitely tired, small and shrunk. Vicary seemed to tower near him, in his well-cut suit of tweed, with his pale purposeful face and concentration of eye. Courage looked pitiably uncertain, as if knowing himself, in all essentials, powerless. You cannot make a man live with any woman, nor extract from him more than a meager proportion of his wage for her upkeep, nor even collect that meager proportion without perpetual struggle. Courage read all the squalid connubial cases in his paper daily, knew the pitiful difficulties of situations like Jewel's, knew the humiliation and the heart rack. But he braced himself and went on: for there was a man in the Courage family; he was that man, and had he not exhorted his two women to remember it?

"What provision do you propose to make?"

"None," said Vicary.

And though he did not look, his perceptions were keen for the silent figure in the window recess. Here was where Fleet might come forward and take a hand with all the damned authoritativeness of his class and order and say: "This man intends to cross to France tonight. This is wife desertion. I'll get in touch with the authorities at once and ——"

In flashes through Vicary's mind went the surmise that this could be done. But John Jeffrey spoke not a word. His attention, his rage and suffering were all for Jewel, who kept sending him these little prayers from soundless lips. Such emergency measures as Vicary feared never even occurred to him—till afterward.

"None?" repeated Courage, bracing himself. "But you have a wife; you have to support her."

"I don't want the hussy," said Vicary crudely. "Let someone else have her."

Then he knew instantly from the remote figure in the window that he had gone too far. He glanced at John Jeffrey, muttered: "If I have gone a bit far in saying that, it's excusable. She hoaxed me. All she wanted was money, though she kept talking of marrying for love."

Mrs. Courage was fluttering: "That he should speak so of Jewel ——"

"Come, Mr. Vicary," said Courage bravely, "this answer won't do for me."

"It will have to do," answered Vicary, with a look of insolence and contempt.

"You can't mean," faltered Mrs. Courage, "that you're going to desert your wife, your pretty wife that dozens of young men would have been only too glad to marry?"

"I say, they can have her," said Vicary, still as an image.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Courage. "Oh! Oh!" Vicary threw her, too, his look of insolence and contempt.

A little color came into Courage's face, and not only into his face but into his poor heart as well. He had borne himself, he hoped, as a man under this blow; his women had seen that he could take them by the hands and lead them; they had left to him the responsible part and he was playing it. But ——

He knew that all his soul hoped that this large light graven image of a man would persist in his dastardly repudiation. He knew that all he wanted was to see his terror-stricken, large-eyed girl safe home again.

In his heart swelled secret gladness that the man refused her; in his mind he saw again the baby girl who used to play with him round the chairs and under the tables. Now she had, so incomprehensibly, grown up, and he had all the father jealousy, secretly wishing her to walk untouched.

So Courage said again, "You have to support my daughter."

Then suddenly Jewel withdrew her eyes from John Jeffrey, ceased sending him her little prayers through dumb lips. She stepped forward, at her proudest. "Never!" she cried. A smile just touched the corners of her father's lips. "From now on," Jewel said, "I support myself; and I help you, father; and you, mother." And she went to them one after the other, put her arms round their necks, kissed them.

Courage kept his arm about her. "What have you to say to that?" asked he fiercely of Vicary.

"It suits me," said Vicary.

"Come, mother," said Courage, after failing to find further words; "come, Jewel." But before he took his women out, he turned to the window.

"We are sorry to have troubled you with our affairs, Mr. Fleet, and we thank you for your courtesy."

Fleet advanced. "I'll see you to the door."

Still he had taken no part in the strange discussion, contributed no opinion. Every fiber stinging in his body told him that action would come, somehow, later.

Father, mother and daughter preceding him, he went into the hall. Courage turned in the doorway and looked up into Fleet's brown face; and a very fine face it seemed to him, with the gayety of a boy masked now by the anger of a man.

"I wish, sir," he said sincerely, "that you had been the chauffeur and that she had married you."

Fleet put out a hand and held Courage's steadily for a long moment. Then back into the library, to see Vicary still standing where they had left him, his knowing head cocked a little to one side, very observant.

"Well?" said Fleet.

"Well, sir?" Vicary responded.

"Catching the night boat, as you intended, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not likely to see you here again?"

"Extremely unlikely, sir."

"You've got something on your chest. Out with it."

"Very well," said Vicary, "here it is: We're not master and servant now; we're man to man. I see what I see. I can't mistake it. You've met before, you and her. I don't want her. I don't tie myself like that. And I say to you as man to man, she's in the market, just as she was before. I like money. Do you want to buy me off?"

Fleet's body went into action automatically almost before his mind had sensed Vicary's offer. He went straight for the chauffeur and the next instant Vicary crashed down. Fleet swung him up in a jiujitsu hold, kicked open the door, and saw Batters, fat and startled, through the red mists. Without a word, Batters ran to the front door, flung it wide, and Vicary hurtled forth into the street.

And Courage, piloting his women, was seized with a desperate feeling of splendor, caught maybe from his reckless daughter or resurrected from the lost fields of youth. The beasts of fear, rage, lust and greed had come roaring upon his home and disappeared again. He had his women safe, and they were listening to him as not for years had they listened; they hung to his arms, were helplessly for his leading. And out of this regained glorious sense of protectiveness and power, as they were footing it for the station, suddenly he halted them. "We'll take a taxicab."

"All the way?" exclaimed Mrs. Courage.

"All the way. Jewel's tired; so are you, my girl."

So he handed them into a taxicab, climbed in after, and sat between them, holding a hand of each. For a long while they drove in silence. At last, "I like Mr. Fleet," said Courage. "A fine young man."

"It's a beautiful house," said Mrs. Courage vacantly, merely for the sake of uttering something.

"I thought," said Jewel, with a gulp, "that it would be my home. He had described it to me."

They understood her. It was the house which Vicary had given her to understand he owned. They made no comment. Experience had taught them that while words often confused, bewildered or embittered, silence did no harm. Often silence healed; suggested "Forget."

So they came back into Wallflower Road, and through the fanlight of the front door the glimmer of the hall gaslight showed like a beacon. Here was refuge, in the familiar place.

"Run in, my dears," said Courage, fumbling in his pockets for money.

They left him outside paying the cabman, while they entered, turned up the gas, unlocked the doors, inspected and poked the dining-room fire. It was all as it had been hundreds of times before.

"I'll go and take off my things, mother," said Jewel; and she went upstairs, still straight, still buoyant.

Mrs. Courage, following to the door to watch her, trembling and ashen, thought: "When I was a girl I'd have been in a faint, or crying, or —— I wouldn't have known what to do." And, her husband entering,

(Continued on Page 126)

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(Continued from Page 122)

joining her silently, she told him: "She's strange; it seems marvelous. At her age I'd have broken down; I wouldn't have known what to do."

He answered, "The old way and the new way."

She helped him off with his coat, hung it up for him, laid her own hat and coat aside, and together they stood on the patched hearthrug in the dining room.

"You and I, my girl," said Courage, keeping himself straight with an effort, "don't know the new way. It's a thing we have to learn."

"But, Herbert, a young wife can't ——"

"Young people aren't in the habit of saying 'can' and 'can't,' my dear. It's 'do' and 'don't.'"

"All this time you haven't blamed me once!"

"I'm sorry for you, my girl," said Courage. "You love your baby. You'd got into the way of thinking she was all you had. And now ——"

"Her life's ruined."

"We would have said so in our time."

"If we could only help her!"

"It's a bad business," groaned Courage, and he kept murmuring "Bad business, bad business!" till Jewel came down again; and on the hand that was pulling at her silk jumper to set it neat and taut, the wedding ring gleamed newly. All the light in the room might have been focused upon that wedding ring.

"I'll bring supper," said Mrs. Courage, speaking brightly; "it's all ready on a tray."

Courage answered with compassion, "I'll carry the tray in for you, my girl."

Jewel went to the shallow middle drawer of the sideboard. There lay, as they had long lain, the velvet, the silk, the canvas and the wire for the hat. Nearly a year ago she had promised her mother the hat. And since, she had made many hats for cash payments, but never that one for love. And she took the materials out one by one, took out her mother's workbasket, which always stood on the sideboard piled with mending, sat down by the fire and began the hat.

Her mother and father entered with the loaded tray. Courage came and stood near Jewel, looking at what she was doing, pulling out his pipe and filling it, and laying it aside, ready for after the meal.

"We'll have supper round the fire, shall we?" said Mrs. Courage quiveringly. "There's only cheese and some of my cake, and the cocoa. Put the kettle on here, will you, Herbert?"

And they kept glancing at Jewel, who was intent upon the hat, in her eyes the light that presaged an inspiration. They had seen her like that with hats before. Only all those hats had gone to Isolde.

Courage signed to his wife not to speak to her, but Mrs. Courage had that wisdom already. Silence was the great, the blessed resort of elderly people who did not know quite what to do next. The hissing of the kettle, the cutting of the cake, the allotting of cups and plates filled the void.

The shape of the hat defined itself, grew out of nebulousness into entrancing plan.

Mrs. Courage, when she had made the cocoa, put Jewel's cup beside her, with a slice of cake. She longed, at least, to beg, "Your favorite cake, dearest. Eat up, to please mums." But still her husband restrained her. They sat there on either side of the girl, eating their supper, trying not to watch her too jealously, too carefully; trying, even, not to notice the hat. And an hour went by, and another hour; and her fingers, which had not stopped working at all, were putting the last touch to the creation. All the time, as her hands moved, the light kept shining upon the wedding ring.

At last she stopped. It was finished; it poised on her hand. She looked up now at her mother; she looked full at them both, with an infinitely sweet new smile. They knew, in a sad revelation, that it was not merely a hat. It was a symbol.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

(Continued from Page 45)

what is coming and can choose what you want to indulge in and can determine for yourselves pretty largely what each day will bring in the way of contacts, I have been so tied by my work and my interests that whatever I have had has come to me, and has come generally without my asking for it, or knowing of it in advance, or having any idea of what it would be when it did come.

The faithful, patient, smiling mailman—one of our best friends and most tireless servants, but one we too often accept as a cog in the machine of life and give no consideration as a human being and a friend—has been coming my way ever since I started my nursery business in Santa Rosa back in 1878; he has walked, or he has ridden a bicycle, or he has driven a lean old horse or a fat and chubby pony, or he has come in an automobile, and he has brought the world to my desk, rain and shine, summer and winter, early and late, ever since that date, and made me smile, or laugh, or thrill with satisfaction, or puff with pride, or weep in sympathy, or cuss a little in a mild way, or pound my desk and explode in good, old-fashioned, satisfying down-east vernacular. He has been the principal line of communication between me and the great things and the fine people of the earth, and I am grateful to him, and have told him so time and again, and man after man, as the job passed down a long line of successive mailmen on my route.

I have seen a great change in letters in my time. The old art of letter writing seems to have died out, and more and more I have noticed that a letter is the mere bones of a body that might have been breathed full of color, fragrance, friendliness and satisfaction.

That, of course, is part of our modern development; the main thing now is to use the fewest possible words, make ourselves clear in the business—and file copies for use in case a lawsuit comes up. There isn't much romance in that kind of letter writing, and there never can be.

My mail bag has contained letters and papers and clippings and books generally more interesting and colorful and romantic to me when taken together, as a cross-section of the times and a survey of the world, than as separate, individual human documents. If a body has a mind to he can get a pretty interesting and valuable notion of human nature from letters. The politician is there who wants to win an office, or to hang on to the one he has, or to make a showing so he will be promoted, or to clutch at an appointment just before he is beaten at the polls; he, too, seldom wants you to think about the good of the nation or the state, or to ask for your help in a worthy cause, or to make it possible for you to find a way out of your own troubles or difficulties.

The reformer is there with his scheme for making everyone better overnight, in violation of all Nature's laws and of the facts of history and biology; the promoter is there with his plan for giving you something for nothing provided you make a small advance to him of the something in cold hard cash or negotiable paper.

The idealist is there with a dream of finer things, usually a little impractical as to his machinery; the unsought friend is there warning you against somebody or something you had no idea of exposing yourself to; the jealous man is there, so afraid something you do or say will seem to cast a shadow on his jealously guarded reputation or dizzily erected structure of complacence; the failure is there who wants to know how he can succeed by some simple process like saying "Open sesame!" or waving a wand over the black bag of his own incompetence; the beggar is there who is sure your well-known kindliness and tender heart will prompt you to help him and his invalid wife take a sea trip, when you know that they live better than you do and have two grown-up children in the family who don't seem to be contributing much to this nautical enterprise. They are all there, and thousands more, just as you find them in life, but a little off their guard in letters and much more likely to give themselves away through the very anxiety they show to make out a good case for themselves.

But that is only one side of the picture. The big, busy, royal soul is there who takes a minute from his hurried day to tell you that you are doing well at your job, and more power to you! The true friend is there who knows you are rushed and so won't come to see you, or take up your time calling, but who must say that he loves you and wishes you well and will do anything you want him to do if the occasion arises when you need him. The sincere admirer is there, clumsy with words perhaps, but unable to resist the urge to say that you are appreciated in some quarters, anyhow, and that you have done him good—or done her good, perhaps—by something you have written or said or accomplished in your own field and fashion.

The shut-ins are there—the sick, the maimed, the blind or deaf, reaching out their hands to you and thanking you for what you are trying to do; the old are there, tired from the struggle, but sweetened and mellowed by their experiences in it, and glad to say a cheery word or to give you a bit of sound, old-time advice, or to suggest something you would never think of until you, too, became ninety and could look dispassionately on life and see a lot of things the young folks of sixty or seventy miss. And the children are there in thousands!

Dear Mr. Luther Burbank: I read in the paper that you were sick. I hope you will get better. In reading we have been reading your books and I like them better than any other books. My name is Mildred and I and two other friends are going to have a flower garden this summer and try mixing the pollen. I am in the sixth grade. The thing I like best is to plant flowers and watch them grow. Yours truly,

MILDRED V.

Dear Friend: We are the children of the seventh grade of the Clara Barton School, and we want to write to tell you how much we like you and how wonderful we think it is that you wanted to work with flowers and make them better. We have a garden in a vacant lot near the school and grow only the Luther Burbank seeds.

Our teacher, Miss Neilsen, takes us on trips on Saturdays sometimes, to study the wild flowers and the trees in the timber north of Lake Ocatong; when we are there we wonder what you would say if you could go with us and tell us about the things we do not know about flowers and Nature.

We hope you are well and that your flowers and trees will be more beautiful to you and to us all the time.

Your friends, SEVENTH GRADE.

Dear Friend: A man lectured in our town last year about you and how you cross flowers by putting pollen on them, so I tried it with a sunflower and this spring my seeds came up and I want to tell you they were great! You never saw so many different kinds of sunflowers, and the chickens didn't know whether they were sunflowers or some new kind of weed. I wish you could see them. I am eleven years old and I wish I could do the kind of things you do, and

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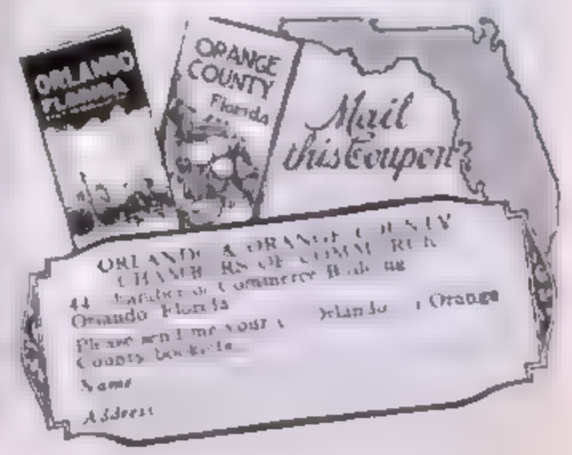


I am going to try and get smart enough to do the same kind of things when I grow up.

LEWIS L.

I am sending you a snapshot of me and my little sister standing by the sunflowers.

If I had a room that was as big as my love for children is I would have it filled from floor to ceiling with that sort of letter, for there have been enough of them, and they are still coming. I never failed to answer them or have them answered, and I never felt the time was wasted, or the stationery or the trouble. My whole life has been spiced and enriched by my acquaintance with little folks, and I have always felt fortunate in having them for my friends, and happy in their admiration and confidence and esteem, because they are genuine, they are true, they understand and love Nature, and they have no motives except motives of kindliness and interest and enthusiasm.

Kind thoughts and a wish to be of service beget kindness and generosity all the world over, I have found. People always felt somehow that I was well disposed toward everyone, and my work spoke for itself, so that I was early the recipient of thousands of the most sincere and friendly letters. It is doubtful if more than one-tenth of one per cent of the correspondents ever reached Santa Rosa or the gardens, yet many of them wrote now and again over a long period of years. As time went on and my business activities, of a very diversified sort, waxed great, the notes from old friends, only known through the agency of the mailman, yet nevertheless dear to me and usually recognized before the envelopes were opened, were thankfully received and fully enjoyed.

A River of Letters

They traveled, too, these friends of mine, into strange and fascinating corners of the globe. I have two scrapbooks full of picture postal cards that some of them sent me as they went, so that I got a breath of air and a glimpse of beauty from every land through their kindness and thoughtfulness. To me many of their names are more familiar than the names of my own neighbors in Santa Rosa: I learned their characters and dispositions and interests through their letters and notes to me. I could tell which man was inclined to a short temper, which to an overgenerous heart, which to a love of art and music, which to a cool and businesslike appraisal of values of life, which to sentiment, and which to gushing sentimentality. I vow I could tell you more about many of my correspondents than you could tell about any but your intimates, because a mail-bag friend puts himself down, in the end, pretty clearly on paper and draws a picture of himself for the discerning to see, even though he may be writing only of external things and may scarcely mention himself.

The concern of these distant friends over my health was always touching and warming to me. After a while I began to be watched by the newspapers, and a bad cold in the head would get me as much space as the introduction of a new fruit destined to bring blessing and profit to the race for a thousand years. This curiosity about me—my habits, my eating, my home life, my thoughts, my aches and pains—had the result of bringing to me rivers of letters. I find that by going through the correspondence hastily I can almost reconstruct the story of my life, and that there are brought to my mind innumerable incidents and small sicknesses and trifling business matters that I have myself long since forgotten.

Thus, along about 1894 and thereafter, I had a worry that made me sleepless and ruined my digestion; in the letters of those years I find scores prescribing for me, offering remedies, urging dietary changes and generally fussing over me as though I were in the last stages of collapse. And what a variety of cures! If I had tried one-half of them I would have despoiled the back room of the local pharmacy; if I had experimented with any considerable proportion of the remedies proposed for sleeplessness I would have been up all night putting myself to sleep. And as for diets, there is no hotel in the land that would not have been ruined in a week had I dropped in there as a guest and begun to order the variety of foods prescribed for me by my anxious friends.

A Stumper for a Solomon

My mail bag was a curious medley of voices from the outside world. Almost everyone wanted something - in the humblest and most thoughtful way usually, and with no intention of being a nuisance or causing me vexation or trouble. Often, of course, they wanted impossible things. I don't know why they should have thought that I was a combination of King Solomon, Cambridge University and an encyclopedia, but apparently they did. From one mail, chosen at random, I glean the following:

I trust that I may write you concerning a peach tree grown in my back yard. This may be of no consequence, but it is unusual for a natural tree, and those who have tasted the fruit pronounce it exceptional. If it is true, I should like to make it profitable to me and to society, but I am unfamiliar with methods of determining the quality of the fruit or for commercializing it. Therefore I am sending you a can of the fruit and a few twigs which are commencing to bud.

Approximately what might be the value of such a tree? Should it be sold outright to a nursery, and what steps would one take to prove the value to a nurseryman, and when proved, to sell it?

I shall be very anxious to hear the result of your analization of the fruit.

That was a stumper, because the fruit was canned and there was little about it to distinguish it from other peaches; moreover, the twigs died on the way, so my "analization" didn't get very far. But at any rate this query was in my own line and I could reply with a show of intelligence.

What we used to call "cranks" swarmed to me through my mail bag. If you had plenty of time and patience you could get a certain amount of amusement trying to make out what it was they were talking about—and sometimes you succeeded. It was as fascinating as the cross-word puzzle and only a little more difficult.

One day I received a letter written on the heavy, substantial-looking, impressive stationery that foreigners commonly use. I am accused of putting a good many letters into the safe just because of the looks of them. And this was one. It came in a big white envelope, with a seal and a whole collection of Austrian stamps on it, and was addressed:

To Mr.

BURBANK
Botanist and Scientific Planter,
U. S. Nordamerika

The mailmen had made a good guess on that vague direction, and here was the letter in my hand, reading thus:

Dear Mr. Burbank: J got your address from a friend of mine and should like to ask of you a favor. Having since some years a fancy in growing cactus plants in hot houses, J will start now in a greater style and secured already land and hothouses. For the beginning J need some seeds of the adhering list, altogether about 200 grams, which you may mail by sample without value. Later, if J come more in business, J intend to import by your help whole plants. You may be convinced that J will cover all the expenses you may have.

In the hope that you will trust me and do me the favor, J remain with the kindest greetings.

Friendly Tokens

That letter was the beginning of a pleasant friendship and some small profit on both sides, I hope.

The next started generally and ended up particularly—a characteristic I observed in many letters of this nature. It ran:

For years in Norway, my native country, I taught Natural History. I love animals and I admire and wonder about plants. True, we do not appreciate them as we ought to, was my thought then, as it still is. They are able to teach us all about a beautiful life, but most people do not learn their language. What they miss by that they never will even know.

And now, my old soul wants your sun shining on it, Dear Mr. Burbank. Would you please let your secretary kindly tell me if there would be any possibility for me to get any kind of work in or around Santa Rosa?

That was what it was all leading up to. And yet, on second thought, perhaps I am doing the writer an injustice. It was a kindly letter, well meant and well written; and although I wasn't able to help the writer, I felt a little warm around the heart, I'm sure, by the interest shown and the confidence she had in me, whom she had never seen and only vaguely heard of perhaps.

There was always at least one present, large or small, most of them sent without any hope of return or expectation of reward or reciprocation of any sort. It was embarrassing at times, yet plainly these people, whom I have never known at all, were actuated by generous and kindly motives in sending things to me. There was a package and a letter in this typical mail bag I am writing of. The letter read:

I have long been an admirer of your successful work, and as a small token of my esteem I am forwarding a box of my candy, which I trust reaches you in good condition.

My parents came from Germany many years ago, where my father learned the confectioner's art. I was born in the business and like yourself have tried always to improve my work.

I trust you will accept this small gift with the feeling it comes from a friend.

There was a feeling of brotherhood in that statement of his that he also had always tried to make his work better—and the family assured me that he had succeeded after the sample had been passed around and tested by experts there present.

An Oregon man's letter came next:

I have been particularly interested in what is known locally as the willow herb, that grows here along streams, in the open woods, and especially in burns. It is so abundant that it crowds out the grasses and is hard to eradicate. It would be a big thing if it could be crossed with something to make it a useful plant, and I have been wondering if any cross would be possible that would develop for commercial use the abundant silky fibers that cover the seed capsules. I trust that I may hear from you on this subject.

One Question I Could Answer

It was a good thought, and though I did not have time to go into the experiment, I have no doubt that the writer was a man of intelligence and that there was the germ of an idea somewhere in his question. It is from such beginnings that most of our great discoveries have been made and most of our important improvements have sprung, and I was never too busy to encourage people who took time to think for themselves and who showed an interest in Nature and her gifts to man.

The day wouldn't have been complete without something like this:

Are you available for an address before our annual Teachers' Convention? We would make our dates suit your convenience and would like to be informed as to your preference for a subject and as to your usual charge.

I could answer that without hesitation. I almost never made addresses, I never traveled far from home, I had no preferences as to subject as long as they would let someone else do the lecturing, and my usual charge was a million dollars an hour, which was the least I would take for subjecting myself to the agony of standing up before an audience and trying to remember what it was my wife had suggested I should say. So there was a message easy to reply to.

Back on my own territory again with the next:

Dear Mr. Burbank: The cattlemen in this country have all gone broke, all on account of a weed that the cattle eat. It has occurred to me that possibly you might be able to help them get rid of the weed.

This weed, or "loco," as we call it, causes the cattle and horses that eat it to go crazy. They will eat it when

(Continued on Page 131)

Luther Burbank, Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford in 1918

Santa likes a quiet house

SO make sure that you have quiet Mueller Faucets put in before Christmas Eve arrives. Mueller Faucets are a comfort all through the year. They stay shut off. They don't gurgle and grunt the whole night long. Sixty-nine years of quality manufacturing methods are behind the gratifying service they will give in your home. Merchant plumbers everywhere carry them in stock, and can install them quickly.

MUELLER CO. *(Established 1857)*

Factories: Decatur, Illinois; Port Huron, Michigan
Branches: New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles
Canadian Factory: MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia

© Mueller Co.—1929

MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

Balkite Radio Power

The New Balkite Charger

with both trickle and high charging rates

MODEL J. Has two charging rates: a low trickle charge rate and a high rate for rapid charging and heavy-duty use. Can thus be used either as a trickle or as a high rate charger, and combines their advantages. Noiseless. Large water capacity. Visible electrolyte level. Rates: with 6-volt battery, 2.5 and .5 amperes; with 4-volt battery, .8 and .2 amperes. Special model for 25-40 cycles. Price $19.50. West of Rockies $20. (In Canada $27.50.)

Balkite Combination

furnishes all radio power automatically

When connected to your "A" battery supplies automatic power to both "A" and "B" circuits. Controlled by the filament switch already on your set, it is entirely automatic in operation. Can be installed in a few minutes, either near the set or in a remote location. A permanent piece of equipment, employing no tubes and requiring no replacements. Will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring not more than 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—practically all sets of up to 8 tubes. Price $59.50. (In Canada $83.)

Balkite "B"—

3 new models for every type of set

Balkite "B" eliminates "B" batteries and supplies "B" current from the light socket. Entirely different from any other "B" device, it is noiseless, permanent, has no bulbs and nothing to wear out or replace. Over 75,000 Balkite "B"s are today giving satisfactory service. 3 new models for all types of sets: The popular-priced Balkite "B"-W at $27.50 for sets of 5 tubes or less requiring 67 to 90 volts. Balkite "B"-X, for sets of 8 tubes or less, including power tubes; capacity 30 milliamperes at 135 volts—$42. Balkite "B"-Y, for any standard radio set; capacity 40 milliamperes at 150 volts—$69. (In Canada "B"-W $39; "B"-X $59.50; "B"-Y $96.)

Balkite Trickle Charger—$10

MODEL K. With 6-volt "A" batteries can be left on continuous or trickle charge, thus automatically keeping the battery at full power. In effect converts your "A" battery into a light socket "A" power supply. With 4-volt batteries can be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added Rate about .5 ampere. 200,000 in use. Price $10. West of Rockies $10.50. (In Canada $15.)

All Balkite Radio Power Units operate from 110-120 volt AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles. The new Balkite Charger is also available in a special model for 25-40 cycles.

Balkite
Radio Power Units

from the light socket

is smooth silent power— permanent and infallible

Over 700,000 radio receivers are today equipped with Balkite light socket Radio Power Units. In the ease of operation which it brings, Balkite, providing radio power to either or both circuits at the turn of a switch, has been one of the greatest contributors to the advance of the radio art.

Originally purchased because of their convenience, Balkite Radio Power Units have become really popular because of performance in the hands of their owners.

Balkite Radio Power Units are noiseless. They have no hum. They convert the alternating current of your lighting circuit into the silent direct current essential for radio reception.

Balkite Radio Power Units are unvarying in output. Once installed, they deliver exactly the current required by your set, no more, no less. They have nothing to adjust or fluctuate, and no dials to complicate tuning.

Again, Balkite Radio Power Units are permanent pieces of equipment. They have nothing to wear out, replace, recharge or renew. *They employ no tubes.* They require no other attention than the infrequent addition of water. They are built to conform to the Underwriters' requirements. Many of the first Balkite Chargers, purchased over 4 years ago, are still in use. Likewise the first Balkite "B," purchased over 3 years ago, is still rendering satisfactory service and will do so for years to come. To our knowledge not one of 75,000 Balkite "B"s has ever worn out. It is during the third and fourth year that the long-run economy of Balkite becomes evident.

Finally, Balkite Radio Power Units are unfailing in operation. The Balkite principle of Electrolytic Rectification is one of the most important developments in the entire power field. In radio it has led to the development of the first charger that could be used during reception, trickle charging as now commonly known, the first popular light socket "B," and now the new Balkite Combination. In other industries it is used wherever power must be infallible—in the signal systems of railroads, lighting systems of hospitals, emergency power systems of all kinds. The Balkite equipment here selected to protect the public is the same used to provide power to your radio set.

Add one of the Balkite chargers and Balkite "B" to your set now. Or add the new Balkite Combination. Either way will give you the last word in radio convenience and economy and full, silent, unfailing power from the light socket. *Ask your dealer.*

Hear
WALTER DAMROSCH
and the
NEW YORK SYMPHONY
in your own home over any one of 13 stations

Every other Saturday night a symphony concert. On alternate Saturdays one of Mr. Damrosch's popular piano recitals on the great Wagner Music Dramas. Over stations: WEAF, WEEI, WGR, WFI, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ, WGN, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, WOC. Balkite hour, 9 p. m., Eastern Standard Time.

FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Incorporated, *North Chicago, Illinois*

Licensees for Germany:
Siemens & Halske, A. G. Wernerwerk M
Siemensstadt, Berlin

Sole Licensees in the United Kingdom:
Messrs. Radio Accessories Ltd., 9-13 Hythe Rd.
Willesden, London, N. W. 10

Balkite

Light Socket Operation

RELAX

"TIGHT SPOTS" are frequent for the driver. Fluttering pulse, jaded nerves and tired muscles are a constant menace.

Sudden jams demand instant alertness, action quicker than thought. It is then that the driver of a Stabilated car appreciates the full value of his Stabilators: *Physically relaxed* and therefore mentally alert—his rested nerves and muscles instantly jump into action—respond at once to the emergency with accurate, decisive judgment. Then, as never before, he appreciates the practical value of *relaxed motoring*—freedom from the exhausting tension of constant preparedness against sudden, violent thrusts of spring recoil.

In a Stabilated car you come to know that every recoil, mild or violent, is controlled by a counter-force exactly in proportion to the recoil force. You *know* you can relax in *perfect confidence*. And you do.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY
TWENTY-FOURTH AND LOCUST STS., PHILADELPHIA

THERE are few games which have the swift, direct action that hockey knows. There are few games where the tide of battle changes with such dramatic suddenness. This has made hockey one of the most popular of all the winter sports. But few know the heavy strain upon both teams where one slight mistake by the goal tender may mean defeat.

One of the most famous of the goal tenders admits that he uses every possible second for relaxation in order to meet the nervous tension which he knows will soon follow. They may be bombarding his goal at any second and without this nerve rest he would soon be a useless wreck. The fluttering pulse is no help for a tight spot in this game.

Grantland Rice

WATSON STABILATORS

Relaxation is possible only when you know that no force can throw you. The only way to prevent *any* force from throwing you is to resist *such* force in keeping with its magnitude. And right there you have the Stabilator principle. This Stabilator principle is patented—and Watson Stabilators employ complete sole and exclusive license under these patents

Such pre-eminent cars as

Cadillac	Chrysler
Duesenberg	Franklin
Isotta Fraschini	Jordan
McFarlan	Nash
Packard	Peerless
Stearns-Knight	Studebaker
Stutz	Willys-Knight

are standard equipped to give you relaxed motoring.

(Continued from Page 126)

it is green or dry. But it affects them worse when they eat it dry.

It grows during the fall, winter and early spring, then it drys up. It resembles alfalfa some and they tell me that it belongs to the same family.

If you are interested to study this weed to see if you can find something that will kill it or find some way to improve so that cattle can eat it as a food, I would like to hear from you.

I had previously made some investigation of this loco weed and had given two or three Western experiment stations hints as to possible methods of procedure, but I had to leave it to them to carry out the project. As a matter of fact, it looks pretty hopeless to me. You see, when you have a weed or a varmint or a family of men that has run to seed for a long time and has been poisonous and noxious and dangerous, you have fixed those qualities in the heredity firmly, and it would take more than a generation or two to improve them and to make them useful and ornamental and law-abiding.

Loco Weeds of Literature

The loco weed and the poison oak and the weasel and the ground squirrel and the confirmed thief are developments, not accidents. You can't put the blame on the individual, and you can't do very much to change the individual unless you take him young and give him an entirely different environment and work with him and train him and be ready to put a barbed-wire fence around him if he shows signs of breaking off the reservation again. We have loco weed in our books, as well as on our prairies, that would be better rooted out and burned, but we have let them go on growing up there, and we have encouraged them and given them a chance, and now we can't turn around in a day and suppress the sex stories and eliminate the sensation from our newspapers and expurgate our vicious novels by a simple wave of the hand. The loco weed looks good to eat, and the suggestive novel shows off well on the news stand, but both of them are deceiving and cause the consumer to go off his head. It is going to be a job to get rid of either one of the weeds, but some day we shall take hold manfully and do it, whether by grafting in some better stock or by rolling up our sleeves and burning out the whole infested area to the grass roots.

The dearest treasures the mail bag contained were letters from tried and true friends, some of whom, like the late Judge S. F. Leib, of San José and Dr. David Starr Jordan, president emeritus of Leland Stanford, Junior, University, wrote frequently and also visited me often, and I visited them, and some of whom came once or twice and wrote very little and rarely, but who were always to be counted on as loyal and affectionate. Such men as Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, Ignace Paderewski, Dr. Hugo de Vries, Albert, King of Belgium, and many more were my brothers; Madam Phoebe Hearst was an interested and generous friend, and would have given me half of anything she had, she said, if I needed it. Such friendships are in themselves sufficient satisfaction and reward to a man. They make wealth unnecessary, fame idle, and the blandishments of a careless world empty.

Those folks rang my doorbell, and with them I walked through my gardens. What did we talk about? What did they say? I don't remember. Only in their friendship and their affection were they different from the thousands of others who came. They were as interested and absorbed in the work that they saw going on and in the results of that work in bed and greenhouse and orchard row as—well, as the children who came. Because in Nature's presence we are all children, nothing more, and honors and names and purses lose their significance and importance and are forgotten, and only the awe and marvel in our hearts remain.

My doorbell gave me contact with the great, the wise, the mighty; it brought me face to face with the beautiful and enchanting women of my day; it called me to speak to little children; it summoned me to answer the questions of the curious, the eager, the modest, the bold, the amateur and the scientist, the teacher and the pupil, the greatest bores in creation and—Harry Lauder!

A lean, brown man rang that doorbell one day, and when I answered it he told me he was a snake specialist. He knew more about snakes than any man living, I suppose; not from books or microscopes or laboratory examination, but from living with them, catching them, watching them, making pets of them. He was on the trail, he said, of a new species of snake—and there hadn't been a new species discovered, I think he said, in twenty years. He was interested in my flowers, but I don't think he got much out of me because I, on the other hand, was so interested in his snakes! In leaving he said I would hear from him, and just the other day I did. He had found his new snake, and with my permission, was going to name it for me! I have had many things named for me—from schools to pickaninnies—but I am as proud of the Burbank Silver Boa snake as of anything on my list.

A sun-burned man came one day with a pack on his back and his shoes worn through, and carrying in his hand a very handsome lily plant. He was a clerk, he said, in ill health and taking a long vacation. As he had little money he had decided to travel afoot; he had gone from San Francisco way up into Oregon, and there had discovered this lily. It was new to him, and he thought, he told me, of an old lady living in San Diego, a thousand miles from where the flower was found, who had once been kind to him and who loved flowers. He would take it to her, he decided, walking the whole distance. But when he tried he found that it would not go into his pack without danger of killing it, so he was carrying it from Oregon to San Diego—a thousand miles of hill and plain, mountain and waste—in his hand! He had stopped and rung my doorbell to ask me what the lily was, and when I told him it was a rare and beautiful Darlingtonia and very frail, I thought he would cry for joy.

Popular With Both Sexes

There was a great ringing of the bell once, but the ringer seemed to lose heart and become frightened, for when I went to answer I found her halfway out on the porch, looking pretty shy. It was a little girl on her way to school, and behind her was a group of them.

"Hello!" I said in my doorway. "Is this a committee?"

The others looked at the first. She was spokesman. She colored and hemmed and hawed, but finally she got at the matter.

"The boys won't let us cross the street," she said, gaining some confidence as she went. "So we told them we'd come and tell Mr. Burbank on them."

That was it. I put on my severest face, led them out the gate, frowned at the boys and piloted the little group of timid maidens over. When I returned, the boys watched me closely. Was I going to turn and rend them, or was I going to lecture, or was I going to call the police?

I said, "It is fun to hear girls squeal, isn't it, boys? But why don't you pick on some of the big girls next time?"

They went away, whooping that they would.

Children are always ringing my doorbell, and I think it gives off a more tinkling and merry peal to their touch than to that of any sober-sided graybeard or tailored princeling or learned professor.

The people who bring strange or new plants to my door are numerous; what might surprise you is the number that have come asking me to prescribe for sick plants, and often bringing the patient. Those who want advice about gardening, or names of their plants or wild flowers, or suggestions as to border plants or ornamental shrubs are legion, but of course it is impossible to help them, with my hands so full with my experiments. I can always make a little time, though, for the passionate flower lovers who come—especially for country and mountain women, in their plain, worn dresses, with their hair awry perhaps, and their hands roughened with work, but with beauty in their hearts and love of beauty and of Nature shining in their eyes. They bring me into intimate touch, constantly, with the wilds and the spaces that I have always loved, and sometimes I steal half an hour to sit and listen to them talk of their homes and their hills, and am refreshed and helped by them and cheered by their visits.

There are two stock phrases used by miscellaneous visitors that sound new to them, of course, but that have grown very old at home. "I couldn't leave Santa Rosa without being able to say that I saw Luther Burbank," is one of them; the other is: "I've come a long way to see Luther Burbank." That last was a strong statement until you examined it. I felt sort of guilty about not giving a minute to a man or a party that had come a long way to see me, until, by chance, I found that that "long way" was as likely to be the fifty miles from San Francisco as it was the five thousand from Australia, and after that I had to be impressed by something more than the plea of immeasurable distances traversed.

Paderewski in the Home

Perhaps the visitors who have embarrassed me most—though I tried never to let them see it—have been the young ladies who have brought me their beaus for inspection before saying yes or no to the fateful question. I don't know where I got the reputation of being an infallible judge of prospective husbands, though it was probably by word of mouth, the news spreading among girls of marriageable age with an amazing speed. I do not know, either, whether what I have said has ever discouraged a girl from going ahead with the investment. I'm inclined to doubt it. On the other hand, if I admit that the specimen trotted out seems to measure up to my idea of a running mate for double-harness turnouts, I am immediately voted the greatest man in the world, and the smartest, and in due course of time am sure to have a baby named for me, if it turns out that the baby can take my name with regard to the fitness of things. Even that did not discourage one proud young mother, and somewhere in the world today there is a girl toting around everywhere she goes the unwieldy handle of "Lutherine," though I certainly hope she absolves me from responsibility for the hybridization of the name, or else has long since decided to call herself Eliza Ann!

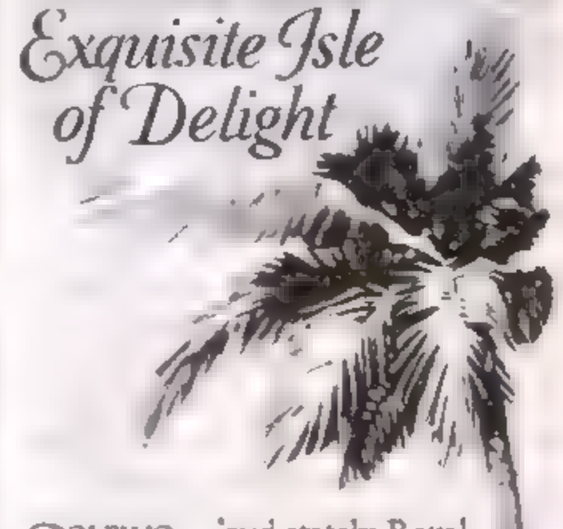
Outside of business men and buyers and scientists and insurance agents, and the like, these are typical of my visitors at the home in Santa Rosa. Thousands have come who have not rung the doorbell at all, but who have walked about the gardens on the street and looked in over the fence, which I built low so that they could see all there was to see. Most of them are satisfied, but there was a time when hundreds every year were not, but would make some pretext or find some excuse to push in or to call to me or to the men, so that in time they became a real menace to the business. I put up signs that discouraged them, finally. I said that they could have an interview at so much a minute. After that they seemed less anxious to interrupt.

There is no getting cross with such folks though. Their interest is great; their hearts are kindly. They can't realize that a minute to each visitor would mean an average of an hour a day, and that an hour a day would be about three working days out of each month, in a place where every minute counts and neither health nor

COME TO HAVANA

REPUBLIC OF Cuba

Exquisite Isle of Delight



GOLFING...'mid stately Royal Palms waving to skies of cerulean blue. Fishing, yachting, bathing...in a sea of deepest azure ...warm and peaceful...sparkling in the gorgeous sunshine. Tennis, polo, hunting, thrilling jai-alai, horse racing...indescribably delightful, invigorating, healthful...in Cuba's springlike climate...its entrancing tropical beauty.

And the charming social life... cultured, refined...but free and unrestricted...a gracious, hospitable people...making pleasure an art.

Intriguing Havana...city of contrasts... quaint, romantic, century-old scenes mingling with modern wealth and progress... different...foreign...yet friendly.

A visit to Cuba is an unforgettable experience.

(In Cuba even the warmest summer day is made pleasant by the cool trade winds. The temperature during 1925 never rose above 93 nor fell below 66 degrees.)

Cuba is only 90 miles from America

For information apply to any Cuban Consul or to the National Tourist Commission, Havana, Cuba

THE FRENCH—most fastidious in their choice of foods—and the Germans may still differ as to the occupation of the Rhineland, but they are becoming one in their praise and love of a famous dish—healthful, tasteful, economical Sauerkraut. And who can foretell what differences this food may finally overcome?

Sauerkraut, whose sales are increasing everywhere, is gaining, in fact, a distinct place in French Medical literature.

Armand Gautier, M. D., member of the Institute and the (Paris) Academy of Medicine and Professor of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, whose works have been translated into many tongues, in his "Diet for the Healthy Man and the Sick", calls cabbage a "precious vegetable"; declares Sauerkraut easily digestible and recommends it in the diet for sugar diabetes.

And equally enthusiastic is Doctor F. Cayla, at one time chief of the Clinic of the Medical Faculty of the University of Bordeaux, France, who proclaims Sauerkraut "appetizing, healthful and nourishing". It should have a favored place, he adds, on the tables of others besides the Teutons.

Dr. Marcel Labbé, former professor in the Faculty of Medicine of Paris and director of the Charity Hospital of that city, in his "Nutritious Diet", also pays his tribute to the value of cabbage and Sauerkraut as foods.

Agreeing with Metchnikoff, long the head of the Pasteur Institute, these French experts know that Sauerkraut is rich in vitamines and the minerals so necessary to bodily health and strength, and that its lactic ferments tend to keep the intestinal tract free from disease producing germs.

But Sauerkraut is a delicious, wholesome, succulent and economical dish as well. It is within the reach of every purse. Send for the booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food". It is Free. It not only gives you the scientific facts about this wonderful food, but it tells forty-nine ways of serving it.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

EMBLEM OF GOOD KRAUT N.K.P.A.

Send for this Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes

Name

Address

City State

strength will permit of any additional strain on a body that has been driven at just about its highest speed constantly for sixty years.

I do enjoy laying off for a little while when some people come by. Ignace Paderewski stayed with me several times, and his fine, sensitive nature and his breadth of experience gave him a background for a pleasant, a delightful friendship with me. He was never on his guard or being shown off when he was here, and he felt it and appreciated it. He played, too, though not in his concert style, but plainly and simply, little old-fashioned songs and pieces he knew I would understand and enjoy, and never too much, but usually too little. Schumann-Heink, that great-hearted woman, who loved all the children of the world as she loved her own, was my guest, the great Melba came my way, and a dozen others whose names are written on my heart in gratitude to them for their interest and friendliness.

Edison and Ford at Santa Rosa

Thomas Edison I met in Sacramento when he came to California to visit the Exposition. I had been invited to go to Sacramento to meet him; he and Henry Ford were traveling in the same party, and it was a great conclave for me. Just a little while ago I had a letter from a man who saw that meeting; it is more expressive than anything I can write of it, so I am going to quote from the letter. He wrote:

I don't think you know when it was I first saw you. I was working for the railroad at Sacramento, and I heard that Edison and a party were coming through and would stop over for a while.

When I went out to see the sights someone told me Luther Burbank was coming, too, to meet Edison's party and Henry Ford, so I went back to the despatcher and I said: "You'd better step out here a minute, because you are going to see something you will never see in your life again—the three biggest men in America, all at once." He was very busy, but he went with me and we stayed for twenty minutes.

I saw you meet Edison and he put an arm around you, then you met Ford. You had a little talk, then Ford talked to Mr. Edison. Every once in a while Edison would lean over to his wife, because he was very deaf, you remember, and he would holler out: "What did he say, mother?" Then she would tell him and he would laugh and then you would all have a good laugh.

It was certainly a treat for the railroad boys and the crowd, and I remember thinking then that the big men were the simplest and plainest and pleasantest, if you could see them actually in the flesh; there was no buncombe or show or pretense, but just three fellows glad to meet and having a nice time about it. I will never forget it, and I guess none of us will that saw you. Pretty soon the conductor signaled, and you all went off together, and the last thing I saw, you and Edison were arm in arm in the car talking away, with Edison bending down and holding his hand to his ear to make out what you had to say, and anxious not to miss a word.

Edison and Ford and their party came out to the Santa Rosa gardens a few days later and we had a grand reunion. They wanted to know everything about the flowers and the plans and the program, and Edison was particularly quick to see beauty and catch the vision of what was being done and attempted. Henry Ford was just as enthusiastic, but he saw a different angle of the gardens. He wanted to know what was being done to increase production and develop new possibilities in plants; he has the longest view into the future of any man I have encountered out of the business world of my time. The ladies said we acted like three schoolboys, but we didn't care. We were having a fine time.

Dr. David Starr Jordan and Hugo de Vries were the most interesting scientists I have encountered in a long experience with that class, though there have been others that I enjoyed enormously, many of them foreigners, with difficult English or none at all, and yet whom I could understand and who understood me because, with our botanical names for things and with signs and a common interest and concern, we were able to walk through the gardens and talk Nature's language without the slightest difficulty. My plants went to all parts of the world with these visitors, and my notions of method and technic were given wide dissemination through them. At the same time I learned from all of them and was helped by all of them and found friends and collaborators in all of them.

Dear John Burroughs was an intimate and crony of mine long before we met or exchanged a line of writing; I looked forward to his visit, when the time came, with the keenest pleasure and delight, and I was not disappointed. We just chinned and chinned and romanced and laughed and exaggerated to each other by the hour, and when he went away I promised to name a strawberry for him. But a long time afterward I wrote him that I had produced a quantity of fine strawberries and had never found one I thought sufficiently admirable and incomparable to send into the world with his honored name. Then, before I was satisfied, he died, and I lost a friend and the world lost one of its richest treasures. I am still hoping to find a fruit or a flower I think worthy of that name of his, and if I do I shall honor myself more than him in borrowing the use of it.

John Muir and Jack London were neighbors of mine, in a sense; Muir lived outside of Oakland and the great story-teller lived just over the hills. We did not bother each other, we three, but we visited now and again. Muir was a sturdy, powerful oak of a man, with a broad view of life and a marvelous sympathy; Jack London was a big healthy boy with a taste for serious things, but never cynical, never bitter, always good-humored and humorous, as I saw him, and with fingers and heart equally sensitive when he was in my gardens.

All Sorts of Celebrities

It was a long time ago that I discovered that newspapermen and press agents were fond of using me as a stalking horse to get space for pet enterprises or individuals of their own, and once or twice I had to shut down pretty smartly on this sort of exploitation. But when it was all part of the game of life I didn't mind so much; I suppose it is to publicity promoters that I owe many of the visits I have had from celebrities in their own fields, who would not likely have visited an old crank like me from choice. But when they come we usually get along famously; there have been a number of motion-picture stars and a crowd of athletes and young folks famous in sports, and better known to the average American than any vice president who ever presided over the Senate. I have found them healthy, clean-minded, likable youngsters; I don't know of any finer influence on our life than the influence of play, and as long as it is indulged for the sake of the sport and the healthy rivalry and the fun there is in it, any good player is a credit to game and public alike. It's too bad they fall into the hands of the money makers, but they do, and probably always will. They don't last long there, though; soon they lose their drawing power at the gate and their promoters and managers and fair-weather friends drop away and they sink back into oblivion and are forgotten; while the names of men and women who have played for the team or the college or the society or the city, just for fun and for pride and pleasure, are written in gold on the hearts of those they have represented and who will never forget them or their prowess.

When I ponder the roll of those who have been here, I am filled with happy memories, and each name recalls some characteristic or anecdote or friendly tilt that warms my heart. Dr. O. F. Cook, of the Department of Agriculture, with his keen, incisive mind, Dr. William Rainey Harper, first president of Chicago University, who was so quiet, seldom speaking, but listening with the liveliest appreciation and suddenly putting in a word or a phrase that showed he was half a mile ahead of the rest of us; Svante Arrhenius, the Swedish physicist, ever on the alert for the causes and tendencies of things, whether they were atoms, plants or planets; Winthrop John Vanleuren Osterhout, who was then with the University of California and later went to Harvard, one of the best-equipped men I ever knew on the subject of behavior in the plant world.

From the Album of Memories

But they were not all scholars, these men I remember so kindly. W. C. Edes, the civil engineer, had moved mountains and built lakes; when I saw him last he was about to span Alaska with a railroad, and no living man was better equipped to tackle that job. Jacob Riis, friend and associate of Theodore Roosevelt, was my friend and associate as soon as we got on the subject of children, for whom he did so much. James Bryce, the eminent historian and England's most famous ambassador to Washington, was perhaps as well posted a man as ever came my way, but I think I derived keenest pleasure from listening to the smooth, suave, pungent English of Elbert Hubbard, who could say such old things in such a new way as to make a person sit up straight. And in more recent years I enjoyed a warm friendship with Henry T. Finck, the New York musical critic, who turned garden expert and wrote a delightful and valuable book on the subject.

Famous and illustrious women have come, too—authors, musicians, actresses, educators—and have been welcome because they were charming and interesting and because, perhaps more than most men, they have a keen natural love for flowers. Annie Laurie, the newspaper woman, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Corra Harris, Elinor Glyn and scores more have come to my doorbell and made me happier and better from having a few minutes' chat with them.

Of all these the one I am least likely to forget has been a recent caller. For years I had been interested in the amazing struggle against an apparently insurmountable physical disability made by Helen Keller, and you may be sure that I welcomed her to my home and gardens when she came, just a few months ago, with the greatest joy. We were instantly friends. We understood each other, and I saw through her fingers as much as she saw through my eyes.

I have taken a few random pictures from the album of my memory of visitors who have come to me and walked with me in my gardens. They have inspired me, helped me, strengthened me when I was discouraged, appreciated my work more than it deserved; they have been to me what friends are always and everywhere—the most beautiful gift of life to us, at once the easiest to win and the most costly to lose.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Burbank and Mr. Hall. The next will appear in an early issue

Original

The fountain pen desk set idea was a Sheaffer inspiration. It has swept the country in a large way, because the desk set was a greatly needed thing. Our dealers carry an attractive assortment of them, for the home desks of women, for the office desks of men. With Lifetime® fountain pens, they sell everywhere from $10 upwards.

For your Christmas giving we here illustrate some outstanding individuals of a brilliant group, all remarkable performers. There is a Sheaffer pen and pencil for every writing need.

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PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA

LONDON OFFICE, 199 REGENT STREET

®Reg U S Pat Off

SEALED SECRETS

(Continued from Page 23

"I have been thinking things over," I repeated, "and I have decided I am not worthy of you. I have too many bad habits, such as smoking."

"In my opinion, Alois, smoking is not a bad habit. A manly man generally smokes, and I am one of those women who like the smell of a pipe."

"That is too bad," I said, "because I am giving up my pipe for cigarettes because I need a kick out of my tobacco."

"How lucky, Alois; because personally I prefer cigarettes. We can smoke them together. I smoked a little last winter when my girl friend was visiting me, and I liked it."

"I cannot stand a woman who smokes," I said coldly.

"It does not make any real difference to me, Alois. I will willingly give it up if you say so. You know my one ambition in life is to please you."

Gentlemen, I am not going to describe the scene of the next few minutes. I will merely state that, as politely as possible, I told her that all was over between us and that I would send back her letters the next day. I do not enjoy causing pain and it was disagreeable to me to see the way she took this information. But I can simply report that once I was away from the Kobus residence I felt so light-hearted I wanted to go dancing down the street.

I went to bed full of new hope and woke in the morning the same as if a stone had been rolled off my heart. The birds were singing, the sun was coming in through the window, and I could not help thinking of a little girl I had seen on Oak Street. "Now that I am my own boss again," I told myself, "I will look up that little girl and get acquainted, and see what some Spiritual Jiujitsu can do to give her an interest in life. Let me see what the book says."

With these words, and raising myself up in bed, I started to look for the book. One minute later, gentlemen, I sank back in bed with a gasp, crushed by a horrible and growing suspicion.

The evening before, previous to calling on Miss Kobus, I had, at the entrance of my brother-in-law, hurriedly shoved your invaluable volume into my right-hand coat pocket. Now I perceived that the pocket was empty and that the Sealed Secrets of the Art of Wooing to Win had disappeared.

III

WITH one supreme bound, gentlemen, I was out of bed, and had begun a minute search of every place in the room where your invaluable volume might be located. But I could not help remembering that the last time I had seen it had been when shoving it into my coat pocket as described; and I had no memory of removing it from that place.

Dressing in a hurry and without even waiting to shave, I started out on the trail, and I will admit frankly, gentlemen, that, though sincerely moved by a desire to recover your invaluable volume for myself, I was also sincerely moved by a desire to keep anyone else from finding it. This was not only because I had my name in it, and hence, if any of my friends found it, I would never hear last of same but also because of certain entries already mentioned. For instance, on August 18 I had noted opposite the date: "Tried to get C. to say she loved me, through intensive use of Sealed Secret Number One. Success crowned efforts." And I knew that if any of the boys ever found this I would be kidded to death.

"What is the matter, Al?" asked Bernie Woods, who met me on the street. "By your looks I would say some blonde had been talking harshly to you."

"Nothing is the matter," I replied, with an effort at a merry laugh.

"Stop laughing like that," said Bernie, "and try rubbing a rusty nail on a saw; it will sound better. And then follow my lead and never have anything to do with any of them. Personally I am off them for life, and could not become interested in a girl even if she had certificates showing she was the Queen of Sheba."

Well, that was exactly the way I felt. And the longer I looked for your invaluable volume without finding it, the more I felt that way. And as often as I thought of the possibility that Miss Kobus had perhaps playfully taken it out of my pocket I shivered practically like a leaf. I returned home unsuccessful and feeling the same as if I was going to be sick.

"There's a package here for you," said my sister in her usual Sunday morning voice.

"What is it?" I asked. "Who brought it?"

"I am no X-ray machine," she said, cuffing my little nephew and then beginning to wash his ears with intensity, "and I am not a private detective agency either. Somebody dropped it inside the front door."

As I had suspected, the package, with my name printed on the outside, contained your Supreme Revelation Book entitled Matrimos, but there was nothing about the volume to indicate who had found and returned same.

Gentlemen, I was worried in the full meaning of the term. The night before, as stated, I had decided to send Miss Kobus her letters by mail. Now I knew there was no way out except for me to see her again, and if she was the party responsible for the return of the book, to explain to her in some smooth way how Bernie Wood had given me your invaluable volume for a joke, or something to that effect. I was about to call her up and make a date, when the telephone rang and Mrs. Kobus, her aunt, in her usual brisk voice asked me if I could call at two o'clock that afternoon. She said she was speaking for Clara, who was at church and who had tried to get me earlier in the morning, but without success.

I will not have to explain why I said I would be there, and you can probably understand my emotions as at 1:45 I rang the doorbell at 314 Maple Street.

"Hello, Alois."

"Hello, Clara."

"How is everything, Alois?"

"Everything is O. K., Clara. How is everything with you?"

"Everything is just fine, Alois. Won't you come in and sit down?"

At first I was afraid that the painful conversation of the night before would have to be repeated, but such was not the case, as Miss Kobus immediately produced a packet of letters, with the words, "These belong to you, Alois. I have one or two more, but I will give them to you later when I can bear to part with them."

"That is all right, Clara," I said in a kind voice. "Keep them as long as you want to. I hope you will always feel that you have got a good friend in me, and before we say good-by I would like to ask you a question."

"Ask me as many questions as you like, Alois."

"There is just one. Last night did I leave anything behind me?" As I said this I looked at her closely to see if she would change color.

She did not. Her eyes merely opened very wide as she responded, "Why, no, Alois. Did you lose something? What was it?"

"A book," I replied shortly.

"What was its name, Alois?"

Since there was nothing to be gained by revealing the title, I said, "I have forgotten the name, but it is of no importance. Let us talk about something else, because I am afraid it is about time for me to go."

She looked me straight in the eye as she said, "No, nothing was found here, Alois—nothing. And I am sure you don't suspect me of telling you an untruth."

"No," I said, "I do not." And this was the simple truth, as I had always found her unusually scrupulous about always sticking to the facts in the case.

"Well, then, Alois, since this is our parting I have a last favor to ask of you, and please believe me when I say it will mean a great deal to me. I want you to take one last walk by my side as far as the Maple Street Bridge where we used to walk. Do you remember, Alois?"

Sick at heart, but with no desire to be disobliging, and considering this was to be our last interview, I said "All right, Clara," and we started.

The Maple Street Bridge, gentlemen, is probably not different from your bridges in New York, in case you have same. A roadway runs in the center, with a sidewalk on each side. An iron-pipe fence prevents foot passengers from falling over, and on the other side of this fence the sidewalk extends a couple of feet; then there is a twenty-foot drop to the river below.

We had walked to the middle of the bridge when, catching my arm, Miss Kobus said, "Look, Alois, I have dropped my best handkerchief."

Looking as requested, I noticed her handkerchief outside the railing and outside the sidewalk extension, on the projecting end of a stringer.

"That is too bad," I said.

"Oh, Alois, won't you try to get it for me?"

I had reached my cane between the railings when she stopped me with the words: "No, no, Alois. It is real lace and the end of the cane might tear it."

Thinking that this was probably the last favor she would ever ask of me, I decided to do what she evidently wanted me to do, and with a few quick movements climbed over the railing to the outside and stooped down to gather up the handkerchief.

Gentlemen, I had hardly got it into my hands when I felt a terrific sharp jab in my ribs.

"Hey, there," I said, "what do you think you are doing?"

On the safe side of the iron fence Miss Kobus was standing, in her hands my cane, and on her face an expression that beat anything I have ever seen on my sister's face, even on the occasion when the twins pulled over the tea table.

"Jump," she said in a hoarse whisper, meanwhile jabbing me again. Then, lifting her head, and in a voice that could have been heard a quarter of a mile away, she yelled, "Don't jump, Alois. For my sake don't jump. Catch hold of the cane."

"I'm not cuckoo," I said, "and you can bet I'm not going to jump. I wouldn't jump for ——"

That was as far as I got. With a strength which I did not think any young girl had, she brought the cane down on my head. Then, before I could protect myself, she had jabbed me once in the watchpocket, hammered me a couple of times over the knuckles, and was aiming at my left eye, when I decided the best thing for me to do was to jump, and I done so.

Gentlemen, I had no sooner come to the surface when I saw Miss Kobus on the bridge above, with a lot of people around her, and herself outside the railing and yelling, "Tread water, Alois. Alois, tread water. I will save you."

And then she dove in. The next minute something had grabbed me from below and I was dragged underwater and held there till almost suffocated. When I came to the surface again Miss Kobus had me by the hair and was swimming toward shore.

Gentlemen, I do not know whether or not you have ever had anybody tow you by the hair, but I can only say that at best it is a disagreeable sensation, and the more I tried to struggle to swim myself the more disagreeable this sensation became.

And every now and then Miss Kobus would get her feet into my clothes and push me down under water. Then when she would haul me up, she would be yelling, "Courage, Alois. I will save you, Alois. Just a little more, Alois." And then she would shove me under again.

By the time we reached the bank where they were just getting ready to put out a boat, I felt like a wet wash rag. But the worst was to listen to the bunch of boobs looking on. One and all seemed to be under the illusion that I had jumped into the river and that Miss Kobus had saved my life.

"There is one girl heroine," they kept saying.

"She kept him out of a watery grave. She certainly did."

"He ought to go down on his knees and thank her."

Well, gentlemen, I didn't feel like going down on my knees and thanking anybody. Instead I felt more like getting up on my toes and telling Miss Clara Kobus a few home truths.

"Alois," she said, in a voice like you hear on the stage, "try to forgive me. I can't help it if I have acted the way my conscience told me to act."

"I will never forgive you," I said, standing up and shaking myself.

"Say it was not my fault, Alois."

"It was all your fault," I replied in a dignified manner.

And the last I heard her say as I walked off, still extremely wet, was the words, several times repeated, "Don't do anything rash, Alois. Promise me you won't do anything rash."

I did not answer, gentlemen; I just walked on. And the farther I walked the madder I got. And when finally I reached my room and my eyes fell on your Supreme Revelation Book entitled Matrimos or the Sealed Secrets of the Art of Wooing to Win, I picked it up, gentlemen, and tore it into little pieces—especially Chapter Seven—and then I went out into the back yard and burned those pieces. After that I changed my clothes and caught the first train for Woody Beach, where some of the boys, including myself, have a little shack. And I stayed there for three days, leaving it only to telephone the office that I was sick

And now in reading what follows, gentlemen, I will ask you kindly to remember that all I am about to tell you is in strictest confidence and that what has gone before is simply leading up to the supreme revelation which, at this point, I am about to begin to make.

IV

IT WAS Wednesday evening when I reached my sister's house, and opening the door with the latchkey, went directly to my room. I thought I had not disturbed anybody, but immediately after, with the sound of somebody falling downstairs, my sister came running up same.

"Oh, you are here, are you?" was her first remark after throwing open the door.

"Yes, I am here," I said in a polite voice.

"It is about time. You have certainly made a fine ninny of yourself."

"What do you mean?" I asked, feeling myself getting paler.

"If you don't know, you are the only person in town who doesn't. I have been fighting off the newspaper reporters ever since Sunday night. A fine ninny you have shown yourself to be."

"What is the matter?" I asked, as with a sudden sinking at heart I wondered if Clara Kobus had instituted a suit for breach of promise. "Why do you call me a ninny? Am I a ninny simply because I told a girl I liked her looks?"

"If you hadn't been a ninny you'd have stopped at that, but you didn't. That's the trouble."

"Well, what did I do?"

"Read it all out in print," she snapped, throwing down on the bed a copy of Monday morning's paper. "There it is. Read it. And kindly remember that from now on

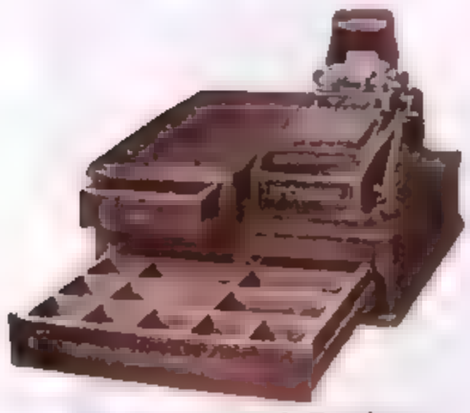
(Continued on Page 139

THEY SAVE THEY COLLECT THEY EARN

"Our Collections Pepped Up"

"EVERY charge account in our store is now ready for payment in full. Our collections have pepped up—we save time and our customers never dispute what they owe us." *The Bridge Pharmacy, Clifton Forge, Va.*

McCaskey Credit Register



McCaskey Cash Register

Automatically records the details that every dealer should know about his business. What was sold—who sold it—what was paid out—received on account—etc. Also a complete adding machine.

Lazy collections—dollars piling up in "open accounts"—are rocks that have wrecked many a good retail business. Putting certainty, system, *safety* into handling credit accounts is one great service of McCaskey "ONE writing" Credit Systems.

Thousands of dealers from coast to coast would rather part with anything else in their store than their McCaskey Credit System.

Charge accounts are kept audited up-to-the-minute—the danger of forgetting to make charges is eliminated—posting and re-writing errors are prevented—customers are gently reminded of balance due with each purchase—credit is stopped automatically when accounts become uncertain—time is saved again and again.

Write and Find Out How McCaskey Systems Can Serve You

Drug stores, grocery, dry goods, hardware and general stores, meat markets, lumber yards, feed stores, electric shops, auto accessory stores, garages and dozens of other kinds of stores are stopping credit losses and saving time with McCaskey Cash and Credit Registers. If you are a dealer in any line of business, we will gladly send you full information on McCaskey Cash and Credit Registers especially adapted for your business.

Physicians and Dentists

McCaskey Professional Systems provide instant reference showing the financial standing as well as the clinical record of every patient. With a McCaskey System you can improve your collections and make more money from your practice. Full information gladly sent upon request. In writing please mention the profession in which you are engaged

Manufacturers

McCaskey Systems for industrial control will give you a bird's-eye record of every job in process of development in your plant—enable you to speed up production—keep machines and men busy—reduce your tool investment—cut overhead costs. Write for information.

McCaskey Sales Books
are supplied in all forms to meet your needs

THE McCASKEY REGISTER COMPANY, ALLIANCE, OHIO · *Galt, Canada · Watford, England*

McCASKEY

CASH REGISTERS

CREDIT SYSTEMS

ONE WRITING

For Christmas An Ingersoll

When you give an Ingersoll Watch you make a gift that is appreciated all out of proportion to its cost. For there's no gift like a watch, nothing used so much, consulted so often, carried so long. And Ingersoll Watches, made for over 30 years, have a reputation for dependability and enduring service that is world-wide and thoroughly deserved.

There's an Ingersoll for Everyone

REDUCED PRICES!

All prices shown in this ad are the new reduced prices recently effective

YANKEE
The Most Popular Watch in the World

The new improved model. More compact, cased, antique hands and crown. Always dependable. **$1.50**

JUNIOR
Millions Chosen by Men and Boys

The popular 12-size. Thin model that slips easily into the pocket. Sturdy, dependable. **$3.25**

MIDGET
For Women, Girls and Small Boys

Women carry Midgets in their handbags, and find them useful at home. **$3.25**

WRIST WATCH
Lies Flat on Wrist No Strap Beneath

Everybody these days needs a wrist watch. The time is right at a glance. **$3.50**

RADIOLITE Models *that* Tell Time *in the* Dark

YANKEE RADIOLITE
The Yankee with luminous figures and hands. Tells time in the dark. Radium does it. **$2.25**

WATERBURY RADIOLITE
The jeweled Waterbury as described below, with luminous figures and hands. **$5.50**

MIDGET RADIOLITE
An ideal watch for travelers. Nursing mothers find it a great convenience. **$3.75**

WRIST RADIOLITE
Popular with sportsmen, motorists, etc. Stands the bumps of outdoor use. **$4.00**

With an Ingersoll Radiolite under your pillow or on your wrist at night, you can find out the time almost without waking up. No fumbling for the light switch . . . just a quick glance at the glowing figures and hands.

JEWELED Models *in* Nickel *and* Rolled Gold-plate Cases

WATERBURY
The Lowest Priced Jeweled Watch Made in America

Jeweled watch accuracy at a [illegible] price. [illegible] 12-size. Silvered metal dial. **$4.50**

RELIANCE
7 Jewels

Bridge model. The thinnest 16-size, 7-jewel watch made in America. Big value. **$6.00**

WATERBURY and RELIANCE
In 14-K Rolled Gold-Plate Cases

Fine Presentation Watches at Amazingly Low Prices

Green and white rolled gold-plate. Six different back designs for both Waterbury and Reliance. Silvered metal dial. Sunk [illegible] **$8.00 & $9.50**

Ingersolls obtainable in all parts of Canada at slightly higher prices.

TOMATO VITAMINS

Market tomatoes, delicious and nourishing though they are, are usually a day or two old when you get them. But for real tomato freshness, obtainable only from red, vine-ripened tomatoes, use Snider's Catsup.

But tomatoes used in Snider's Catsup are *actually fresher*

THE tomatoes in Snider's Catsup are *fresh-kept*. Actually fresher, months after they are bottled, than tomatoes you are likely to buy in the height of the season.

For Snider's Catsup the tomatoes are ripened on the vine and are cooked and bottled and hermetically sealed — the same day as picked.

Only by this care and speed can the delightful flavor and natural vitamins of the world's richest vitamin food be *fresh-kept* for your table.

Fresh-kept — that's a word that describes every single item in the Snider line of vegetables and fruits put up in glass and tin.

Ask your grocer to send you an assortment of these Snider products and all the year 'round you can enjoy that rare ripe flavor of foods sun-ripened, fresh-picked, fresh-cooked, *fresh-kept*.

Snider's
TOMATO PRODUCTS

Please send me copy of your free booklet "The Story of Tomatoes and Vitamins." Yours for good health and good appetite

Name _____

Address _____

Mail this coupon to
The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.
Temple Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 134)

my poor innocent children can't step out on the street without every neighbor on the block laughing in his sleeve and saying, 'Oh, what a poor ninny those children have for an uncle.'"

She slammed the door behind her. Picking up the paper I feverishly turned to court news on page seven. There was nothing there. Still feverishly, I scanned column after column. Then an accidental glimpse at page one made my heart stop beating. These were the headlines:

SIREN SAVES SADDENED SUITOR

VAMPIRE EYES PRODUCE SUICIDE ATTEMPT
ALOIS O STACKHOFFER LEAPS INTO TORRENT
BECAUSE MARRIAGE OFFER IS REFUSED

CLARA KOBUS WHOSE FATAL ATTRACTION
CAUSED DRAMA RISKS LIFE TO RESCUE
RACKED WOOER

With my heart still stopping at intervals, I went on and read the whole account. Gentlemen, it was terrible. And except for three letters which I had written Clara and which had been put in word for word, it was all a fake.

It told how I had been desperately in love with Miss Kobus, and how, when finally she had refused me, I had tried to commit suicide by jumping off the Maple Street Bridge. For a while she had managed to keep me from jumping by grabbing at me with the cane, but when this failed, she had bravely dived after me and saved my life! But that was only the beginning, for the pack of lies which followed got thicker and worse.

"'I do not know why it is,' explained Miss Kobus to the reporter between fits of weeping. 'I never encourage any of them, but the result is always the same. I say I am sorry, but I cannot marry them, and then they go out and commit suicide, or try to. Is it my fault if I have never yet met the man who could interest me for more than three minutes?'"

Then the article went on stating things that I knew were absolute falsehoods, as she herself had told me the entire history of her life, and that she had never been out of Wisconsin or in a larger city than Sheboygan.

According to the article she did not know how she had saved me, as it was the first time in her life she had ever tried to swim, except once when under similar circumstances she had tried unsuccessfully to save a San Francisco suitor from drowning himself in the Pacific Ocean. Other admirers in Cleveland, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Birmingham and New Orleans had also tried to commit suicide when she would not marry them, but most of them had been rescued one way or another. And lastly the article stated that a committee of Boston doctors who had examined her in 1925 had stated that she was suffering from vampire eyes, and it was not her fault if a mere glance turned a man's head, because that was the way vampire eyes always acted.

Gentlemen, when I had finished reading that lying article I sat still on the bed for a long time. Then I went to the telephone.

It was her aunt, Mrs. Kobus, who answered. "Clara is not here," she said in a tired voice. "She is out at a dance."

"What dance?" I asked.

"I don't know. She is splitting the evening between two dances. The telephone is always ringing lately and there is a perfect procession of automobiles bringing parties to call on Clara."

In hanging up the receiver, gentlemen, I pretty near broke the phone.

During the rest of the week it did not seem as though I could settle down to anything. I was burning with indignation to see Clara alone and tell her exactly what I thought of her for playing that despicable trick. By Saturday noon I could not stand it any longer and decided to lay the whole case before Bernie Woods and ask him what he considered I ought to do about it.

Bernie was at the Color-Ur-Oto Shop, having his car painted red.

"Hello, Bernie," I said.

He looked at me with a disagreeable expression on his face as he said, "Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Yes," I answered simply. "What is the matter, Bernie?"

"As far as you are concerned," he said with a sneer, "I suppose there is nothing the matter. You have ruined a girl's life, but that's all right; it's no skin off your elbow."

Gentlemen, for a minute I was so taken back I could not speak. "What are you talking about, Bernie?" I said when once more my throat was in order.

"You know well enough what I am talking about. Can you swim? One word - yes or no?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh, you admit it"

"Certainly I admit it."

"Then that makes it all the worse. The poor little girl tells you frankly she can never love you and then what do you do? Do you act like a man and let her alone? No, you lead her to the middle of the bridge and then, knowing you can swim, you say 'Good-by. I am going to commit suicide,' and you jump overboard. It doesn't matter to you that she will risk her own life to try to save yours because she doesn't know you're bluffing."

I said, "Do you believe that?"

He doubled up his fists with the words, "Are you trying to make out that Miss Kobus is a liar? If you feel that way about it, just say so once more, and I will start something you can't finish."

I gave him a look of silent contempt, gentlemen, and walked away. And as I walked he said, "If you ever again knock that little girl before me, it will be the same thing as asking for a free pass to the undertaker's."

I saw how the ground lay and that there was just one thing to do: Have a frank talk with Clara Kobus. But this was easier said than done, for to get a date with this girl had now become practically impossible. In the first place there was Bernie Woods, who had given me all that good advice and who was now calling around about three times a day. After Bernie there was Willis Lane from the Star Insurance Agency, and Marcus Bell from Hampton and Hampton's, and about six others who had never known Clara was alive until that newspaper article came out about her vampire eyes. And now they were sending flowers every day and the manager of the Choco-sweet Candy Store was hiring two extra girls.

But the more I was put off, the more I determined to succeed. Yet it was not until Friday, when in response to a telephone call her aunt said in her usual tired voice, "Clara will see you tonight for fifteen minutes if you are here at exactly 9:45, because at ten o'clock she is going to the Charleston competition at the White Rabbit Inn."

Gentlemen at 8:55 that night I was outside the Kobus residence, and it was 9:48, when an automobile appeared and after a long adieu Clara jumped out and started toward the house

"Oh, hello," she said, as I rose up from the steps. "What are you doing out this time of night? Practicing your art?"

There was a moon in the sky and the light fell softly on her face and also on her hair and on her fur collar. And though I had come to call a spade a spade, there was something about this sight of Clara that left me suddenly all confused. Never before had I noticed how good-looking she was, and though not prepared to state she has genuine vampire eyes, anybody could have seen there was something strange about them.

"I came here to see you," I said in a hoarse voice.

"Well, well," she said. "Now that you have seen me, what do you want to do next? Take my picture and put in your collection?"

"Clara," I went on, still hoarsely, "why have you acted like this? What came over you to make you do it?"

"Oh," she replied with a light laugh, "I just decided to try out a Sealed Secret, and success crowned efforts."

Gentlemen, these words infuriated me, for now I understood all, and I was glad I did not have a deadly weapon in my hand. At the same time, as previously stated, I could not help noticing there was something about her eyes. In spite of myself I found I was forgiving her everything she had done and beginning to wonder how I could get on good terms with her once more.

"Clara," I said, still hoarsely, and remembering Chapter Seven of your Supreme Revelation Book—"Clara, there is a girl in Chicago who is crazy about me."

"Who could blame her, Alois?"

"There are three New York girls I met the last time I was there, who write me letters every day of the week."

"They have seen you, Alois, and nevermore will they be able to forget you. It is terrible, but it is not your fault."

"And there is a girl now in Paris who says that if I do not marry her she will never marry anyone else as long as she lives."

"That sounds to me like the Grand Pash, Alois. Yes, that certainly is the Grand Pash. Do you remember her name or have you just given her a number? If I were you I would establish an account at some good funeral florist's, because one day, when she has her eyes blinded by tears as a result of reading a late extra which says that you have been elected President of the United States, she will be run over by a truck."

I waited a minute for her to get the sarcasm out of her system, and then I said, "I will come over tomorrow at five."

"That will be just fine, Alois," she said. "Personally, I am going away for the week-end, but my uncle and aunt will be delighted to see you."

"Where are you going?" I demanded, disregarding her rudeness.

"I will ask my social secretary and find out. But don't let that interfere with your pleasures. You will find my uncle an entertaining conversationalist if you are interested in what happened on the other side of 1880."

"Clara," I said in desperation, and hardly knowing what I said, "I am your fiancé."

"No, Alois," she said; "excuse me for contradicting you, but you are mixing me up with Number 37. You ought to be modern and use a card index. And now I hope you'll excuse me, because Bernie Woods may come along any minute, and he doesn't seem to like you. And whenever there is a mess on the porch my aunt always makes me sweep it up."

Shortly after that, gentlemen, I left. And never since then have I been able to concentrate on my work, because night and day I am always thinking of Clara Kobus. And though I am determined once more to win her heart, everything I have tried lately seems useless. And I cannot live without her.

And, gentlemen, that is why I have written you this letter. I have not yet given up all hope, because there were two or three chapters in your book which I merely skimmed over, and I think if I should take the volume page by page I might find something which would help me in my present distress. There are some of the later Sealed Secrets in Chapter Seven—Spiritual Jiujitsu—which I cannot seem to remember. I hardly glanced at Chapter Nine—Esoteric Powers of Attraction—and as for Chapter Twelve—Hidden Mysteries of Eros—I might say that I never read that at all.

And so, gentlemen, I will be very glad, and thank you most kindly, if at your earliest convenience you will send me another copy of your Supreme Revelation Book, entitled Matrimos, or Sealed Secrets of the Art of Wooing to Win, on receipt of which I faithfully promise, over my signature, to pay the mailman the stipulated three dollars plus a few cents for postage as per agreement.

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

Mr. Grave Pats Us on the Back

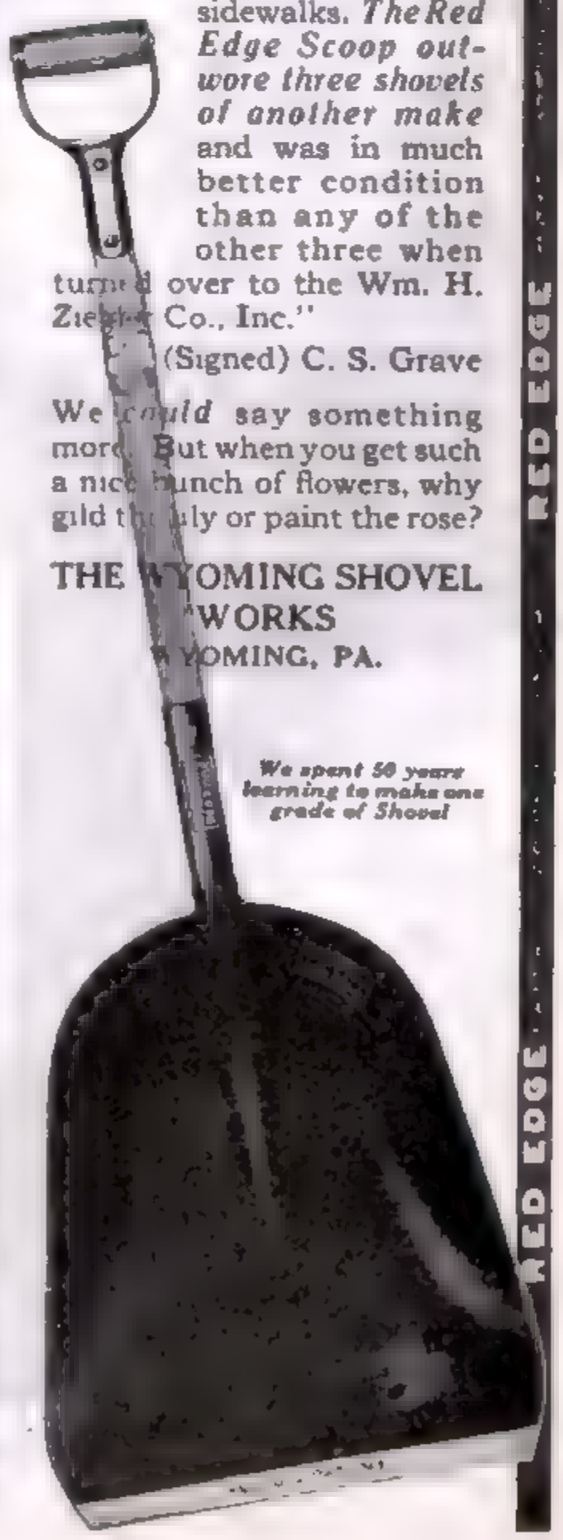
William H. Ziegler Co., Inc., who distribute Red Edges in Minneapolis, send us the following bouquet from Mr. C. S. Grave, Chief Engineer of the Jewelers' Exchange Bldg.

"Our Wyoming Red Edge No. 8 Coal Scoop has shoveled 2000 ton of Coal and has worked on concrete and steel flooring the entire time. In addition to shoveling the 2000 ton of coal, the same shovel was used to shovel ashes, as the *fireman liked it better than the shovel they had for that purpose.* In the winter time, the same shovel was used to clean snow off the sidewalks. *The Red Edge Scoop outwore three shovels of another make* and was in much better condition than any of the other three when turned over to the Wm. H. Ziegler Co., Inc."

(Signed) C. S. Grave

We could say something more. But when you get such a nice bunch of flowers, why gild the lily or paint the rose?

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.



The Christmas Favorite

"If you want to make your own Christmas a merrier one, buy a whole box of 24 delicious bars of **Baby Ruth.** Trim your tree with it, fill up the children's stockings, and keep the rest on the table for an all-day treat.

Sparkling eyes, happy faces and thankful hearts will reward your thoughtfulness.

America's Favorite Candy will make every home merry on Christmas morn!

Buy **Baby Ruth** by the box for Christmas Gifts." *Otto Y. Schnering,* President.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

5¢

THE MAGIC OF THE MOVIES

Continued from Page 13

But the next day the voice of the people spoke again from New York. "Mrs. Tuttle," it said in exactly the same accents it had used the day before, "will you take twenty-three thousand for the picture rights to Feet of Clay?"

That much of a jump overnight! I tried to think what a sensible man would answer. But what I succeeded in saying was:

"Why should I take twenty-three thousand dollars when I am offered twenty-five?"

"Who offers you twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"I am not at liberty to say," I replied, and never did I keep more sternly to the truth.

"We'll call you back," came the voice.

What the man of the house said when he came home to dinner that night would not be admitted to the Apocrypha. For I had not asked who it was. I don't know why I hadn't. It seemed to me I had no chance to ask. And not even the telephone company knew who it was. I could see myself doomed to the oil mop for the rest of my life, and not even a championship. I thought of the few little things I might buy for that money. I thought—but you can imagine what I thought better than I can tell you.

But the next day, bright and early—certainly bright, and it couldn't have been too early—came the voice, and it said:

"O. K., Mrs. Tuttle. We will pay you twenty-five thousand dollars for Feet of Clay. Will you come on and sign the contract?"

"Say, who are you?" I caroled into the mouthpiece.

Signing a Contract

"We represent Cecil De Mille," came the answer. "If you can send your lawyer to fix up this contract with us it will be all right; but we would prefer to see you personally."

I knew I would prefer to see them personally. I went upstairs and put the oil mop far away.

"As far as I can see right now, Lizzie," quoth I to the oil mop, "I won't be using you ever again." With which I set forth to New York.

If men and women were perfectly reasonable about such a windfall they couldn't go on successfully in the pictures. If one said, "This is a great streak of luck, and so I will not assume it is going to continue. Because I have been paid twenty or thirty or fifty thousand dollars, I will not believe I am going to get twenty, thirty or fifty thousand dollars a year the rest of my life and go out and buy an expensive car. I will live on the few thousand I have been used to and invest this money," he would be fit for a broker's office or for the Cabinet of the United States, but not for pictures.

The presidents of the picture corporations and the vice presidents and the production managers and the directors spend half their lives placating the artistic temperament, and a quarter of their lives imploring the stars to be reasonable. What would happen if they were it is impossible to prophesy.

I had heard a good deal about how careful you had to be about a picture contract; that you should go to the signing of one with a lawyer to scrutinize every clause But like a lot of stuff you hear about these magic wielders, most of it is bunk. Much of it comes from those who do not get contracts or engagements or acceptances of their manuscripts. Those who do get them seem to be satisfied enough and even anxious to renew them. Anyhow, I went all alone to the offices of Famous Players-Lasky—alone but for the man who came for me in the Lasky town car.

Once in these offices I was confronted by several men. One of them told me that a dozen other people besides Daniel had used Feet of Clay for a title. He turned out to be their title specialist and he was of the opinion that my work was less valuable because of the previous use of the title. Of course to me—and I did not hesitate to say so—the more people who had used the title the better—it gave it publicity. There was no comment made on this suggestion of mine, because nobody had used the title for a novel, and it had not been used since 1875—when it was used for a powder that eased the tired foot.

We then signed on the dotted line. I was given a check and also a corsage bouquet. That much for being a woman! There was nothing in my contract that could possibly bother me, and I am sure if I had been a man there would have been no bouquet, and perhaps there would have been no town car or any escort.

The affair being pleasantly completed with all the expedition of busy men, I went home. On the way home I said to myself, "What is all this talk about the impossibility of selling advantageously to the pictures? This looks advantageous to me, and very simple, not to say sweet. I like it and I hope it will happen often. I hope it will happen every time I write a novel, if I write any more. Maybe I shall write them with this in mind, who knows?"

As you will see, what I knew about it could have been put in a quinine capsule. An astonishing thing had happened to me quite from the outside; one of the best examples of sheer luck I know of, next to Washington's crossing the Delaware while his opponents were celebrating Christmas. I was one of many in concluding that this was the way it always happened. It almost never happens this way.

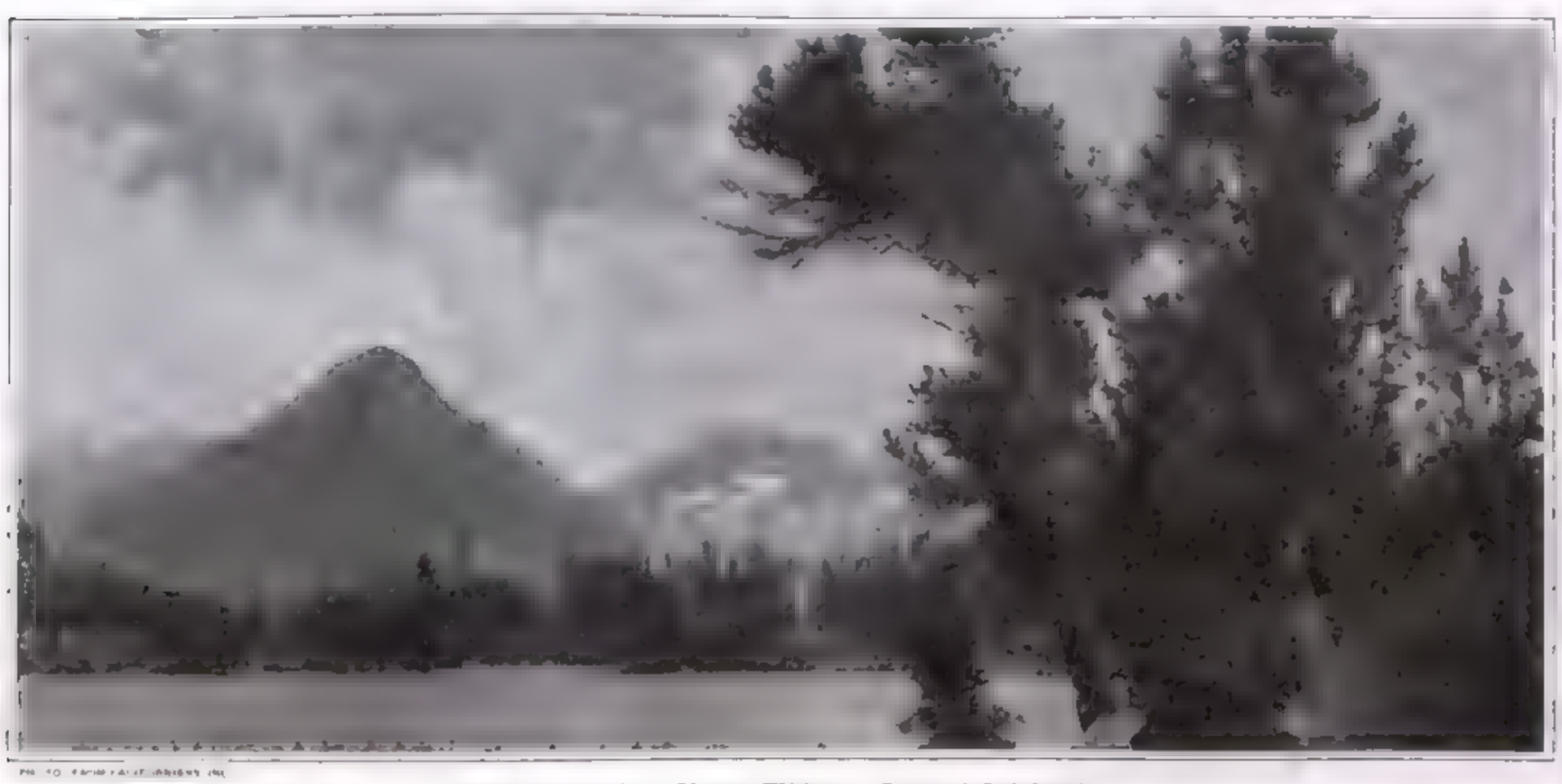
Radiant with the feeling that I had been picked out by high heaven for luck, I began to search my memory for who this Cecil De Mille might be. I hasten to say that this was my benighted ignorance and not the fault of the publicity department of Mr. De Mille's corporation. I recalled that he was a well-known dramatist, son of another well-known dramatist; that he had written Peter Grimm, which I admired extravagantly. I had never seen a picture that he directed, but then at that time I didn't know what directing was. I wouldn't have recognized continuity had I seen it walking down the street. I did not even visualize what it must be to photograph a story that would hold attention a couple of hours. I didn't think about it at all.

Plenty of Information

I set to thinking about it then, and about all I arrived at was that it would be pleasant to see my own characters take on the semblance of life—a new experience that would pay me for all the hours I had had to sit still and write when I would rather have done something else. I did not even know that it was no joy to a director to have an author about the place when he was photographing. I thought it was the usual course of events when I received a courteous letter from Cecil De Mille inviting me to come to Hollywood and see Feet of Clay filmed.

So deep was my ignorance that as I read the letter I was reminded of the college president's story of the boy who asked him to go home from college to try on a new suit; and the president's saying that if he could find another boy with so foolish a reason for going home he could go. The boy appeared before the president next day with another boy who said, "Sir, I want to go home to watch this suit being tried on."

To go to Hollywood, several thousand miles from where I lived, to see this suit being tried on seemed a long way to go. But it occurred to me that if this thing were to happen to me again, and I fervently hoped it would, it was time I knew something more about it; and probably the easiest way to learn something about it was to watch it being done. Just as the easiest way to learn Shakspere is to watch it being well acted. So I began to ask a few questions before I set out for Hollywood, and



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When business letters were written in long hand

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When loose stamps are stuck on by hand

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¶There is the right NORTHEASTER at the right price for *you*. ¶The *Standard* is without equal as a moderate-priced Horn for all-round service. ¶The *Special*, with its rich full tone and de luxe finish, is the last word for big cars and buses. ¶The *Commodore* and the *Admiral* are expressly designed for sport cars and motor boats. With their weather-proof finish and their resonant far-carrying tone so like the familiar air whistle, these models are particularly suited for marine use. ¶The *Sergeant* with its snappy distinctive tone and short projector, fills a long-felt need for a real horn for motor cycles, taxicabs and trucks.

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I kept asking them all the way out. I found out a great deal more about Cecil De Mille—there is a great deal known about him. Most of it is known by people who begin by assuring you that they know him well, an assurance that always makes me doubtful, like that of a woman who says, "I want you to know that I am a lady." These people who knew seemed very anxious to display their information, and it usually took this trend: "You must remember not to mention fish on Friday, because De Mille likes fish only on Saturday; and do not speak of bananas on any day, and I have it from the best authority that women are not expected to go on his yacht."

The result of information like this can be readily foreseen. Even if you try to put it out of your mind, at that moment when you should be depending on your own eyesight and your own hearing you are madly trying to remember whether it was fish on Friday or bananas on Tuesday. You cannot escape self-consciousness to save your life.

I began to recall these things the moment I arrived in California. At Beverly Hills two pleasant young publicity men waited for me with a car to take me to the San Pedro docks to set sail for Catalina, where Feet of Clay was being filmed at that stage of its production. We met other publicity men at the dock who were going over to the island, because a big spectacle was going on there and they wanted their papers to know about it. One, being a professional interviewer, interviewed me on how I felt about leaving my family and my home and coming to California to watch my brain family take form. But I am one of those who get seasick over the waves in a gutter, and the Pacific is as deep between Los Angeles and Catalina as I want it to be. So I didn't feel any particular way about my family, and as for my brain, if I had one, I had no respect for it, for this was the time for it to assert itself and it wasn't doing it.

"What's the matter?" asked the interviewer.

"If I had to do my own washing I would be seasick every Monday," I answered.

"Oh, cheer up." He was gleeful. "The whole first part of Feet of Clay is either in the water or on a yacht. Look! De Mille has seven of them. That one is his own. That one—the Casiana—is the Doheny boat; the second largest yacht in America. I don't know who owns the other five, but De Mille has hired them for this picture; and twenty-five power boats also. Say, you must have written a multimillionaire story. But of course you would for him."

The Springfield Regatta

My mouth fell open, and, contrary to my usual habit, I let it stay so.

"There isn't a boat in the whole first half of my story," I finally said. "That story starts in Springfield, Ohio, and everybody is poor."

"Maybe De Mille isn't going to use the first half of the story. Are there yachts in the second half?"

"There is one yacht. The story skips to Maine then."

"It must be Bar Harbor and you must have started the second part with a regatta—look!"

It wasn't Bar Harbor and there was no regatta in my story, but I looked.

Seven splendid yachts were strung with flags of every known color and some unknown ones. Dozens of power boats were fluttering about, driven by handsome young men in beautiful white flannels. A wharf was strung with what looked like miles of flags, pink and yellow and red, and inconceivably festive. I wondered why it hadn't occurred to me to write my story that way. I liked it much better than the way I had written it. The publicity man said if I did I was the only author in captivity who felt that way and that I had better give it publicity. He did not offer to do it for me, principally because he did not seem to believe me.

"The beach," he said, "was nothing but stones, so De Mille had carloads of sand dumped on it."

It was sandy enough then, and it was dotted with crowds of beautiful women in exquisite sports clothes. The publicity man called them extras, and he looked at me curiously when I said any woman would have come a four days' journey just to see this array of beauty and fashion. I thought any man might have, for I never saw lovelier women, certainly not at any summer resort where I have ever been.

Brilliant colored tents protected willow chairs cushioned in silk, drawn to tea tables heavy with magnificent silver services and gay with embroidered linens. Real food was on the tables—rainbow trout in aspic, truffles, pâté de foie gras. I have always wondered who gets these things after they have been photographed. I never got any of them, and there were marvelous baskets of fruit and boxes of candy I could have used. I tried to keep a yellow Turkish towel that I used to cover my shoulders when I was chilly, a day or two after my arrival, but it didn't work. A man who called himself a property man asked me for it. I had taken it from one of the silk-cushioned chairs and I had to put it back; it was part of the picture and it mattered a great deal more than my being chilly.

The Unknown Child

As we got off the boat and set foot on the sand that had been brought there with such trouble, I thought I had never seen so brilliant a scene. Before me were men in gay swimming costumes putting through beach sports that required huge colored balls and sea horses and teeter-totters with strange animals on either end. Moving to and fro in glittering succession were graceful women carrying parasols and pausing to talk with smart-looking men. Beyond, a stretch of blue water and then the white boats strung with flags.

"It cannot be my story taking life," I said to myself. "I am dreaming it. Am I really the author of this?"

I did well to ask myself the question that early. I would have done better had I answered it with a big round "no" at once. For in all the two weeks at Catalina, during which there were eight hours of photographing a day, I never saw a single thing I had written photographed. The scenario writers had written it, not I. They were right there to rewrite it if what they had written did not suit the director. To this day I wonder what I was paid for. Presently I asked.

It seems I was paid for a thing of inestimable value called a box-office title, and a thing of somewhat lesser value—a sequence of original ideas. When I say original ideas I do not mean ideas that never have been thought out before, but merely ideas that are presented in a novel way. They may be as old as the hills, if they have a new form. Indeed, that is the ideal formula for what are called "the fifty-centers"—the man and woman who pay fifty cents to see a picture.

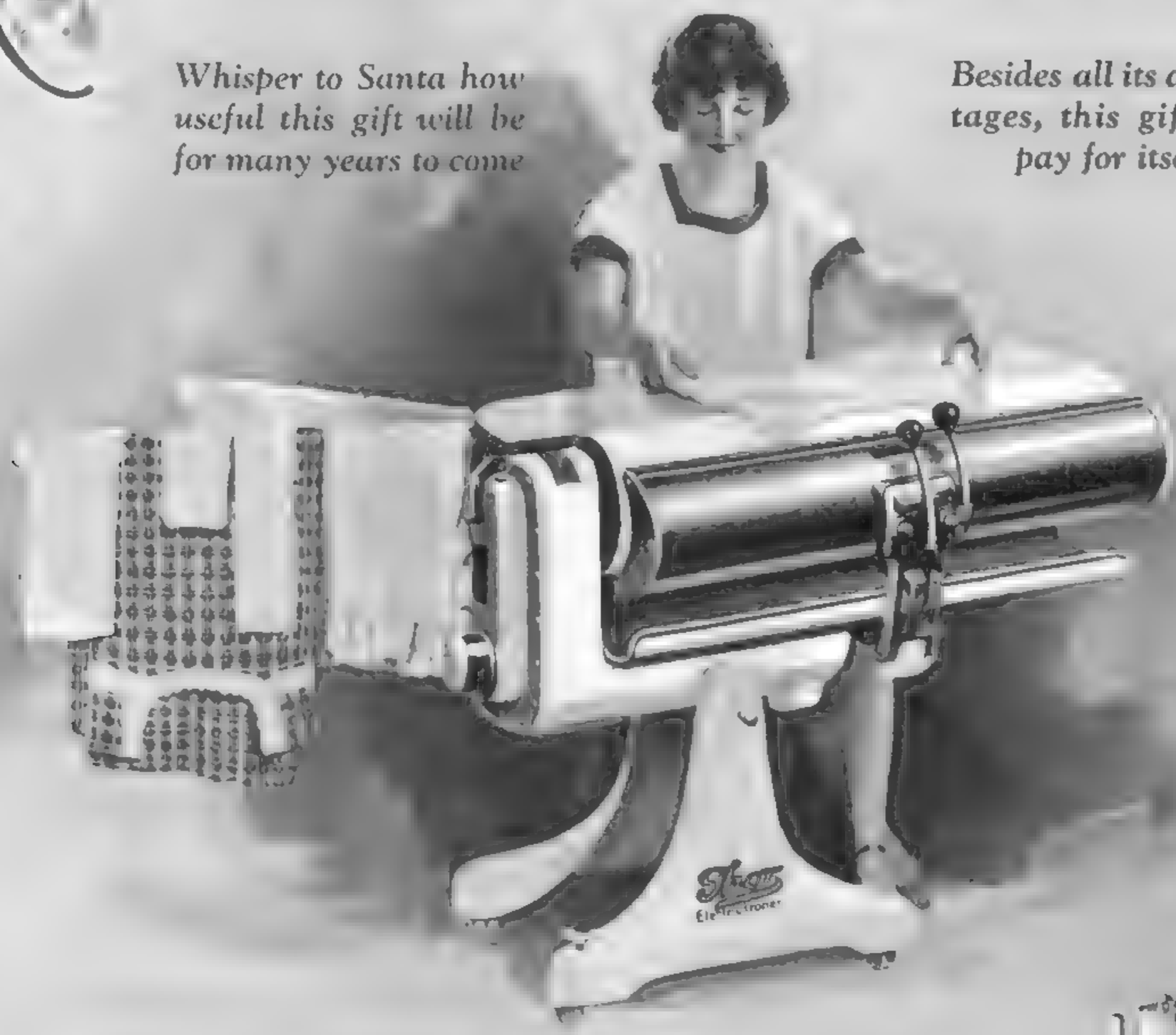
He is a great bogy, this man. He is the tin god before whose shrine all this thought and effort is laid. He is the reason for its lack of reason; for according to the latest statistics he is not reasonable. He is tired and doesn't want to reason; he just wants to look. It has been said that looking out the window is the easiest of amusements. The window of the silver sheet is spread before the fifty-center, and all he has to do is to pay his fifty cents to look out the window and amuse himself. We are all fifty-centers one time or another; we all have times when we want to be amused without taking any trouble ourselves. Now that I know something about them, I can think of no time when it would not be agreeable to see a good picture. If I had nothing else to do I would probably see one every day You can fill your life with romance so easily that way. I know one woman who leaves her family to get their own dinner

(Continued on Page 145)

A Christmas Gift That Saves

Whisper to Santa how useful this gift will be for many years to come

Besides all its advantages, this gift will pay for itself



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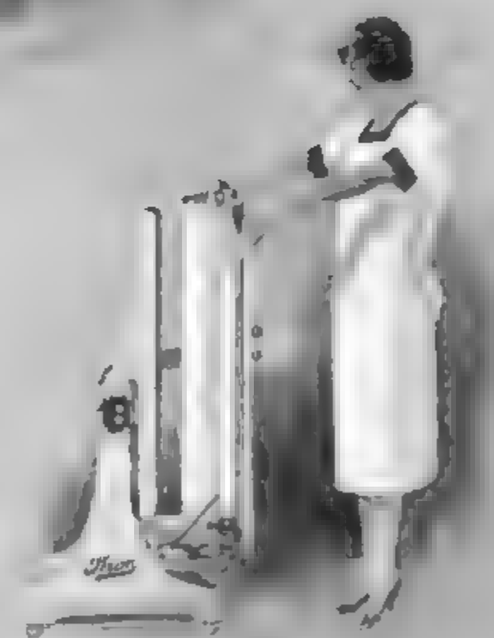

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Each year new styles in shoes

And new "U.S." Rubbers to fit them

MATCHING new shoe styles with smart new styles in rubbers—that's been the record of the United States Rubber Company for seventy-five years!

Every season our designers study the newest and most popular styles in shoes for men and women—and then we make new "U.S." rubbers and arctics to fit them! Every season we add new models to meet the demand of particular people for "something different."

As a result, when you buy "U.S." you get not just ordinary rubbers and arctics—but the kind that are styled to fit well and look well!

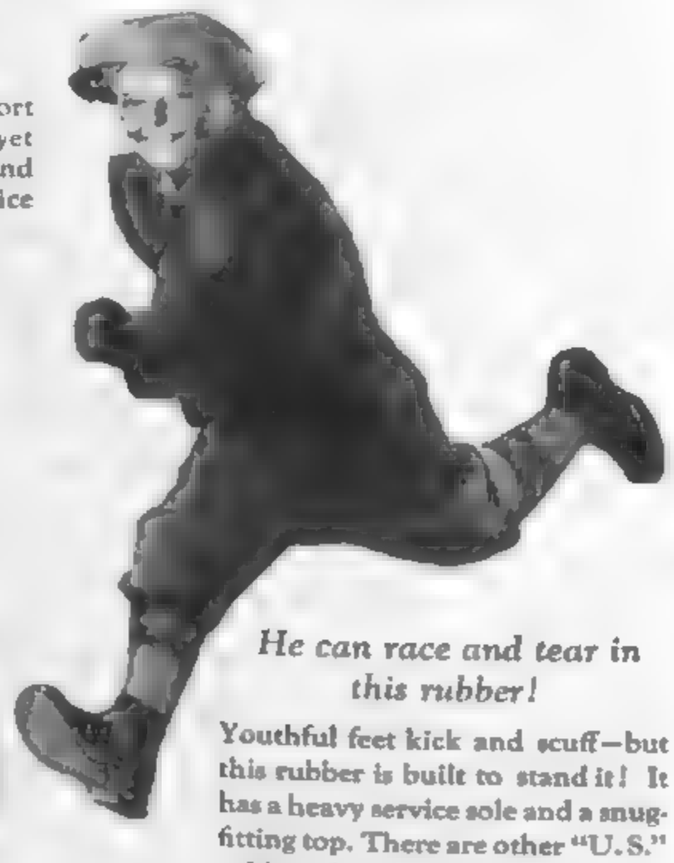
And because "U.S." rubbers fit—they wear. Into them goes the finest rubber and the finest workmanship, backed by all the skill and experience of the world's largest manufacturer of rubber footwear!

Why sacrifice style when you wear rubbers? Look for the "U.S." trademark. It's on the smart rubbers made only by

United States Rubber Company

Here's a rubber that keeps your feet dressed up!

Designed to fit the new brogues that men like for sport and office wear, this rubber slips on and off easily—yet fits your shoe smartly and snugly, line for line. And because it fits—it wears! There's a wide range of choice in other "U.S." styles, too.



He can race and tear in this rubber!

Youthful feet kick and scuff—but this rubber is built to stand it! It has a heavy service sole and a snug-fitting top. There are other "U.S." rubbers for growing boys and girls, too—in all sizes and styles.

The newest and smartest creation for women!

At last a galosh that's just the right height and just what particular women have asked us for! It's warm without being clumsy—and it's ideal for wear with street and dress shoes. It comes in your choice of gray or tan tweed or in black Jersey. There are lots of other "U.S." styles for women, too—all designed to fit your newest shoes.

Trade Mark

"U.S." Rubbers

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

(Continued from Page 142)

and clean their own house one day out of every ten; and on that day she goes to one picture after another, beginning at eleven in the morning and not coming home until she feels like it. She says it keeps her sane.

As I threaded my way among the beautiful women and the colorful marquees toward that mysterious spot where the director-general was both generaling and directing, I thought of him as a man who kept millions of people sane. And as the gay flags fluttered about me and the cameras clicked, I don't mind telling you I thought I had romance by the heel. There was nothing like this in my home town.

With a background of blue sea and tawny sand, with four cameras grinding, with several subdirectors subbing, with dozens of attendants serving, with hundreds of eyes watching his every gesture, stood a man with bright eyes and a big nose and a powerful jaw, looking into the camera. He looked and he smiled, and the smile did a curious thing to his face. It veiled its concentration; the piercing quality of the eyes became hidden by good humor, the jaw became amiable where it had been powerful. I did not know it then, but this smile is justly famous. Shoulders and neck looked able to carry the Atlas burden of his own world.

The subdirector at his side waited until the look into the camera was concluded and then he said something. As he said it the four other men behind him looked in my direction. The director-general turned his head over his pale-blue-silk shoulder and said:

"Good morning, Mrs. Tuttle. I am glad you have come. Will you dine with me tonight—on the yacht at seven?"

Automatically I said, "Thank you."

The director looked back into the camera. "More light there on that castle."

I looked for a castle; there had been no castle in my story. I moved toward the camera. Before it was a marvelous castle built of sand. Seated to one side of the castle was a very pretty girl in a stunning bathing suit. She was patting the castle with her hands, and from time to time an extremely good-looking man, also in a bathing suit, was interfering with this patting. Both were made up in the chalk-white blank surface I soon became used to. Even their legs and arms were made up. I had no idea why the castle was there. But over my shoulder the publicity man told me that the girl was Vera Reynolds, the heroine of my story, and the man was Rod La Rocque, the hero.

I examined them carefully and with much satisfaction. They looked exactly as I preferred to have my hero and heroine look. Then the director left the camera, and, advancing to the castle, talked earnestly to the hero and heroine.

The Proper Yachting Costume

Suddenly I recalled that I had been told, by one of those persons who knew, that if you were a woman you didn't get invited to go on the De Mille yacht.

"But he asked me himself," I consoled myself. "I'll bet that person was never asked."

Then I began to wonder what you wore for dinner on a yacht. The only other man I knew who owned a yacht had never asked me to dinner. And during the three miserable seasick days I spent on a yacht nobody seemed to own, on the coast of Florida, I wore whatever was handy, and so did everybody else. I had a dim recollection that it was conventional to wear rubber-soled shoes on a yacht, but how could you wear rubber-soled shoes to a dinner, even if you had them, which I had not.

"Listen, publicity," I said *sotto voce*, "what do you wear at a dinner on a yacht?"

"White-flannel trousers," he said promptly. He was watching Julia Faye put the smallest foot in the shire on the sand castle and squash it, while the cameras clicked and the handsome young man objected with vigorous movements.

"I haven't any," I said. "And if I had I wouldn't wear them."

He turned the interviewing eye on me. "Oh, you mean you are asked to dine on a yacht? One of those seven? Go as you are."

I wore the kind of frock that causes my New York relatives to insult me with: "Well, now, you look like New York."

It may be Cincinnati's worst, but I am always forced to reply, "I don't see why I should. This came from Paris."

But wherever it came from, I couldn't see it aboard a yacht. It wasn't that kind at all. "Do you know who will be there?" I asked. Sometimes you can tell what to wear that way.

"Yes, there will be Baron Keisling, and Rod La Rocque, and Robert Edeson."

"You must be going to write about it. No women?"

"You just said you were asked."

I felt I should wear my best evening gown, if I had remembered to bring the slippers from the trunk I had left behind at Beverly Hills. I wore it. In high heels, all gilded, I hobbled to the end of the flag-decked wharf and was met by a tender with uniformed men in it. At the top of the stairs, up which you go to the deck of the yacht—they have a name, if I could only remember it—stood an erect man also in uniform, with a yachting cap. For a moment I did not know him. He was quite different from the director-general I had watched all afternoon. And then from among cushioned deck chairs came a graceful lady in a soft-colored sports dress and rubber-heeled sports shoes, and I was presented to Mrs. Cecil De Mille.

Dual Rôles

Self-conscious! I was the triple essence of it. I could see Middle West—Inland Middle West—written on each toe of those golden slippers. And what was worse, I could feel everybody else seeing it. To be a director you have to know all about appropriate dressing, which is all that good dressing is. To be an actor you have to know something about it. Both were present. In vain did I say to myself that I was an individual and could dress as I chose, and that I had been on ocean liners where it was more than proper to dress for dinner. And then I found out something. Not one of these people cared in the very least what I wore. It was only I who cared. They were dressed for their own convenience. If I were dressed for mine, that was all that mattered.

After a while I found out something else: Their behavior was entirely for their own convenience. They were engaged in an arduous and hazardous business involving the production of effects. Reality was simulated, not actually produced. This involves behavior that often seems unusual to the outsider, but that is merely convenient. Just as I write on a desk because it is more convenient than writing on my lap, and you select a midiron for a special stroke.

But I do not eat my dinner off my desk, nor do you sign your checks with your midiron. No more do they. More than other artistry, they are able to separate this artistry, which is their business, from their social life. The habits of my working hours, from the split infinitive to my objection to answering the telephone, often creep into my social hours. And doubtless you have the same difficulty. But not these people.

They can separate their hours of leisure from their hours of work better than any other set of workers I have encountered. Just as I did not recognize the man on deck as the same man who all afternoon had directed four cameramen and forty lights and one hundred extras and six prominent actors and sixteen less prominent ones and a thousand details I did not even know the name of, so I scarcely recognized the actors who had been weaving the story I was supposed to have written, into action. Their make-up off, one of them looked like a young college athlete and talked like a connoisseur of old paintings. Another had the appearance of a clever business man, and I think he was exactly that. A third had read all the books I wanted to read, but could not find time for. The dinner talk swept from the atom Doctor Millikan had lately taken to pieces to the late strike in England.

And never an ungraceful movement or a harsh voice. I had heard a good deal about lack of background—whatever that is—among the picture people, but I never saw it in all the three months I was in Hollywood. If I could manage as much foreground as these people have, I would pass up background any old time. What's a grandfather who stubbed his toe on Plymouth Rock compared with the education that gives you the center of the stage whether you sit in the background or in the wings?

You get accustomed, after a little bit, to the physical perfection all about you. Every woman you look at is pretty and some of them are beautiful.

The stenographers have come to Hollywood hoping to get into the pictures. They may have written scenarios they expect to sell to Lubitsch and they may take their Saturday afternoons going about among the studios. But that does not detract from their appearance. I never saw so many good-looking stenographers in my life. And the shopgirls are like unto them. I didn't see the telephone girls, but I'd be willing to bet they are better looking in Hollywood than any place else.

Side by Side With Beauty

I got so used to all this beauty I began to feel a part of it. I did not discover that I had nothing to do with it until I was offered three stills—one of myself and the director-general, one of myself and the star who was portraying my hero, and one of myself and the heroine. In each of these pictures, though they were taken by an expert, I looked as if I had been smitten by all the misfortunes all the beauty doctors want to cure. The maiden aunt of the star, if he had one, could not have had a more relaxed chin; my chin had lambrequins hung upon it. A moron who believed she was Helen of Troy persuading Paris that she was beautiful could not have worn a sicklier grin than the one on my face as I looked up at the director-general in the photograph where I stood beside him. One look at those stills made me discard all backgrounds I had cherished, and tie to foregrounds the rest of my life. I would rather look like some of those beautiful women in Hollywood than be one of the seventeen people who understand Einstein.

"Well, you have no make-up on," the publicity man comforted me.

"Why didn't somebody tell me to put some on?" I stormed. "I'll put it on for life. I'll go home with it on."

"It takes time," he warned. And so far it has taken too much time for me to risk it. An hour is the usual allowance for putting on make-up. But that's one of the new things that, since I have gone to Hollywood, I wish I had time for. This is, of course, one of the subtle ways Hollywood has of spoiling you for ordinary life. But then I've known college to make girls unfit for life at home.

At ten o'clock, about the time I was wondering why a boat hitched securely to a quiet harbor could manage to rock as much as this one was rocking, we all of us were ushered into the electric launch and put on shore to walk a mile to the village where, the usual picture show being over, we could see the rushes—the work done the day before.

Opportunity's Hard Knocks

I walked that mile in my silly high-heeled gold slippers, and my thoughts were not the long ones of youth, but the staccato ones of ninety-six or thereabouts. One of the things actresses can do is to walk gracefully in high-heeled shoes—another argument for foreground against background. We paused only once, when the director looked in the window of the dancing hall he had provided for his extras and watched them with his eyes on any promising material. It would have created a sensation had they known he was there, for the ambition of every extra is to catch the director's eye.

I saw an extra deliberately fall into the water in one of the scenes De Mille was directing where the power boats were racing. It was one way of catching the director's eye, for the cameras had to stop and the race had to stop and the girl had to be fished out. She was put on the float where the director stood and the doctor was sent for. Meantime the director bent over her to see if she was really hurt.

Had she had the sense to act it out, her future might have been assured, just from the standpoint of her good acting. But she didn't. The moment she felt that influential eye on her, she opened her eyes and smiled. I thought of my Helen of Troy grin in the photograph and I was sorry for both of us.

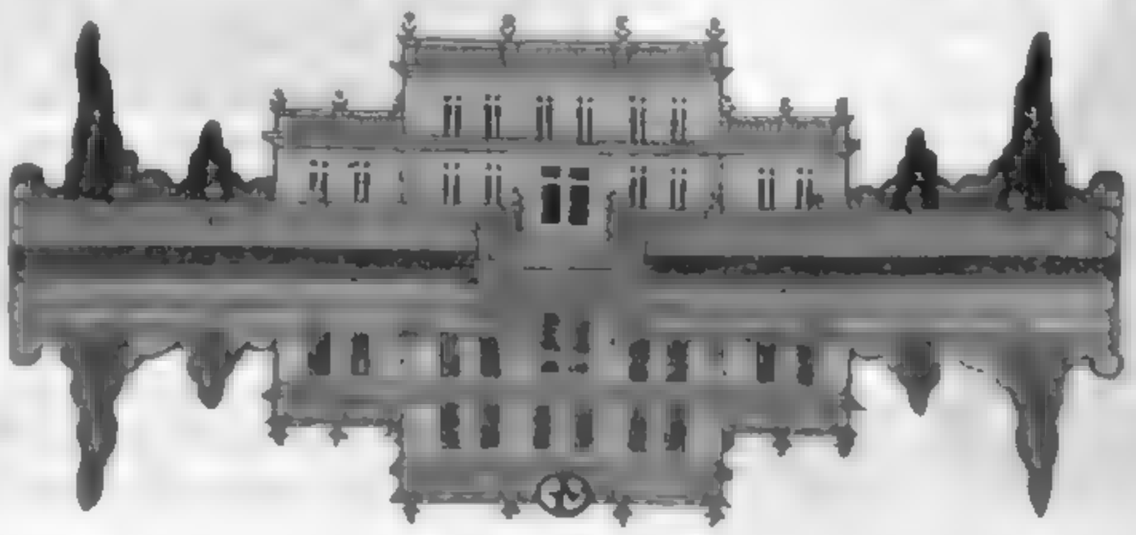
The director was quite familiar with this kind of thing. It has been done before about a thousand times, though the poor girl did not realize that. The director nodded over his shoulder to one of the yes men, and said, "Hot coffee and a sandwich, not the doctor."

During all these water scenes a coffee man with steaming coffee machine was kept on the wharf, as well as a doctor and a pulmotor.

Then the director went on with his directing. Had it been I, and all these hundreds of people interrupted in their stride for one girl's vanity, I would have thrown her back into the water or I would have had the doctor apply a stomach pump. At least I would have taken a moment to tell her what I thought, as a relief to myself. But absolutely nothing else happened. This is a common occurrence and must be expected in a business that has these exigencies.

"It is time," I said, "that I learned a little more about this business. Why are these scenes I never thought of being put into my story? What is this new medium, all action, all something that can be photographed? What do they mean when they say the tempo is wrong? What is continuity?"

Here is a medium that reaches more people than any other in the world, and only a chosen few seem to understand it. Let us see if it can be learned watching it. —



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WHY put expensive alcohol or other anti-freeze solutions into your car's cooling system and then lose it through leaks? Yet thousands of motorists do it every winter. Do you?

But, stopping leaks is more necessary than simply to save alcohol. Contrary to the impression some have, water is as necessary for your car's motor in winter as in summer. A cylinder explosion is just as hot in winter as in summer. The vital and indispensable purpose of water is to absorb the heat generated by every one of those rapid millions of explosions.

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Remember, a leak is perhaps the most serious thing that can happen to your car. Loss of water causes burnt out bearings, scored cylinders, warped cylinders, frozen pistons, etc. All car manufacturers in their instruction books emphasize the vital importance of keeping your radiator full. How can you if there is a leak, even a tiny one?

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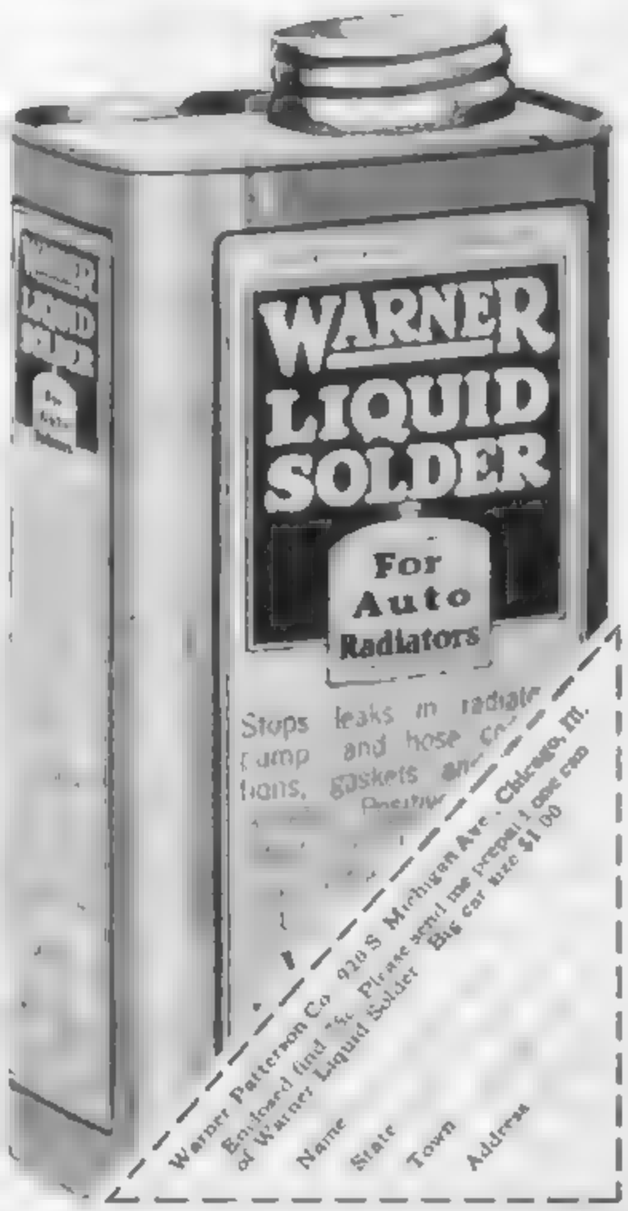

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And for Christmas an "A" Autopower—a radio unit that stays fully charged—
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Complete unit $30

Just plug the Autopower into your light socket and then forget it. That's all you need do to assure full, even "A" battery power for your set and the finest kind of reception.

1. Battery of unusual capacity. Will run the largest set for a full evening's entertainment every day, every week, every month, season after season.

2. Charger absolutely automatic. No moving parts. No tubes. No adjustments. No replacements.

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5. Compact. Beautifully finished. Ideal for cabinet or table.

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INTO the black box you call your battery go the materials that make it work. The top is sealed. You never see what's underneath.

Yet, on the darkest night you must depend on that battery to flood the road with light. You must depend on it to whirl your starter on the coldest winter mornings. You must depend on it to last for years with as little care as possible.

Your assurance is the name of the maker—the integrity of the company behind the battery you buy.

Westinghouse batteries are built and backed by a concern of international engineering repute. Famous as originators of the air brake! Known everywhere for remarkable achievements in the railway and signaling fields.

And, there are 5700 Westinghouse Battery dealers—each ready and eager to give you the best in batteries, and the best in battery service. No matter where you are, no matter where you go, you will find the Westinghouse Battery sign.

If you doubt your battery's ability to carry you through the long, hard winter ahead, drive into the nearest Westinghouse Battery Station. Let them test it there. It will cost you nothing to *know*.

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY Co.

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THE NEW NORTH

(Continued from Page 25)

and the great-grandson will run the traps. Maybe old John and his wife will come back, maybe they won't. But they're going just a little farther. Got to, with these prospectors stirring up the bush!"

He spoke the sentence almost sorrowfully—like a farewell. Then in explanation:

"This used to be real fur country around here," he said. "Prime furs, good furs and plenty of them. Then the prospectors came, moving here and there through the bush looking for gold. Building their fires and stripping the ground when they got on what they thought was a vein. You can't expect animals to stay where human beings are keeping them on the move—especially in the breeding season. So they've traveled on and we have to travel after them. But," he shrugged his shoulders, "that's the way it goes. Always a little farther north."

The Bane of the North

Always a little farther, until now the Hudson's Bay Company, in its search for furs, has within the past six years established more posts within the Arctic Circle than existed in all its previous history—farther north, farther north, the hunter must go that England may have her furs, while in the south many an ancient post which once saw the beaver skins stacked rifle high in exchange for that weapon now deals in such prosaic things as tobacco and canned goods and the necessities of civilized life to a far greater extent than it does in raw pelts.

Not that the Company of Adventurers—for that is its true name—is degrading from its romantic beginning, in spite of the fact that there are department stores where once there were outposts—merchandising establishments which compute their sales in real money where once upon a time the only collateral was that of the Hudson's Bay Company with its "made beavers" or "skins." There are equally as many places where the old system of barter still holds good, where great canoes, floating upon the high water of spring, bring in the supplies of blankets, of knives, of hatchets and kettles, of pins and scissors and needles and fishhooks, of glass beads and mirrors which reflect their values in the furs that may some day see the ultraconservatism of Bond Street. The difference is that these latter posts are farther advanced along the northern frontier—following the fur, and perhaps building posts later to form the nucleus of other habitations. Such has always been the history of the Company of Adventurers. At least three solitary posts last year saw towns grow about them and a new order of community life come to take the place of the solitary. Year by year the lonely domination is being encroached upon, the romance of today treading upon that of yesterday, bringing with it benefits and disadvantages.

High in the list of the latter is the hoggish trapper, cleaning out a new district to its last pelt as he goes, lest some other trapper come upon his wake and gain from him the profits that he deems his own by right of discovery. Then, too, there is the opening of new districts to habitation, thus inviting the danger of forest fire and the consequent killing off of its animal harvest; the encroachment of prospectors upon territories which hitherto had been left undisturbed, the building of boom towns at points far distant from railroad communication, where no one had dreamed that a town ever could exist; and always the dishonest free trader, willing and eager to take unprime furs, first because his associates can dope them into a semblance of respectability, and second because he obtains them in the same tricky manner by which he sells them—these conditions are causing some serious discussions of the fur business in Canada.

"Of course there are free traders and free traders," said a man well acquainted with the fur trade. "There are honest ones, and then a great many who are dishonest. They are here today and gone tomorrow; they can do about as they please. An established company, for instance, must stand behind its goods. It must protect the fur trade, because it is in that business, and by the simple expedient of refusing to accept unprime furs, make a law by which pelts can be taken only in the proper season. But the free trader has no such boundaries. He wants furs, wants them cheap, and doesn't care whether he gets them in season or out, because he doesn't intend to pay much for them anyway. The result is that he causes the death of animals when those animals should be reproducing; he sells poor furs to a gullible public, and works harm to everybody but himself—even to the people he induces to be his tools in the catch.

"For instance, in the Yukon country a stable fur company had been in the habit of trading underwear for furs. The garments were not pretty—this particular company believes more in worth than beauty—but they were all wool and warm and protective. A shyster fur trader invaded the district. He carried with him a stock of cotton fleece-lined underwear which looked better than the other and certainly felt warmer for the moment. In plain words, he made a killing, and in more ways than one. He bought furs right and left, regardless of their condition or at what time of the year they had been caught. Then he went away, leaving a number of blank-minded Indians wearing cotton underwear, which failed to protect them and led to a general attack of pneumonia that resulted in a considerable loss of life. That kind of free trader is nobody's friend."

Wild Land Without Animals

Neither, for that matter, is the exhaustive trapper. I traveled last summer in Canada a stretch of country that was simply built for beaver and for muskrat. Not one did I see. At last curiosity overcame me and I asked questions. They were gone, trapped out to the last available animal, and this during a span of time in which the country had been accessible for less than fifteen years! Because of such things fur men of Canada are looking toward new regulations, such as the leasing of trapping lands and the placing of the burden of a constant supply upon the trapper, instead of giving him a continuance of the free-and-easy manner in which he has been allowed to make his livelihood. Not that Canada is facing a fur famine; there are many districts which have not been invaded. But Canada's furs form a big business; the North Country finds year by year more prospectors, more explorers, more surveyors, more settlers, and a belief is growing regarding the efficacy of an ounce of prevention. As an evidence, in this regard, of what can happen to a new country, there is a great space of territory in Quebec known as the Abitibi District, lying in the northwestern protuberance of the province perhaps 150 miles north of Ottawa, Ontario, and comprising some 7,000,000 acres of farm land in the Clay Belt contiguous to the mining districts of Ontario and Quebec. It is a country only for the pioneer.

The Pioneer Spirit

The official reports of Canada give warning that a man cannot even expect to bring his land into bearing for at least three years, that there is dense bush to be cleared, loneliness to be combated, and the primeval to be overcome; a land only for the hardy and the experienced; the weakling will not and cannot survive. Yet this new land, this place to be wrested from the wilderness, has changed in fourteen years from practically a negative population of two settlers to a present-day total of more than 19,000 men, women and children, with their farms, their schools, their communities and their towns—and that with the war to interfere.

New country—that's the greatest explanation, for there is a certain class of persons in whom the pioneer spirit seems predominant, and by "pioneer spirit" is meant something more than the mere desire to beat the wilderness. Of course the feeling of contest is always there, but a deeper thing than mere material gain actuates the true invader, whether he knows it or not. One cannot see pioneer countries without realizing it. The feverish excitement of the homesteading districts of the United States, for instance, over the problem of the new teacher at the community school, the building, year upon year, by hard labor and mental travail, that there may be something for tomorrow.

"The true pioneer," a grizzled old man once told me, "is a person who has the illusion he is getting something for himself, when the truth of the matter is that he is only a bricklayer, building an edifice that he never will see finished. He may talk about what he's going to get out of it personally, but that is usually just talk and little else. The real explanation is that he's the kind of a fellow who's got the family instinct in him a lot stronger than ordinary folks.

"Maybe it's something that dates back to ages that have been forgotten, but it's there just the same—the willingness to

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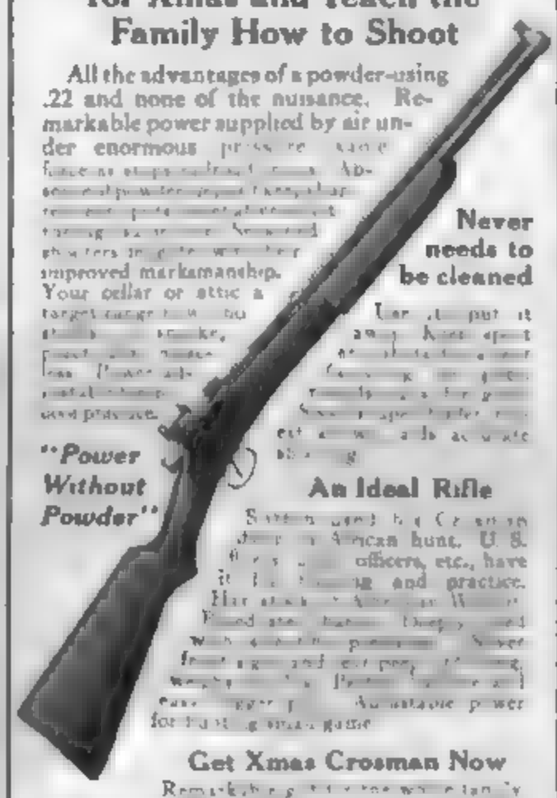

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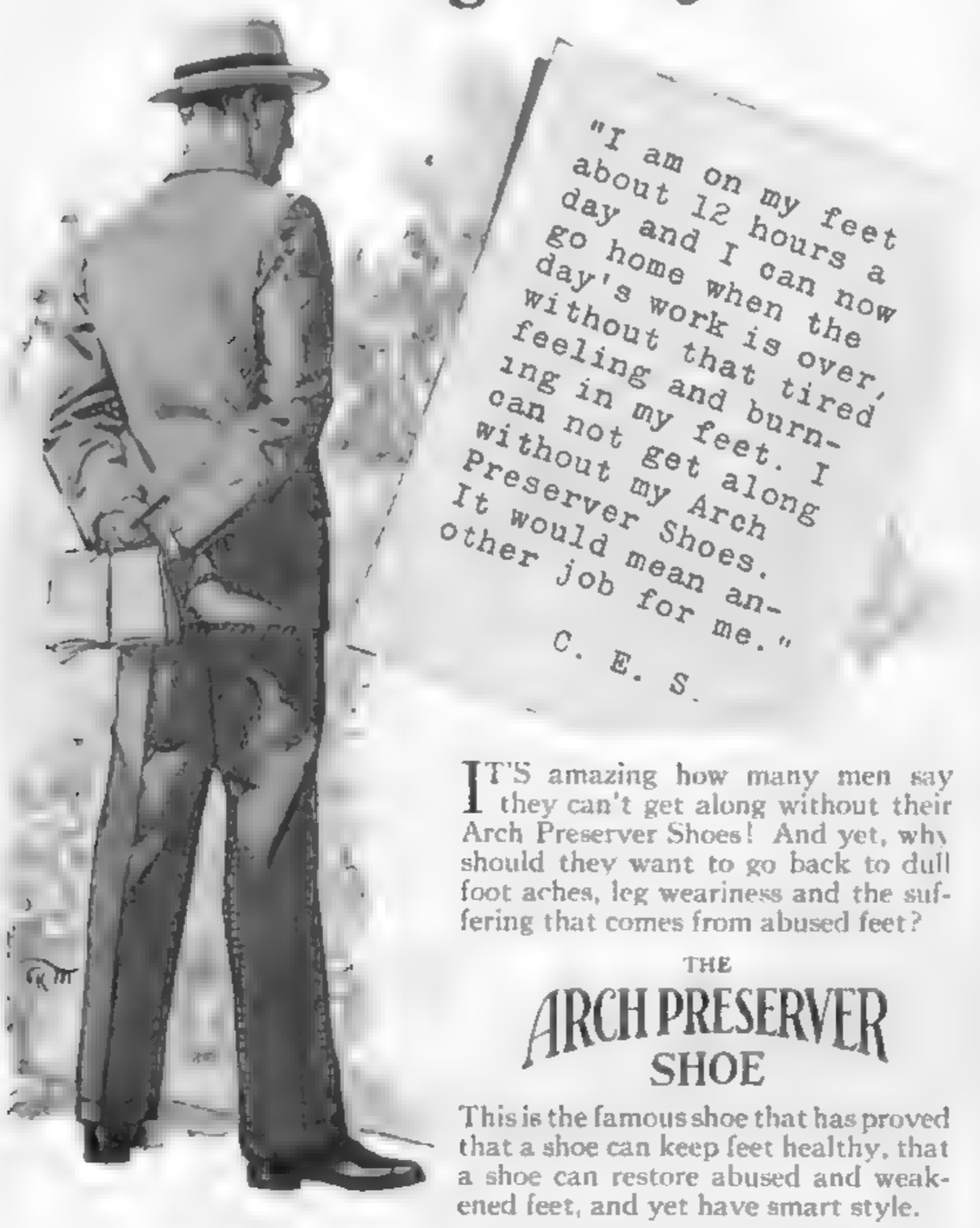
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This is the famous shoe that has proved that a shoe can keep feet healthy, that a shoe can restore abused and weakened feet, and yet have smart style.

The Arch Preserver Shoe has a concealed, built-in arch bridge that prevents all straining of the delicate weight-bearing foot structure. It has a flat inner sole (crosswise) that prevents pinching and cramping of the bones, nerves and blood-vessels.

No other shoe can give the same advantages, because the important features are patented.

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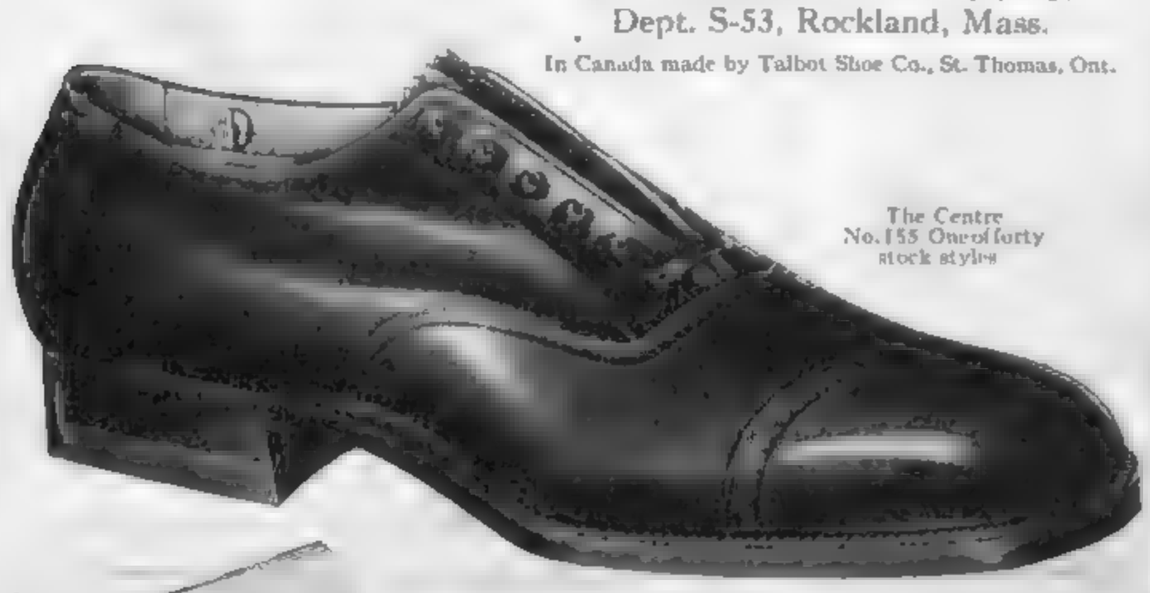

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sacrifice throughout his own life so that children may enjoy the fruits of his work when he's either dead or too old to enjoy them himself. That's the pioneer instinct."

One sees that statement work out in the New North; it is evident in little clearings about a log house; the stumps in the fields, yielding to elimination through the slow process of root rot as the land drains year after year, and soil is put into condition by Nature for the growing of future crops; the pile of pulp wood, stacked off in neat cords, while a bent man and stalwart son work at the task of barking the four-foot sticks which, sooner or later, will find their way to the mill, and perhaps to the breakfast table of a home. For in this regard this New North exerts a big influence upon the happenings of the day. Along the railroad tracks, by the side of filmy, rutty roads, stretching into the swampy bush, everywhere, it seems, there displays itself the steady stream of pulp wood, piled beside the cut-up mills in veritable mountains, or rolling forth white and shiny from the rossing mills which have removed the bark and made the wood ready for grinding; pulp wood piled in the streets of little towns, jamming the rivers, crossed and locked and piled like jackstraws flung from the hand of a giant into the back swirl of a rapids, rolling down the skidways, loafing at the banks of every sluggish stream—such is pulp wood, traveling onward to the mills which have sprung up like magic in the North Country. Trains rumble through the night, each uniform car fitted with its paper padding at the doorways, each car tag reading for its destination, train after train, car after car, ton after ton of it; one realizes truly for the first time in the North Country what the people of other nations mean when they say that America is newspaper mad.

For Tomorrow's Glories

The grotesque part of it all is that this symbol of progress, the newspaper, hungry for print paper, stretching out in its appeals even into districts where railroads have not yet reached, is the thing that makes possible, in more cases than one, the survival of a pioneer, deep in the bush, fighting the age-old struggle for a home in the wilderness. Pulp wood, properly peeled and stacked at the railroad track, brings from six to eight dollars a cord, and five acres of that wood are free to the settler who decides that home for him shall be represented by a light in the clearing. And while the years pass:

"Oh, yeh, I'm married," said the amiable Mr. Currigan of somewhere in the North as we sat together in the coach of a mixed train on the Transcontinental one day last summer. "Yeh, I'm married, but I ain't bringin' the wife and kids with me. You see, I'm going down to Rouyn. Got eight horses up ahead in a stock car; as fine a-horses as you ever set your eyes on. Ought to be a lot of teaming in Rouyn, new mining town like it is. But I ain't bringing the wife and kids. You see," then he beamed with the light of the true pioneer in his eyes, "they're going to school, the kids is! Myself, I've been too busy carving out a living all my life to read or write. But my kids'll be different; they can read already!"

That's the explanation of the pioneer: the second, even the third generation which he may never live to see. He may talk of present-day things, he may cuss the country, the weather, the work, the difficulties, but he chose to be there of his own free will; he perhaps left a better paying life to go there. And strangely enough it is not only the spirit of the pioneer of the farm land, but the spirit of the pioneer of every form of industry that one meets in a new country—the forgetfulness of today in the glories of a tomorrow—and one infected with the pioneer virus can no more resist the lure of a new country than a drunkard can resist a drink.

"Look at me!" said Smitty the baker, as he stood before his homemade oven in a tiny shack of tin, of logs and of flapping gunny sacks which formed his bakery and his abode in a boom town of the North Country which, sadly enough, had not realized its early promises. "Just look at me! Here I am in this God-forsaken place, where nearly every cent I've got in the world is stuck into this business. Will I pay out? You bet your neck I won't. And they told me that this place was going to be another Klondike! Can you feature that? Another Klondike, and there aren't enough prospectors coming into this town to buy fifty loaves of bread a day. Just look at me, will you!" he continued. "Here I am—built that oven myself, built this shack myself, get up at four o'clock in the morning to start my baking and don't make enough out of it to have a floor put into this place. But then," and he moved confidentially closer, "I haven't got any kick coming. You ought've seen me when I first came up here. I'd gotten soft, sitting around a city; didn't sleep well at nights, flabby, always sick. Whip my weight in wild cats now. After all, health's better than wealth, ain't it?"

You'll find it always—that strain of optimism. If one doesn't find money, one finds something else—enough to cheer one on one's way until other green grass shows on the opposite side of another fence. Time and place make little difference to the boomers; it's not what they get that counts it seems. It's the fact that they've been where things are happening, a part of history as it were. I walked, for instance, one evening into the paintless, slanting building which formed the office of the only method of quick connection which the sprawling, newly born mining town of Rouyn, Quebec, possessed with the outside world. It was the station of the telephone wire, pushed onward from the nearest town some forty miles away, through muskeg, through dense bush, across rivers and skirting lakes. The men who had fought almost insurmountable difficulties that a frontier town might feel the touch of the outside world had disappeared to other tasks of pioneer work, leaving the finished product behind them. I had expected to find a man at the switchboard; instead there was an eighteen-year-old girl, humming to herself in the infrequent intervals in which she was not screaming into the transmitter in an effort to make herself heard above the static. Happy, she was, yet sorrowful, and at last there came the reason:

"I've got to go back tomorrow! I'm just taking another girl's place, you know, and she's coming in on tonight's airplane. Isn't that always the way? You find something you just love, and then they take it away from you."

A Girl in Love

I instinctively looked at the town—the jail of twin log cabins on the slope just behind the office, farther on the unpainted abodes where bootleggers sat before their doors, watching warily the movements of the two provincial policemen, the scattered knots of prospectors on the street corners, a man wading boot deep through the mud of a morass of muck and brush and stumpage which passed as a street.

"Something you love, or someone?" I joked.

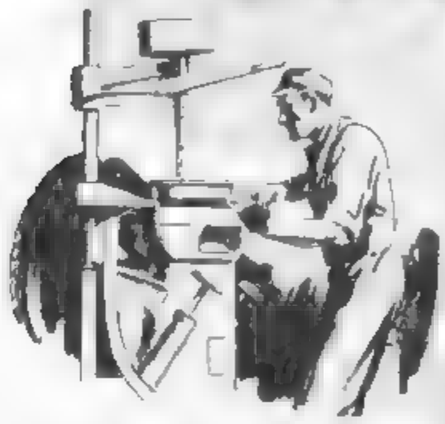
"Something, of course!" came the reply. "Why? Don't you love it? I do—just to be a part of it, to feel that you're making history, you know. Some day"—she smiled—"when I'm old and married, maybe I'll come here on the train and look at the town and see streets and lights and everything just like a real city. Then I can say that I ran the switchboard when there wasn't anything but log cabins. Won't that be wonderful? But"—and a pout came to her lips—"I've got to go back tomorrow to New Liskeard. Nothing ever happens there: it's so old and staid and commonplace!"

New Liskeard, it might be mentioned, is quite an ancient town near the fringe of the

(Continued on Page 153)

Revolutionary Performance Plus Long Life the result of Chrysler Standardized Quality

By J. E. FIELDS



All Chrysler factory employees are rated on the basis of minimum of "rejects" rather than on maximum production thus assuring quality craftsmanship.

It was almost a foregone conclusion that Chrysler's engineering and manufacturing principle of *Standardized Quality* would win for the four Chrysler cars—the "50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—such overwhelming general preference in their respective price divisions.

You need only to think of the results of the Chrysler Standardized Quality plan and how they are today being reflected in motor car manufacture throughout the industry, and the advantages to you of *Chrysler Standardized Quality* become perfectly apparent.

Think of the many new features which gave the first Chrysler of three years ago its vital new engine performance and the many refinements by which Chrysler Standardized Quality has continued to raise new and still more unapproachable levels in succeeding years:—

A New Ratio of Horsepower—Prior to Chrysler no motor of equal size could deliver so high a percentage of generated power to the actual propulsion of the vehicle. Chrysler motors have been acclaimed as the most perfectly engineered power plants in cars of their respective price classifications.

New Principles of Fuel Distribution—So perfectly even is the gas flow to all cylinders, through the manifold of special Chrysler design; so completely is the power utilized through elimination of weight, reduction of friction, and perfect balance of reciprocating parts that new performance, economy and long life standards have been established by Chrysler which other makers are vainly trying to equal.

7-Bearing Crankshaft—Chrysler was the first in the popular-priced field to use a crankshaft of this type, properly co-ordinated with the parts with which it functions. Chrysler's crankshafts are actually larger than those used in cars of far greater weight. They are machined all over and are scientifically balanced.

Note:—This is the first of a series dealing in detail with the influence of Chrysler on the design and practice of motor cars since the introduction of the first Chrysler three years ago. Others will appear from time to time in these pages.

They are supported on seven large shimless and interchangeable bearings, and rest upon a film of oil, thus eliminating much of the frictional power loss found even in the finest cars. The extraordinary size of the crankshaft, combined with its seven-bearing support and impulse neutralizer, totally eliminates whip and vibration, giving utmost smoothness and long life.

Chrysler inaugurated the 7-bearing crankshaft in its price class three years ago.

Invar Steel in Pistons—Chrysler engineers were the first to design pistons with struts of special invar steel alloy. These invar struts control and regulate expansion and contraction of the pistons. They combine for the first time all the advantages of aluminum—light weight and high heat conductivity—with the only valuable property of cast iron—its low expansion under heat. The result is far better performance and longer motor life.

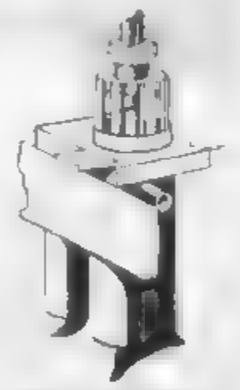
Oil-Filter—Chrysler engineers developed and introduced this remarkable oil cleansing instrument which has done so much to add to the performance and life of Chrysler engines. The oil-filter purifies all motor oil continuously as the engine runs. It removes all carbon, particles of metal or foreign matter, adding greatly to operating smoothness and long life.

Air-Cleaner—Chrysler also developed and introduced the use of the air-cleaner on cars of its price class. This device keeps all dust and grit out of the engine, adding further to its life and performance.

Thermostatic Heat Control—This unusual device developed and introduced by Chrysler engineers, keeps the motor at its most efficient working temperature. A motor heat indicator on the dash shows, not simply the water temperature, but the degree of heat inside of the motor.

Electric Fumer and Manifold Heat Control—To facilitate cold weather starting and operation, and at the same time to lessen crankcase dilution, Chrysler engineers developed and introduced these two devices. The fumer vaporizes fuel which permits the Chrysler owner to start his engine instantly even at extremely low temperatures. The manifold heat control eliminates "spit" and "sputter" and insures summer-like performance even on coldest days.

These and scores of other vital improvements in chassis and body as well as in motor, are the inevitable outcome of quality engineering and craftsmanship inflexibly standardized in all Chrysler products.



Chrysler cylinders are carefully reamed and honed to insure uniform bore and to provide a wall surface like that of a well run-in motor.

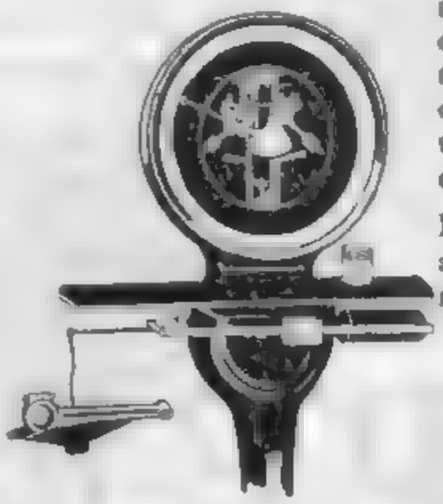
And that principle of Quality Standardization is the purchaser's assurance that Chrysler will always be the first to devise and present any practical and desirable improvement in motor, chassis or body design and construction.

The whole industry knows what Chrysler Standardized Quality has already accomplished.

You must know that it has brought to the motoring public the most advanced developments in chassis design and construction, in beauty of line and coloring of Chrysler bodies, in the luxury of their appointment and upholstering.

It has converted mere factories into huge laboratories where every single unit in every single Chrysler is designed, manufactured and tested with scientific precision.

It has made Chrysler the barometer by which the buyer may accurately gauge the trend of motor-car design with respect to the entire industry.



Nowhere are such close limits maintained in balance. Piston assemblies may not vary more than two-thousandths of an ounce.

In the light of past accomplishments, it becomes perfectly obvious every Chrysler must inevitably be as much in advance of its respective field as the first Chrysler was years in advance of the rest of the industry.

CHRYSLER
"50 - 60 - 70 - 80"
CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

What gift could be lovelier than this *Beautiful Six-90* Close-Coupled Sedan

WHAT a magnificent gift this Six-90 is! A car so distinguished in appearance—so dependable—so luxuriously comfortable—that *it* renews the joyous holiday spirit every time you take it out!

A car with the restful smoothness—the freedom from vibration—that could come only from a motor cushioned in live, buoyant rubber!

No matter how exacting your car requirements are, you'll find this moderate-priced Six-90 has everything you want. *Everything!*

The Peerless dealer will gladly let you drive the Six-90 yourself. Look it over. Think it over. Then decide to make this a Christmas your family will never forget.

Have Santa Claus deliver a Peerless Six-90 to your door bright and early Christmas morning.

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORPORATION · CLEVELAND, OHIO

Manufacturers also of the 90° V-type Eight-69, the Remarkable Six-80, and the Powerful Six-72

THE SIX-90
Close-Coupled SEDAN
$1895
One of the five popular body styles mounted on the Six-90 chassis.
(All prices f. o. b. factory)

PEERLESS

PEERLESS · HAS · *ALWAYS* · BEEN · A · GOOD · CAR

(Continued from Page 150)

New North. Its history dates far, far back into the past—somewhere around 1904. It's therefore almost a quarter of a century old. Four years ago a portion of the town was destroyed by the gigantic forest fire which wiped out Haileybury and other towns: had the wind not changed, New Liskeard would have shared the fate of the rest.

But nothing ever happens there.

Incidentally, in that telephone girl's conversation was a little more of the psychology of what makes the population of any new country—the spirit of creation. One notes it even in the camp drunkard, standing in the faint light before the trading post, and delivering his feelings regarding the country as I heard them delivered, one night a few months ago, to a newly arrived person who had dared to say that this was not the new Utopia.

Lest the Fielder Break a Leg

"So it's a rotten country, is it?" asked the holder of the camp drinking record. "An' who makes it rotten—I ask you that. Fell'sh like yourself that come up here an' expect to see golden apples growin' on birch trees. But f'r a man like meself," and he banged his chest, "that's got th' faith in 'im to see 'er like she'll be some day, then it'sh diff'rent story! An' you don't believe it? Then I'll take to the bush tomorry, wit' me pack on me back—or I won't take a pack!" he added as if that would make it harder. "An' I'll come back nex' Chuesday an' show you what I've got!"

True to his promise, we watched him the next morning—Jack Nankervis and myself—taking to the bush, but with his pack on his back, for the bush is not a handy place for one who goes there unprepared, even though a gold mine may lie in ardent waiting. He sang as he walked along: perhaps it was his mornin's mornin' which induced the melody, perhaps not. One sings easily in spite of labor and in spite of discomfort when hope is at one's elbow—hope and its companion spirits of conquest and creation.

For they are ever present. The queerest baseball game I ever saw in my life was upon the top of a Quebec hill last August, upon a diamond fringed with the slashings of the bush which had been cut from it only three days before. The pitcher's box was framed by three birch stumps, the roots of which were too deeply embedded to permit removal; the outfield was a collection of shallow muskeg, deadfall and what not which allowed a home run no matter where the ball was placed, and the bases were stones which happened to jut above the surface of the ground at distances approximately far enough apart to serve as stopping points.

A burlesque of a ball field it was, but the game itself was anything but that. A team from the Waite Montgomery mine had journeyed twenty miles by canoe to play the towners, and the town itself had stopped until that ball game could be finished. When it was ended the citizens did not hurry back to work. Instead, men, women, children, members of ball teams, rum runners, the preacher, the town police and the mayor labored until the night closed in upon them that they might move that slash a little farther back from the base lines, hook a rope to a few stumps and pull them out, fill sacks with sand so that there might be better bases for the next game, and scoured the outfield in such a manner that a fielder might at least pursue a ball without the danger of breaking a leg.

"You can't have a real town without real amusement," argued the mayor. Following which he went back to his duties of the ball field, thence to the business of raiding a stud poker game in a pool hall. While in his hip pocket he carried a blue print of what this place would be some day—even to the ornamental lights on the street corners when they got the power in.

Nor is it all in the towns, where one might naturally expect a spirit of betterment to grow with the population. One rainy evening I sat with a railroad engineer and his wife upon the muslin-screened porch of their camp home on the shores of Lake Du Fault, listening to the screaming of the loons and the hum of the mosquitoes.

"We'll soon be through here," said the engineer.

"Glad?" I asked. The wife beamed.

"I should say so. That is, if everything turns out the way we expect it. They're figuring on building a road up into the St. John's Lake Country. That ought to be a real adventure! And the country it'll open up!"

In a far corner of the veranda a gray-haired man stirred from the reading of his book. For forty years he had seen service in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police; now retired, he had taken an easier task, that of traversing by foot and by canoe a route of thirty miles in the treatment of the workers of a railroad in the building.

"Guess I'll go too," he said. "It ought to be jolly well worth it."

Whereupon they talked, until late in the night, of the day to come when they would play their part in the weaving of a new thread of steel in the web of commerce. Talked of it as persons would talk of a picnic—happily, buoyantly. Yet that day the gray-haired doctor had issued an order for the immunization of every workman: he had found typhoid germs in the dark, tea-colored muskeg drainage which formed their drinking water!

In the Good Old Winter Time

But that concerned not at all their joy over the fact that their task here was nearing an end. The thrill came in the new one ahead—the breaking through of the first survey party fighting its way through the bush and running its lines for the guidance of a future railroad. This while a second and a third outfit also labored, each running lines at different points so that other engineers, far away, might take the three and judge from them the easiest point of attack upon a country begrudging invasion. They looked forward to it, these people—to the wet camps of the spring, the soggy ones of summer, the dry, crackling ones of autumn with the smoke of bush fires lingering in the air, the crispness and rigors of a northern winter—their waking hours consumed in facing the blasts of the open, their sleeping ones endured in the incasement of eider-down. A life only for men, but more than once there will be the woman who is glad to endure it also; her sole companion the man with whom she has cast her lot in life; her sole communication the slow progress of a canoe in summer; a sledge, making its way over the hard-packed tote road of snow in the wintertime, and of the two, the latter more efficient than the former.

For, contrary to what one might believe, it is the winter which forms the time of real activity in the North. Then the lakes are frozen, the muskeg is solid, the rivers are crossable for heavy loads; horses can move then into places where horses are barred after the first spring thaw. The ground is hard along the building of a right of way for a new railroad, the supplies move swiftly, and they move in sufficient quantities to last until another winter shall descend, bringing its means of easy locomotion. Along the snow trails the huskies make their way, bushy tails arched over their backs, breasts straining against the harness straps, dragging their sledge loads to places unapproachable in warmer months.

A Canadian Antique

Upon the right of way of a slow-moving line of steel the dynamite crackles and booms, hour after hour, as drill holes sink deep into frozen clay or congealed muskeg; the tram cars creak upon frosty rails, even while the wind shrieks and the blizzards rage. Summertime will find that clay dripping from the seepage of endless forests, or that muskeg streaming water like a spillway. True, when summer comes the winter-made right of way may sink into a perfect craziness of unevenness, to be patched here, raised there, lowered at another point. But at least the base work has been done and feverish hours saved in a gigantic task. New country cannot wait; it must not wait. Fever, always the fever of haste, and by that very fever it lives and grows and strengthens.

For until the railroad comes there is only the tote road and the canoe: the slow progress of horse or dog or paddle, and millions may lie idle in a mile-long vein of ore until the time when more powerful contrivances than animal strength can bring the machinery necessary to take riches from the ground. But it is through those horses, those dogs and those canoes that the more powerful thing goes forward. A frail, eighteen-foot shell of a canoe has meant the progress of more than one mile of railroad construction in the New North.

Not that this beast of burden is of the romantic birch-bark variety so familiar to those cabin pictures of every mining camp, adorned as they always are by a beautiful Indian maiden, wrapped in a red velour portière, shooting arrows at the full moon. No doubt there are places in Canada where the birch-bark canoe is plentiful, but those places are not contiguous to spots where an Indian can trade a winter's catch of furs for a chestnut affair equipped with a gasoline outboard motor. One sees many Indians in the North Country of Canada, but not in birch-bark canoes. First, there's an art to the making of a birch bark that only the old-timers truly know. Second, there's work to it, and an Indian and

(Continued on Page 157)

A Bear That Came Too Close to Civilization in the New North

You won't mind shaving again tonight when you quickly heal those

UNSEEN NICKS

Invisible . . . those tiny nicks! Yet disagreeable—leaving the face tender and irritated, unready for shaving again within 24 hours!

Heal them quickly and your face will feel ready for even that dreaded second shave.

A dash of Ed. Pinaud's Lilac—a quick tingling rush of circulation—and those tiny nicks are healed, soothed, forgotten!

Used daily Pinaud's Lilac toughens the skin without coarsening it. You'll like its clean lilac odor.

Get it at any drug or department store *today*. Ed. Pinaud's signature on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Ave., New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUDS LILAC

{ *Lilas de France* }

Something you don't put off!

Bijur Lubrication

With the Bijur System it is so easy to oil your automobile chassis that you never neglect it—you do it *daily*. One pull of the gun handle on the dash sends oil to every bearing under the car in measured quantities. No tiresome work. No lost time. Perfect lubrication always.

Owners of all 1925-1926 Packards enjoy Bijur Lubrication. Later on owners of other cars can enjoy it. Cannot be attached must be built in by the manufacturer.

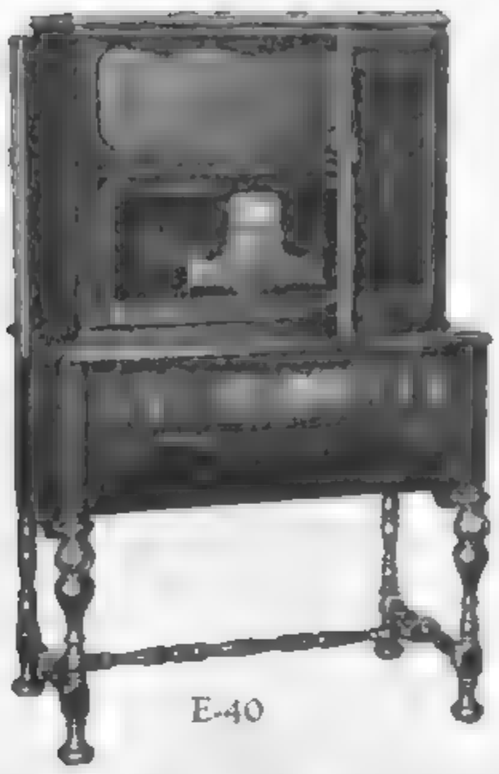
BIJUR

LUBRICATING CORPORATION

NEW YORK CITY

Originators of Instant Chassis Lubrication

Have a Federal in your home



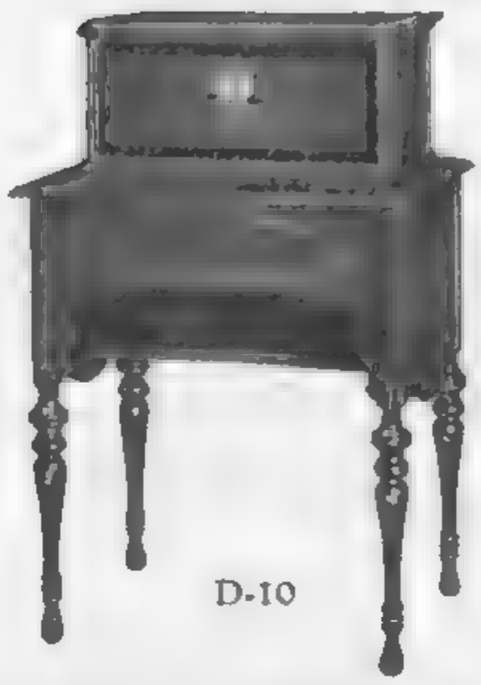
E-40

E-40—Six tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Single control. Extremely selective. Maximum receiving range. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Built-in speaker. Receiver compartment slides out. Walnut cabinet antiqued and inlaid with rosewood. Ample battery space. Without accessories $300.00

F-10—Seven tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. For use with loop only. Single control. Maximum selectivity—long range reception. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Perfect control of volume. Beautiful mahogany cabinet. Vermilion inlay. Finish, rich brown—satin texture. Including loop, but without accessories $250.00

F-5—Console. As illustrated. Specially designed and finished to match F-10 Ortho-sonic. Ample battery space. Equipped with special rubber-tired casters $50.00

F-10



D-10

D-10—Five tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Centralized control. Very selective and sensitive. Mahogany cabinet, mahogany lined. Finish, rich brown. Without accessories $100.00

D-5—Console. As illustrated. Specially designed and finished to match D-10 Ortho-sonic. Ample battery space. Equipped with gliders . . $30.00

E-10—Six tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Single control. Extremely selective. Maximum receiving range. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Perfect control of volume. Beautiful brown mahogany cabinet—rosewood inlay. Well finished. Satin texture. Without accessories $150.00

E-5—Console as illustrated. Specially designed and finished to match E-10 Ortho-sonic. Ample battery space. Equipped with gliders . . . $40.00

E-10

RADIO! Of all gifts the most enchanting. Beautiful. Enduring. Eloquent of thoughtfulness. Bringing comfort to lonely, far-distant souls—and joy to the near and dear.

For Mother, that her burden may be lightened with music. For Daddy, that his mind may be switched from the cares of the day. For the children, that the Bedtime Stories may bring peace and quiet...

The world's finest entertainment—radio, of course! But be sure it is a *Federal Ortho-sonic.* For what thrills come in with those famously lifelike tones. What selectivity, power, range. With the single dial and centralized controls, what ease of station finding—what glorious simplicity of operation.

And in Federal what assurance for *you.* Here is radio approved and preferred by musical critics and radio experts everywhere. Built by Federal engineers, with a reputation for wireless, telephone, and navy radio apparatus going back over twenty-five years—who are responsible, here to stay. And the *only* radio with the *ortho-sonic circuit*—

FEDERAL'S 14 POINTS

1—Ortho-sonic receiving sets made complete in Federal factories assures perfect matching of parts.

2—Built around Federal's own patented circuits.

3—Ortho-sonic tone quality—the result of years of acoustical research.

4—Rugged, all-metal construction—will last a lifetime.

5—Cabinets of carefully selected mahogany and walnut.

6—Multi-shielding. Provides isolation of all circuits from one another and from extraneous influences.

7—Simplified control with the maximum efficiency.

8—Razor-edge selectivity: allowing reception of distant stations through locals.

9—Illuminated, self-indicating scale, acting as pilot light.

10—Uses dry battery tubes, also standard tubes, without adjustment.

11—Re-radiation proof—does not interfere with your neighbor's receiving set.

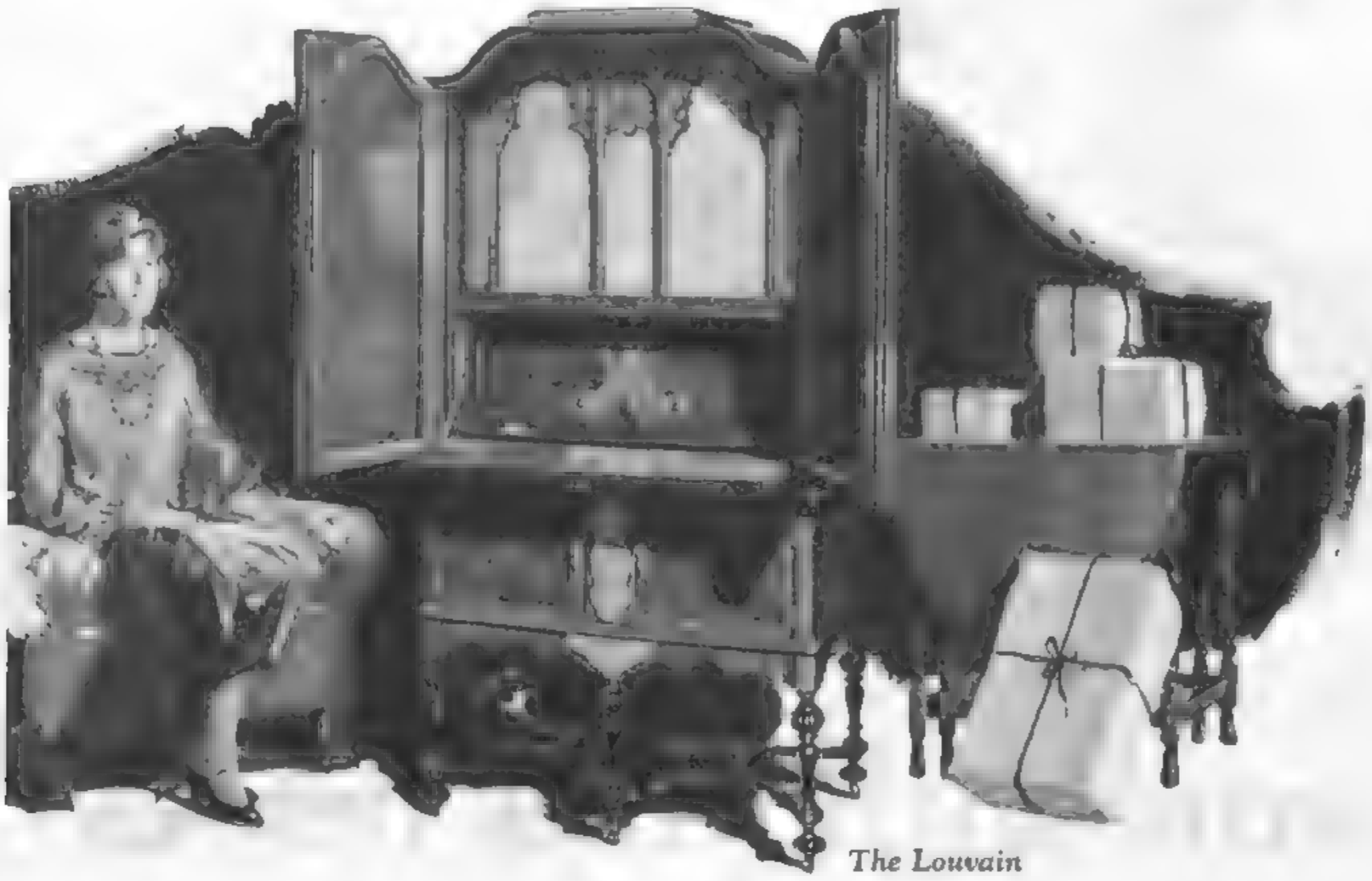
12—Includes a model for every purse and a design for every setting.

13—A precision instrument built by Federal telephone and radio experts.

14—Backed by a solid, substantial company—can never become an "orphan."

Federal ORTHO

Ortho-sonic on Xmas morning!



The Louvain

a circuit magnificently constructed and shielded—patented—one that has revolutionized all standards of radio-tone perfection; of ruggedness, dependability, value.

Notice the designs. Where did you ever see such individuality? Dignity and beauty of contour unite here with hand carving, inlays, and exclusive duo-tone wood effects to create radio furniture as *distinctive* as the circuit it houses is *selective*.

You can now select just the radio set you want at the price you would like to pay. Simple—or in harmony with the loveliest of room settings. Table or floor type. Loop or antenna operated. But always *ortho-sonic!*

Note opposite Federal's 14 Points. Go to your retailer for a Federal demonstration in time for a Christmas delivery. Look for the store displaying the *designator* shown at right. Go in. Listen in—with closed eyes. A new thrill in radio will certainly reward you.

FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

(Division of Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo

F-40

D-40

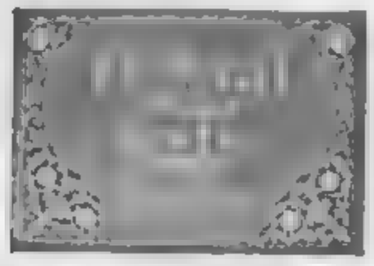
D-40—Five tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Centralized control. Built-in speaker. Deep, rich tone quality. Receiver compartment slides out. Walnut cabinet. Ample battery space. Without accessories . . $200.00

F-40—Seven tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. For use with loop only. Single control. Maximum selectivity—long range reception. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Large built-in speaker. Genuine walnut cabinet, artistically antiqued. Inlaid with vermilion. Ample battery space. Including loop, but without accessories, $400.00.

The Louvain—Seven tube custom-built set. Wet or dry battery type. Equipped with special filtering equipment, giving maximum efficiency with new No. 171 power tube or equivalent. Loop operated. Single control. Maximum selectivity. Long range. Rugged all-metal shielding. Illuminated scale, invisible with full board raised. A dignified walnut and cherry burl cabinet of late English influence. First grade burl walnut in door panels and beautiful overlay treatment of cherry burl with gold tracing. Loop is concealed in left-hand door. Including loop, but without accessories, $700.00.

* * *

The Greater Federal Line includes many models, ranging in price from $100 to $400, and four custom-built models retailing at $600 to $1000. B and C models have space for all batteries, also for current supply devices which operate from electric light sockets. C models are completely self-contained and portable.



This is the sign displayed by all designated Federal retailers. Wherever you see this sign, feel free to enter, and *listen in!*

SONIC* Radio

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

★ The fundamental exclusive circuit making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

All over the country, women are learning to iron the "Westinghouse Automatic" way—without worry, waiting, or nerve strain

Do you iron with your nerves?

Why is ironing with an ordinary electric iron such a strain on the nerves?

Isn't it because you're never sure of the temperature? Isn't it because you must remember to detach the cord before the iron gets too hot, then remember to attach it again before the iron gets too cool? Isn't it because you must keep your mind on two things—the iron and the ironing? That's why women have ironing headaches. That's why they're so completely worn out at the end of ironing day. That's why they so often say, "I don't mind washing clothes, but, oh, how I despise to iron them!"

What a relief this is

The Westinghouse Automatic Iron controls its own temperature for you. It turns itself off when it gets too hot. Then, when it begins to cool too much, it turns itself on again. You never have to wait for it to heat up or cool down. All the Automatic asks of you is ordinary care with your ironing. As a matter of fact, if you turned it up on its heel rest and left it connected for a week, it would turn itself off and on continuously, so that when you returned you'd find your iron "just right" for work. It remains always, while the current is on, at a proper temperature—neither too hot nor too cool for satisfactory ironing.

Think what this means in security. Think how this speeds up ironing. Think how it relieves *nerves*.

And how modest the price!

A nice thing about the Automatic Iron is its price—$7.75—only a trifle more than for an ordinary electric iron. And with the Westinghouse, besides the automatic feature, you get a larger ironing surface than on any other iron, the streamline beveled base, perfect balance, a cool, comfortable handle, and a convenient heel rest. Dealers everywhere have the Automatic.

[*Write for* "A Little Guide to Better Ironing." Tells how best to iron each garment. Gives suggestions that speed ironing, improve the work, and preserve the fabrics. Send to Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Mansfield, Ohio, for a copy]

The Westinghouse Automatic Iron

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Never too hot Click! *and it's* OFF

Never too cool Click! *and it's* ON

(Continued from Page 153)

unnecessary work are about as well mated as a bulldog and a black jaguar. Far better if he can trap enough rats or corral enough ermine skins, he owns a chestnut canoe with an outboard motor, with which he can scoot along the streams and lakes in serenity and swiftness, while the wind waves his hair and a grin creases his face, comparable only to an Oklahoma Cherokee enjoying his oil royalties and a new motor. In fact, there's only one thing more exciting, and that is to stand close enough to the track to get the ballast in his eyes as he watches the Transcontinental go by.

Thus do the new and old mingle in a formative country where pioneering, even with a railroad, does not always cease even when the rails are laid and the trains pound upon them; or when towns have been built, apparently to stay—for sometimes conditions will otherwise. A few years ago the Canadian National Railways, now the government-owned system of Canada, decided to build a cut-off from its southern line to its northern line, to form a connecting link in the central-western portion of Ontario. No town was at the junction point; in fact, nothing was there but muskeg and burn-over. The division point, consisting of roundhouses, shops, tank and station, was at a place called Grant, nineteen miles away, together, of course, with the twenty-odd buildings which formed the homes of the workmen. It was impossible to move the railroad so that the cut-off would connect at Grant. Therefore, the only thing to do was to move the town of Grant to connect with the railroad!

Moving Day for Grant

It sounds weird, impossible—when one gets out of the bush country. But when one hears about it up there it seems perfectly natural; prosaic, in fact, especially to those who did the moving. I asked three engineers and two superintendents about it before they could remember enough to fill out the details.

"Oh, it wasn't anything very exciting," came finally. "We couldn't put the railroad over there at Grant, could we? Well, the only thing to do was to put Grant at the railroad, since that was the logical place for it and it wouldn't be any good where it was. Well, it did look tough for a while on account of the muskeg around Nakina—that's what we call the town now. But we fixed that by bringing in steam shovels and just scooping the muskeg out, down to the clay. Then there was a nice little problem about how to arrange the town. Of course the people over at Grant had gone to a little trouble to fix up their places, and they had locations that they liked, and all that sort of thing. For instance, one man had a house that was some distance from the shops because he didn't like the noise—you know how those things are. But we worked that out. We just decided that the new town would be the same as the old one even to the placing and the location of the houses.

"Finally we had all our plans made, and ran a train into Grant. Everybody was ready, and they loaded their furniture into box cars that we'd arranged for them. Then with the help of the big hook and jacks we put the houses on the flat cars, even if we did have to cut a few of them in two to do it, chocked 'em good and steady for the trip, loaded up the shop machinery, gave the engineer the highball and let 'er go. Well, you'd be surprised at the way things worked out. It wasn't any time until we had those houses unloaded and spotted at relatively the same points in Nakina that they'd occupied in Grant. The shops were the same distance away, walks were put in and everything made shipshape, and the first thing you know, life and business was going on in the same old way. The only difference was, of course, that the whole town—houses, dogs, cats, humans and everything else—had just been jumped twenty miles. But then the country looks about the same all along there, so even that didn't cause much excitement."

Except for one thing which the narrator missed, and that was the fact that Nakina, even though it were a transplanted Grant, immediately set to work to make itself a bigger and better town. Was it not, as Nakina, upon two lines of railroad where before, as Grant, it had been upon only one? Here, with these advantages, one could build for tomorrow.

One encounters at strange places the evidences of this business of looking at the future. The bush may seemingly stretch black and impenetrable for miles, only suddenly to give way to a clearing, and in that clearing mosquito-infested men working stolidly at the erection of tremendous metal towers which span the country for miles—the newly built carriers of the power lines that some day will make the predictions of tomorrow for the New North come true. For there are potentialities in this country which are astounding; one goes over his figures time and again in amazement at the vastness of them, yet knows in spite of his misgivings that they are true. Here is a country without factory fuel—both Ontario and Quebec, so far, have been found to be coalless. That doesn't bother those whose eyes are on another day. There's no necessity for it. They point to the time of white coal; a time, in fact, which is already arriving, for the water-power statistics of both the provinces are rising year by year to a point exceedingly imposing. Already the hydroelectric properties of these two provinces are saving $80,000,000 a year in coal, and the beginning has really only been made. There are still enough swirling rapids to be harnessed, enough swift rivers to be corralled, enough lakes to be dammed, to bring the power possibilities of the entire provinces from its present total of 4,000,000 to a future aggregate of 18,000,000 horse power, and that will make Canada a leader of the world in this kind of development. What it can mean from an industrial standpoint may be gauged by the fact that at one point in Quebec a 400,000-horse-power development by an American aluminum concern is causing the building of a city from the wilderness. Into that city, and into the factories which will result, will pour a great part of the supply of bauxite from which aluminum is made, brought from British Guiana up the Saguenay River to be manufactured at a spot which, a short time ago, was country fit only for the moose and the timber cruiser.

A Roaring Gold Mine

It is thus that a land develops. In Canada, for instance, there is the story of two young men from the United States who decided that they would go prospecting. They had a rich friend. They went to him and asked for a grubstake. It was forthcoming and they moved forth into the North Country and into a district adjacent to that surrounding Cobalt, where mining success seemed sure. There was only one trouble, however: They knew about as much about prospecting in the Canadian bush as a fish knows about flying. But they did their best and spent a summer at it. Then, crestfallen, worried with the prospect of the necessity for making a report of failure, they returned to the States and to their rich friend.

"We had a good time and that was about all," they said.

"You didn't find anything?"

"Nothing but a beautiful place to camp," was the answer. "Wildest country you ever saw in your life, with the spruce so thick that you couldn't see twenty feet, and a waterfall roaring until it almost broke our eardrums."

Then, just to take the subject off mining, they showed a few pictures of that camping spot, and particularly of the waterfall. The friend asked questions, then more questions, finally to lean back in his chair.

"Thanks, boys," he said. "This is just about 100 per cent better than a gold mine."

The waterfall is harnessed now. It supplies electric power to a city of some 2000 persons and one of the largest of the Canadian pulp and paper mills, profits of which seem to be a bit better than the average gold mine, to say nothing of the hydroelectricity it distributes. No one ever seems to know what may await when there's new country to be traversed.

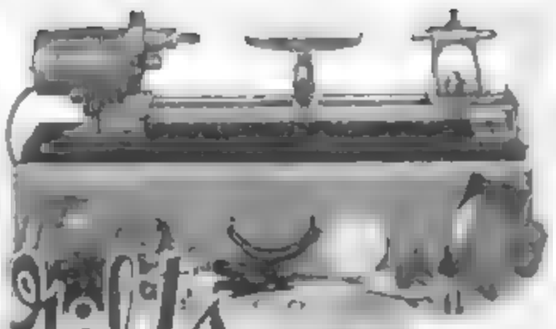
The Castro House Through an Arch of San Juan Mission, California

Eyes to the South

At least that's the story in Canada, and Canadians tell that story often, especially if the listener be from the United States. Canada frankly has its eyes in this direction. It needs money—not a few thousands or a few hundred thousands or a few millions, but hundreds of millions, and then even more hundreds. Capital for its undeveloped possibilities; the cry is ever for capital and plenty of it, by word of mouth, by the columns of the newspapers, by the wording of semiofficial publications. Capital for the building of new mills, for the development of mines which otherwise may be forced to lie unproductive for years to come, for cellulose productivities, so that the advantages of the new industry of artificial silk may be handled advantageously in a country where cellulose from vast areas of bush country is easily available, for communities which will mean roads and methods of communication. Capital—one hears the need of it on every side, and the statements of that need are usually accompanied by the announcement that United States money will be cheerfully accepted.

Lest this seem strange, let it be known that it is capital from Canada and the United States which is running Canada today, and not, as is so popularly supposed, money flowing from across the sea. As an instance, the latest figures on mining investment, the greatest part of which is in Ontario, show that 31 per cent of the $600,000,000 invested is American, and the rest of the industries show about a similar amount; while England, supposed to be the real exploiter of Canada, drags far in the rear with only 14 per cent. Of the $250,000,000 now being expended in the pulp and paper, power, mining and aluminum business of Eastern Canada, the average of the United States is even higher. And Canadian and American dollars get along extremely well.

One hears often the statement that the man from England does not understand Canada—its size, its problems, its newness—but that the United States does. Time was in Canada when a person from the United States was called a Yankee, with a tinge of sarcasm in the tone. That was the same time that Canadians were called Canucks with the same sarcasm in the same tone. But that day is gone. Some attribute it to the very fact that United States capital has gone more and more steadily into development in the North, others to a better understanding of two peoples with a kindred geography, and still others—many, many others—to traits which displayed themselves in a time of war.



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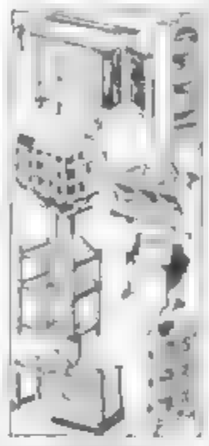

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Does *your* hair need help to make it vigorous?

MOST men suffer from one, or both, of two common hair ailments—*dandruff* and *thinning hair*.

Neglected, they can result only in complete loss of hair.

Yet all that is needed to overcome them—keep the hair clean and strong—is a moment's special daily care. Even long established cases yield to this simple treatment:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Just shake the bottle with its convenient shaker top, over your head. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

You will feel the difference in your hair the very first time you use this treatment. After only a few days the change in its appearance will astonish you!

For Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine does the two things needed to promote hair health—destroys dandruff infection and stimulates active nourishing circulation.

Make this care of your scalp as regular a part of your morning toilet as brushing your teeth.

Get a bottle of Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug store or department store *today*. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red which appears on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York City—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

THE PASSING STRIKE

(Continued from Page 35)

carried out by the Boston Association of Ship Carpenters? How many are aware that most of the followers of the patriot Samuel Adams were workers?

The fact is that no proper credit has ever been paid the American workingman of the 1770's for the part he played in the founding of our country. In New England and other sections the men of the various trades felt the need of association, and their places of meeting quickly became debating societies at which liberty was the chief topic. Though higher wages, shorter hours and improved working and living conditions were the aims, the tendency in all strikes for 150 years was to blame the lack of these rights on political conditions. Up to and long after the Revolution we find such plaints as this, printed in a Colonial newspaper of 1775:

> Do not the threats of the rich to distress the poor in any shape, if the latter should not, in an approaching election, give their votes to such men as the former direct, show an enslaving disposition? Can we expect representatives chosen in this manner will be faithful to preserve our liberties? Have not the tradesmen and laborers a glorious opportunity now offered them of asserting their freedom by voting, one and all, according to their own minds and conscience, without paying the least regard to the lordly dictates of their employers?

The tone of this, even more than the subject matter, would make any worker or employer laugh today, so far have we traveled along the road of equality and independence. It is as fearsomely tentative in its queries as the manifestoes of John Ball back in the days of feudal England, 400 years earlier. Yet what a perfect explanation it supplies for the almost complete omission by historians of the work done by tradesmen and laborers in building up the world. Here were men whose deeds of valor were later to inspire the overthrow of ancient dynasties so uncertain of their rights that it never occurred to them to make a positive demand.

It is only when we contrast this frame of mind with the mental attitude of the present day that we may come anywhere near an estimate of America's real contribution to mankind. To my way of thinking it was not all accomplished in the Revolution or in the Civil War. I see it as a continuing process in the freeing of men's minds. Conditions were not responsible when the universal working day was twelve hours. It was a belief in conditions; a docile acceptance of them by both worker and employer. We tell only a half truth when we say that greed was responsible for this or that ancient injustice. Greed, after all, is only a lack of enlightenment.

Early Labor Troubles

The pity is that we do not have more detailed records of the strikes in this country prior to the founding of the republic, for it is in his work that man always begins to question conditions. One might suppose that on a new and roomy continent the few first settlers to come here, with no industrial antagonist to face more menacing than a lavish and friendly Nature, would get on without labor squabbles among themselves. Yet as early as 1677 we hear of a strike, the earliest recorded in the New World, when the licensed carters of New York refused to move dirt from the streets any longer for the wage received. Considering at this date the wage in question, the strike would appear to have been justified. The wage was threepence a load.

In 1741 a strike occurred among the bakers in the city of New York, but we have no evidence that this was the product of an organized trade. A group of men seem to have taken it into their heads to quit work in a body. But in 1786 the printers of Philadelphia went out on strike for a minimum wage of six dollars a week, the move being deliberate, and the printers definitely organized for the purpose. It is safe to call this the first step toward a labor movement in this country. In 1796 a series of walkouts occurred among the boot-and-shoe makers of Philadelphia for the purpose of forcing a better wage. These were at least partly successful and seem to have been carried out with a plan. Again, in 1798, a "turnout," as a strike was then called, was ordered by the Philadelphia journeymen shoemakers, this time to resist a demand by their employers for a reduction of wages.

In the following year we first hear of steps toward collective bargaining and the employment of a walking delegate by the cordwainers of Philadelphia. By 1803 the turnout had become fairly familiar as a weapon in the hands of dissatisfied workers, and in that year the sailors of New York used it for the first time in a spectacular manner as a means of advertising their cause to the public. They paraded the streets, forced other sailors at work on ships to join their ranks, were pursued and dispersed by constables, and saw their leader arrested and jailed. This strike failed, but it left sufficient mark on the records and recollections of the time to be long mistaken for the first strike in America. It was, however, the first attempt by a group of workers to carry their case to the people.

The First Trade-Union

Unquestionably these sailors were some years ahead of the thought of the day. The attitude of the public toward the strike showed itself for the first time in this demonstration. A strike was a conspiracy, and conspirators were liable to arrest and punishment. In 1805, two years after this, the shoemakers of Philadelphia, evidently the leaders in labor agitation of those days, again turned out for an increase of wages, remained out for seven weeks, and lost. The strike leaders were arrested, tried for conspiracy and convicted. At their trial the recorder said:

"A combination of workmen to raise their wages may be considered in a twofold point of view: One is to benefit themselves, the other is to injure those who do not join their society. The rule of law condemns both."

Nevertheless, the questioning of conditions continued, and in 1809 a strike started among the cordwainers of New York that is noteworthy for taking for the first time the shape of a modern industrial difference. Here we find first mention of labor terms that have stuck ever since. The word "strike" was then first applied to a stoppage of work in any one shop, but a general cessation of work in all the shops of a trade was a general turnout. So, also, the worker who refused to join his fellows in a strike was first called a "scab" in this disturbance.

It is of interest that the tailors are thought to have formed the first American trade-union in the form in which we now know these organizations. The tailors themselves fix the date as 1806. But it was not until 1827 that we find any record of American wage earners rallying together, regardless of trade lines, for a contest with employers. In that year the spirit of discontent born of long hours, hard toil and other evils of the factory system in its early days appears to have affected the whole body of America's workers for the first time. Conditions were ripe for a strike for the ten-hour day in Philadelphia, launched by the building trades and later joined by several allied trades.

But this year saw more than the birth of the organized-labor movement. Although there was still a long road to travel before the nation was to reach its present stage of social enlightenment, the roots of virtually all our labor and business legislation may be traced back to the movements launched in 1827. For one thing the idea of a central

(Continued on Page 161)

CHRISTMAS 1926

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THE GIFT the angels brought to Bethlehem!—the gift of music and song—

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And you need not know a note of music!

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That is why there is no other piano like the Gulbransen. That is why it is the largest selling piano in the world.

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Each Gulbransen Piano represents the utmost value in tonal quality, responsive action, and beautiful appearance. Each bears the guarantee of the world's largest maker of fine pianos. For your protection the price of each instrument is stamped on the back at the factory.

A small cash payment will place any instrument you choose in your home this Christmas. Subsequent payments to suit your convenience. Allowance will be made on your present piano or other musical instrument.

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Other Registering Pianos, playable by hand or roll [illegible], *$450; Colonial, $595; White House, $700*
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The Gulbransen Minuet Model, for hand playing, is only 3 feet 8½ inches in height, yet its tone is such as you would expect to find only in pianos of a much larger size. Beautifully finished. A Gulbransen quality product throughout—for less than $300

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Kolster Radio is presented in five models, ranging in price from $85 to $375. There is a type for every home. Likewise Brandes Reproducers range from its Superior Head Set to a Power Cone. Prices from $5 to $250. Kolster Sets and Brandes Reproducers are built to demonstrate conclusively their own superiority. We illustrate here a Kolster 6-D, $85, and a Brandes Table Cone, $12.50 (Western price, $13).

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Others are impressed by mysterious technical descriptions. This often is confusing.

It's a wise buyer who realizes that the *ear* is the real judge. What you *hear*, rather than what you see or read, is of primary importance.

Of course, beautiful cabinets are important. They are easy to obtain and many are alike. But tonal quality is *most important*.

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Musical experts invariably choose their radio sets after critical listening tests. To their trained ears only the most faithful reproduction is satisfying.

Orchestral conductors, singers, composers and musicians unite in preferring Kolster Radio and Brandes Speakers—not because of claims, but because they have heard these instruments and realize their superiority.

Why not take your cue from them? It is a sound method of comparing radio. It assures your getting permanent radio satisfaction.

We invite you (read our offer which follows) to let our instruments prove their own case. We urge you to let their reproduction qualities tell their own story.

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Ours is a $10,000,000 concern, a pioneer in radio. But we realize that is not as interesting to you as the actual demonstration of our instruments.

Ours is a concern which has contributed much toward radio development—we built the chief radio stations for the U. S. Navy. We developed the Kolster Radio Compass which you'll remember as an important factor in the rescue of the S. S. Antinoe by the S. S. Roosevelt.

We could describe here, as we do fully in our catalog, all the mechanical and acoustical advancements of our instruments.

We could tell you how selective they are, how sensitive they are to distant stations, how both their selectivity and sensitivity are controllable by you (an exclusive Kolster feature), and how easily they are tuned.

We could tell you of their finer tonal qualities, of their faithful reproduction of bass and soprano with roundness, depth and rich tone.

But why should we write about these things when there is an easy and more satisfactory way for you to know them for yourself?

To hear a Kolster Radio and a Brandes Speaker reveals their superiority more completely than any printed description.

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Kolster-Brandes dealers, who themselves were won to our line because of demonstration, now offer you the same opportunity of letting our instruments prove their merit in your own home.

Hear these instruments, operate them in their natural surroundings. See if they meet every requirement, if they surpass anything you have ever heard before.

A demonstration does not obligate you in the slightest to buy, nor cost you one cent. It is simply our way of letting our instruments prove themselves.

Ask any Kolster-Brandes dealer for a demonstration. Should you not know his name, mail us the coupon and we will notify him of your desire.

Or check the coupon for our illustrated catalog.

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(Continued from Page 158)

labor organization embracing all workers spread rapidly and led to the formation of the Workingmen's Party, the first appearance of American workers organized as a political force. Though this never reached commanding influence, it did establish the principle, ever since recognized by all political parties, that the rights of the worker must be considered.

The really outstanding development of the year, however, was the entrance of the worker into the fight for education. In our pride of country we are inclined to overlook the fact that up to less than 100 years ago the only schools for children of workingmen were charity schools. We all know, of course, that our present public-school system supported by taxes is the greatest democratizing influence in the history of the world, but one might assume from the statements made concerning it that even many of our public speakers think it was set up right after the Revolution. The truth is that we got the system only because the worker, having won to individual and then to group citizenship, demanded it.

Misplaced Confidence

So many social concepts were developed in 1827, and in succeeding years, as a consequence of forces then set in motion, that to me it represents a turning point in history comparable to the past few years. The school system is only one striking demonstration of how a benefit to the worker is a benefit to all. The right of lien on property, established as a principle of law about this time, was the first recognition of the wage as the first charge against any work. The abolition of imprisonment for debt was sought to protect the worker in his only asset, but its protection has been of even more importance to business men. We see in these developments the first legal recognition in history of the priority of human over property rights.

Yet we got these advances out of a period alive with strikes, which grew more or less steadily in turbulence, in number and in the numbers of men involved. Where once a strike of 500 mechanics at Boston appalled the country, by 1847 a walkout of 1200 journeyman tailors in Philadelphia seems to have been regarded as a routine affair. That, incidentally, was the year in which the first effort was made to establish the ten-hour day by law—the legislature of Pennsylvania taking the first step. Later the United States Government set up this standard in its navy yards. Strikes to enforce the ten-hour day became more and more frequent. The movement in this country drew more vigor from the passing of a law by Parliament fixing that length of day as the standard for England. But by 1859, although it was still necessary to fight for ten hours, the first demand for the eight-hour standard was heard.

Then came the Civil War. One trade-union in Philadelphia which enlisted to the last man made this entry on its minutes: "It having been resolved to enlist with Uncle Sam, this union stands adjourned until the Union is safe or we are whipped." But that did not mean an end of strikes. Wars, disrupting industry, running up the cost of living and dislocating the whole field of prices, always bring industrial disturbances. It is possible that on a relative basis we had more strikes during the Civil War than during the World War. In 1863 there were thirty-eight strikes in thirty trades; in 1864 there were 108 in forty-eight trades; in 1865 there were eighty-five walkouts in forty-six trades. The lack of any machinery to prevent strikes is shown eloquently in these and other figures of the day.

Yet Lincoln had not long been President when he said in a speech at Hartford, "Thank God we have a system of labor where there can be a strike. Whatever the pressure there is a point where the workingmen may stop." He was referring to a strike among the shoe workers of New England—the greatest of its time. With the ending of the war, although labor organization had made little or no progress during the struggle, it became evident that workers had not stopped thinking, and within a few years the demand for an eight-hour day had assumed national proportions. In 1868, bills were introduced in the Congress to make that the standard.

Meantime labor thought had been at work on the solution of an evil that first made its appearance prior to the war, when attempts were made to stop the growing unrest caused by the new conditions of the factory by running in immigrants. Our present immigration laws trace back to this evil and to the steps taken to correct it. And in this connection it may be of interest to quote a memorandum given me shortly before he died, in the summer of 1924, by T. V. Powderly, for many years Master Workman of the Knights of Labor. It ran as follows:

"In 1878 the legislature of Pennsylvania appointed a committee to investigate the causes and results, within the limits of Pennsylvania, of the great rail strikes of the year before. I had been elected mayor of Scranton in February and was to take my seat on April first. As a newly elected labor mayor I attracted some attention because of the novelty of being, I believe, the first labor mayor elected in the United States, and notwithstanding the fact that I tried to hide myself away in a corner through the deliberations of the committee, I was discovered by one H. R. Wilbur, who took a seat beside me and claimed to be interested in labor matters.

"He said that he, too, was engaged in labor affairs. Questioning gave me the information direct from him that he was the agent of corporations desiring labor in cases where strikes took place or were in contemplation. Let me use his own expression:

"'Whenever there is a strike on, or nearly on, I take orders for the number of men required and send to my agents in Europe to have them sent over to me; and I, through agents of my own selection, distribute these men wherever they are wanted.'

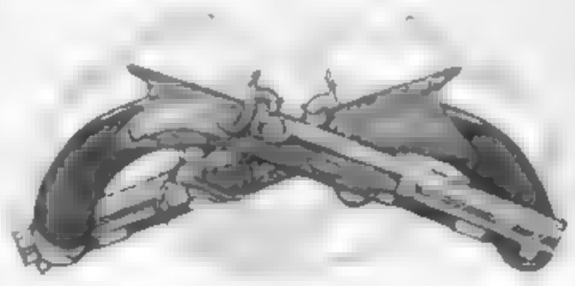
"I wrote down the words immediately after leaving him, and as soon as I could conveniently do so, I called at his office in Cortlandt Street, New York, and learned that it was a common practice to send to Europe and bring men over here to take the places of striking workmen in the United States.

"Of all men on earth I was the last man he should have placed confidence in, in such a case as that, for I followed up the lead he gave me, and when the Alien Contract Labor Bill was introduced in Congress in 1883, I was enabled to supply the committee with a mass of documentary evidence on the subject of importing strike breakers from Europe."

The Partnership Idea

"I give you this as one of many side lights on the work of fastening the attention of Congress on the necessity of passing a law to protect American workmen against alien labor."

I cite this bit, with its touch of dry humor, not only to show the actual working of labor thought but as an illustration that labor by this time had begun to see the value to itself of thinkers. Although the railroad riots of 1877 marked the opening of a period blackened by the most bloody and savage strikes in our history—a period not completely ended until the Colorado coal troubles of 1913—labor already was beginning to understand the limitations of force. From that time on, even though strikes grew in number, until at the turn of the century we were having an average of



2000 a year, the tendency against violence has grown stronger and stronger. And with the developments of more peaceful methods it was only to be expected that ideas should increase.

One of these—the idea which is now regarded by most labor authorities as the door to nation-wide industrial peace—is of peculiar interest to me because its first enunciation of which I can find any record came just after the great coal strike in Wales in the early 70's. I was born into the aftermath of this struggle and the tumult of union activities that followed it, so that strikes are a subject that was fairly branded on my brain from infancy. My people, as iron workers, were affected by disputes in the mine fields all about them, and the first words I can remember to have understood had to do with strikes. Later in life, therefore, it was somewhat of a thrill to me to discover that the idea of a partnership between workers and employers apparently may be traced to my native land. It was put forth in the following words by Mr. D. Lleufer Thomas, a Welsh barrister:

"So long as the only tie which binds labor to capital is the cash bond of the wage system, so long will there remain a necessity for combination among wage earners for their own protection. The wage system, in fact, involves labor combination and trade-unionism. But there are many who hope—and I am of their number—that the wage system may eventually give place to some form of coöperation among the workers, or copartnership between capital and labor, which may result in the absolute identification of employer and employed and the consequent disappearance of the present almost inevitable antagonism between class and class. May that great and beneficent revolution be the special gift of the twentieth century to struggling humanity."

Looking Toward the Goal

Undoubtedly we still have a long way to go before we may say that this has been realized, but the closer I get to labor the more I am convinced that our rate of progress toward the goal is constantly accelerating. It was delayed for a time, and many thought the hope of progress had been killed, by attempts to force the movement into one fixed channel or another. To me the most encouraging sign today is that both labor and capital have given up this attempt. Except for experimental purposes neither side is committed to any particular machinery. We now have our eyes on the goal, and every year is marked by an increase of the number of men who have determined that it shall be reached.

Here is one more evidence of the open mind now being brought to bear on the problem of industrial relations. Having abandoned the determination to get industrial peace by this or that plan, or not at all, more and more of our people are beginning to realize that it is more a matter of evolution than of plan. The tremendous increase of stock and other security ownership by working people, for example, is not altogether the consequence of a plan to make labor satisfied. It had made considerable progress before either capital or labor came to a recognition of its significance.

Other instances that might be multiplied almost without number have brought me to the conviction that unseen factors are at work. I believe that as strikes continue to decrease and our minds continue to open, these will become visible. It is now more than fifty years since the idea of coöperative enterprise as a means of making unions unnecessary was first put forth. It has been stated that this idea has made more advance in the past five years than in the preceding forty-five, and the only reason the unions have grown in strength and power is because they have found new functions. Perhaps the greatest contribution of organized labor to society is yet to be developed in the working out of these economic functions, not for the benefit of a single group or class, but for the maintenance and advancement of general prosperity.

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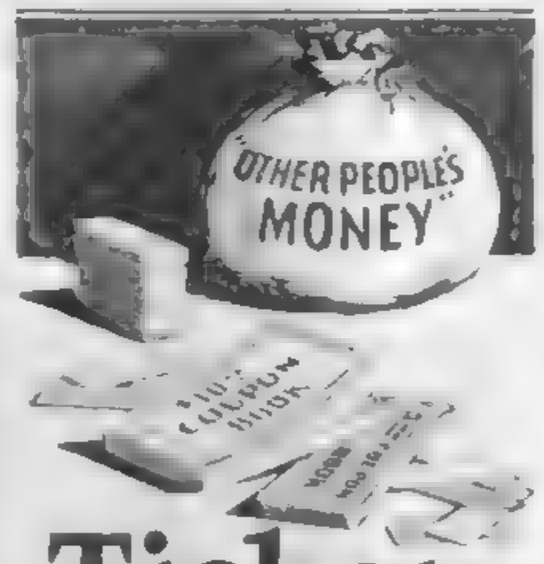

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FOR generations, cheese products have been recognized as nutritious, healthful foods. And through the years they have remained little changed —basically the same as the ancient formulae handed down from father to son.

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Now comes a new and wonderful dairy product—Pabst-ett, *more than cheese*. Pabst-ett is finer flavored than cheese and more delicious. It keeps better. It is as digestible as milk.

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This new food has proved so far superior that today, less than a year after it was first placed on the market, it is first choice in hundreds of thousands of homes. It is served regularly in:

Rarebits—Brings new deliciousness and does not become stringy with cooking.

Sandwiches—with white or rye bread, makes the kind of sandwiches your guests praise; spreads easily, evenly.

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Try this remarkable, new cheese product now. You'll like its delicious tang, its smoothness, the new zest it lends to foods. You'll like it better in every way. Sold at leading grocery and delicatessen stores everywhere.

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The popularity and remarkable success of Pabst-ett will, no doubt, bring out imitations. But Pabst-ett is the original — there's nothing else like it. It is the product of long study and research in the great Pabst laboratories. Others may imitate, but they cannot duplicate Pabst-ett. In fact, even were the formula not secret, few manufacturers of ordinary cheese products have facilities and equipment to produce this remarkable, new food. Avoid imitations. Leading dealers everywhere sell Pabst-ett. Ask for it by name.

Pabst-ett

REG U.S. PAT OFF

More than Cheese

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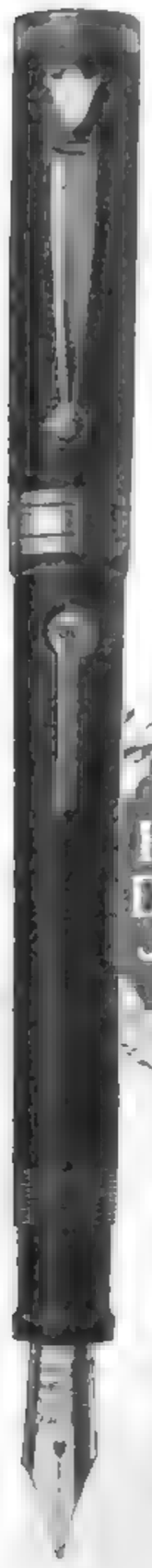
The Imperishable token



of affection and good will. Any friend who does not already own a John Holland "Drop Test" Jewel fountain pen would appreciate one more than scores of other gifts you could select.

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The Poets' Corner

Morning

SO OFTEN I have lost you for a while
And thought: "I shall not ever find again—
As once I found—my heaven in your smile;
For now I seek and seek for it in vain."
So often I have wandered—struck apart
From you in sudden loneliness, and said:
"Deep in the silent places of my heart
Something that once was beautiful is dead."
So often, even as I touch your hand,
And seem to hold you—then I only miss
The glory that I used to understand,
And all my world is dark because of this.
But out of every night fresh dawns arise
So, always, come my mornings in your eyes.
—Mary Dixon Thayer.

Quest

WHO gave us tongues that we should speak, He set a two-edged sword
To slay the dream unspoken, to kill the dearest word,
To cut the silver harp string, to break the golden bell—
But just around the Corner we shall come where we may tell.

The world is full of little folk who war and work and pray,
The magic land of Eden is ten thousand leagues away,
There is labor unabating, there is toil without a prize—
But just around the Corner stands Romance with shining eyes.

In mystery and majesty the Seven Planets climb,
The hills are bright with yellow gorse, the combes are sweet with thyme,
The reeling sapphire breakers flash and shatter on the shore
But just around the Corner is a wondrous Something More.

We dare not try to find It; It will perish if we seek,
Though our hearts are crammed and bursting with the things we cannot speak;
We strain at bonds that hold us not, we curse our own delay—
It is just around the Corner—and we have not learned the way.

Yet I think some golden morning we shall know the day is here
And the hour of trial on us, and in gladness and in fear
Shall venture all and lose it all, and losing, win a soul—
And just around the Corner find a broken world made whole. —Wilfrid Bovey.

A Place for Flowers

WILD ducks were flying north
And drizzling rain had stopped
The plowing. Men went forth
With spades into the garden, where still dropped
Rain's silver seed in showers
From blowing maples that were rooted deep.
I heard my mother calling, "Keep
A place for flowers."

And when the rows of corn
Grew taller there than I,
Cornflowers grew; each morn
The morning-glories climbed blue walls of sky,
And deep in clover bowers
Wild roses smiled from their dew-freshened sleep,
As if One watched and whispered, "Keep
A place for flowers."

And in the dreams I dream,
And in the plots that wait
The spades that drive and gleam,
A spirit stands beside an olden gate,
And through awakened powers
Of earth, and men, who still must sow to reap,
I hear a voice still calling, "Keep
A place for flowers."
—Glenn Ward Dresbach.

Optimism

WISDOM for them that know;
Justice for the unjust;
Ill sees its overthrow;
Wonder climbs from the dust.

Victory from defeat;
April from winter snows;
And the green, sharp, bitter bud
That gives birth to the rose.
—Harry Kemp.

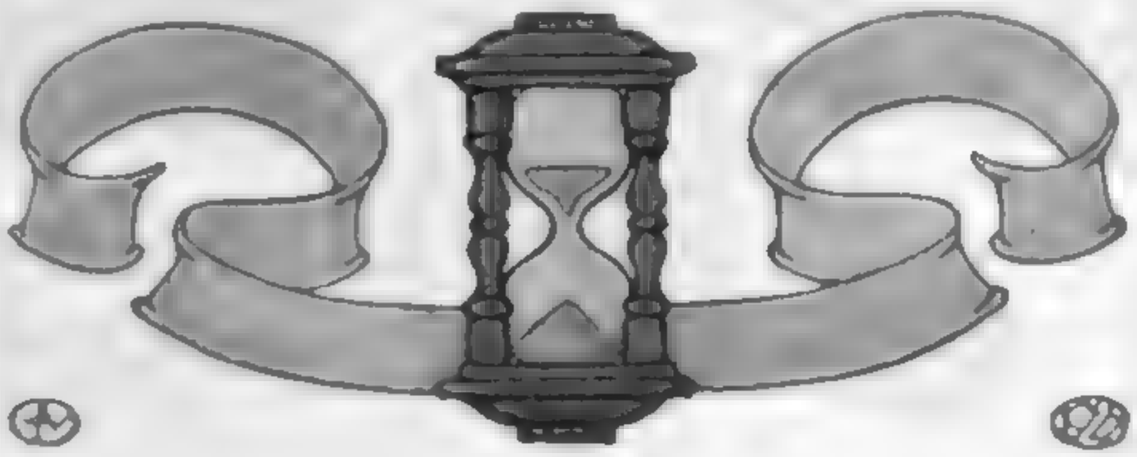
Canoe! Canoe!

HARNESSED with bow sheath and quiver,
Mustered the moccasined braves,
Launching on Indian River,
Breasting Ontario's waves.
Gone are those heralds of slaughter,
Iroquois, Chippewa, Sioux;
Still is their bark on the water—
"Canoe! Canoe! Canoe!"

Light as a ptarmigan feather,
Sweet as the maidenhair fern—
On with her! Driving together,
Bow in a rhythm with stern,
Up where the rapids are brawling,
Stubbornly driving her through,
Up where the forest is calling,
"Canoe! Canoe! Canoe!"

Bough where the squirrel is chiding,
Track of the moose on the brink,
Bank where the otters are sliding,
Glimpses of marten and mink,
Cataract foaming and roaring,
Rattle of kingfisher, too,
Scream of the war eagle soaring,
"Canoe! Canoe! Canoe!"

"Luck to you, wilderness rover!
Whether you paddle or pole,
Rest when the carry is over,
Peace of the woods at the goal!"
Gayly we chorus at meeting,
Flashing our blades from the blue,
Waking the hills with our greeting,
"Canoe! Canoe! Canoe!"
—Arthur Guiterman.



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Far back from the street stands a comfortable home surrounded by great old trees. While its more pretentious neighbors are silent, it is alive with youth, laughter and gayety. Friends are forever coming and going through the inviting doorway. It is the one house on the street that seems to live . . . . What is the reason?

No spoken word can quite voice the welcome expressed in the furnishings of an attractive home. Such a greeting invites guests with its courtly hospitality, puts them at their ease and makes them reluctant to leave.

With the changing of times and tastes, perhaps your home has lost something of its original attractiveness. It may be the floor coverings need renewal. Nothing can put more life and personality into a room than a beautiful rug of a design and coloring that blends perfectly with the other furnishings.

Some time soon go to your dealer and ask him to show you his collection of Bigelow-Hartford rugs. He will display them gladly, for he knows them to be the finest product of the loom—Wiltons, Servians, "Hartford-Saxony" and Axminsters. You will be charmed by their rich quality and coloring.

If your taste runs to patterns he has them in the most exquisite designs. Or if you prefer plain shades he has these, too, in every tone. No investment you can make will bring you more in real pride and satisfaction than Bigelow-Hartford rugs or carpets. You can buy them secure in the knowledge that a century-old reputation stands behind them, every one; that they are guaranteed against the slightest flaw or imperfection. That they will give you long years of honest, loyal service.

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RUGS & CARPETS

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

Continued from Page 29

book—a country-school prize—was still too sentimentally regarded, no doubt, by the modish matron, in her permanent wave and clam pearls, downstairs to be burned. It was kept on, in a fashion, here in the old-trunk room.

"As I am," said Thomas, "in my individual, personal significance. It's outrageous. It's shameful. Why, I am responsible for everything we've got! Yet, individually, what have I? I ought to have the best room in the place to retire to. I ought to! I ought to sit pretty in this house, and where do I sit? In a slice of attic that hasn't even got a straight roof, and whose window looks out at two dish towels and the dog cemetery!"

It was true. Practically every window in the house but this raked a view of handsome neighboring grounds or dwellings, or the front street itself, tonight proud and sparkling with electrically trimmed evergreens set up on lawns or in doorways. But here you saw only a drab segment of back dooryard, with two towels flapping on a line and some browning vines and hydrangea bushes.

Under the hydrangea bushes was the dog cemetery, a small tract planted with—Thomas J. Power made another quick computation—close to eight hundred dollars in high-grade dog meat he had financed; or the collective prices of sundry high-bred Airedales, terriers, Belgian police dogs, and the like, which one by one, as purchased for his boys, had been deleted by the motor traffic in front of the house. In vain he had pointed out that mongrel dogs, ordinary black-and-tans, would do as well for this purpose. The pressure of the times, the clamor of his young had overpowered him.

"And yet my name is Power," he reflected. "Why haven't I any? Why can't I assert myself, my own standards and desires here, as I please? Is it that I am naturally inferior—or is it ——" Here his meditation turned, as many another man's before him, to what was surely the secret crux of the thing: The emasculation that marriage and family life bring to a man. The flattening of personality, the destruction of all chances at individual freedom, the sacrifices, the immolation which the assumption of family burdens means. The heckling, the nagging, the bills—and for so slight a return.

"It's the truth. It turns a man into a camel, a pack animal."

Above his corncob Thomas looked out of his window at a lazy flying fleece of snow that had begun to drift across the pane. All his life the sight of a light snowfall at night, the flakes burning to silver as some window light glazed them, had brought him a faint stirring impulse to romance, some hint of mystery he couldn't have explained. The thing had a certain call for him—a summons about it; to go out into the night, into the delicate lacelike web, the violet air. There was a suggestion of adventure in it for him—to whom adventure, in the narrow sense, was now a closed book—he being restricted by the hostages he had given, his responsibilities of position, his general status and conviction.

Nevertheless, although he would stand watching a light snowfall in the evening, smoking and rocking a little on his heels and perhaps offering a titbit of wisdom on next season's coal strike—coal and snow being so closely collocated—some other fragment of himself, some Panlike element, not entirely decently trampled, would be whispering of other matters; would suggest into his hardly conscious ear how nice it would be to make a sudden unexplained dash out into the lazy swirl—its very whirl a promise of anonymity. How nice to make some foray, unattached, out into the evening—to sparkling streets that catered to a reasonable and pleasant frivolity; to charming places that suggested music, lyric-stringed and sweet; to food and lights, exotic of flame and coloring, and to faces! Pretty faces—laughing eyed, illusive, pretty faces—flushed by the music and delicious food, or snow-kissed, brushed by the silvery veil of snowflakes in the bright street.

No, Thomas Power was not a Turk—an exemplary husband and citizen; but as well as any other man, he had a normal preference for a pretty face.

"Yes, and by Jove, I could look at 'em, too—all I pleased! Talk to 'em; call on 'em; go to see 'em," he thought in his moment of revolt, "if I wasn't tied hand and foot; if I was a free man—like Haydon King, the lucky dog!"

He remembered seeing Haydon King during the holiday-shopping period. Haydon King was a man to give anyone pause. The modern movie director's beau ideal of the free, leisured, independent male. Fifty, but dressed with that indefinable dash that bespeaks the worldly bachelor—pink skinned, silver haired, with a subtle Adolphe Menjou air about him. Haydon King was not a rich man exactly, but he had enough private income to have an infernally good time, Thomas knew.

He lived in the Wellington Apartments, where he gave smart bachelor parties. He was popular and invited everywhere. He had been to Paris in his youth for a year in art, from which he had brought back half a dozen very bad paintings and a permanent authority on French accent and fashion, and there wasn't a man in town who had more women friends.

It was because of women friends that Thomas Power thought about him now. His women friends had been along with Haydon King that night when Thomas Power met him. Not one woman friend, but two! Haydon King had had a girl on each arm—a little blonde and a little Titian hanging to him. Between them, old Haydon's gray head above his black karakul collar had bloomed like a gone-to-seed dandelion encompassed by roses.

All three were standing looking at a jeweler's window, and the pretty enameled faces of the roses were laughing, fairly outsparkling the diamonds under the glass. As Thomas watched, the little blonde had wound a possessive arm through Haydon King's and had drawn him toward her, whereupon the little Titian had hooked his other member and pulled him away. In spite of himself, a faint subconscious envy had moved in Thomas. An old thing like Haydon King —— But things like that happened still. That's what it meant to be a free, unattached man—beautiful women fought over you!

And you could, if you pleased, reward them. You could buy them jewels. Not that he himself hadn't bought jewels—the clam pearls for Ruth, and Eleanor's new emerald bracelet.

Thomas sighed inwardly—to think of such romance, such adventure as he still knew. He did practically nothing alone in the interest of pleasure, unless you counted going down and eating a plate of oysters at Clafferty's Sea Food Emporium late of an evening an adventure.

He looked at his watch suddenly. He didn't really want oysters tonight—not after today's menus—but he must positively do something to assert himself, and there was only a choice between exercising the prevailing dog on its nocturnal beat or going to Clafferty's. He might anyway, down at the high-stooled counter, meet some fraternal soul to hobnob with, to assuage both loneliness and unimportance. The sort of adventure likely to befall him—a talk with a taxi driver, who would tell him about his wife's typhoid, or with a motorman from the interurban lines, or some masculine night moth with battered wings.

Certainly, it was beyond all possibility that a little blonde—Thomas had admired Haydon's blonde rather more than his Titian—would discover herself through the feathery snow and make some plea for his chivalrous aid or some invitation to attractive frivolity; even if he could remember, after all these years, exactly what to do with it if she did.

But it was a lot better to go to Clafferty's than to sit here in this little room, now rapidly growing overheated; and losing no time, Thomas J. Power switched off the light button, stole down the hall for his shoes and coat and hat, and in five minutes had issued from the unobserved side door of his house, had debouched by the dish towels and dog cemetery and entered the street.

He was surprised to see that the lazy whirl of snow that had lured him out had thickened in those few minutes of his preparation to a really heavy snowfall. The lawn near the hedges, the trees were rapidly covering. The sifting snow before his eyes fell with a little, audible sleety tapping; it drove in floury transverse bars across the sight, so that Thomas had to put up a hand to free his eyelashes. It seemed impossible that a snowstorm could gather such force, make such violent progress in so short a time. The walking was already slightly difficult.

He saw now that the lighted Christmas trees on the main street had gone out; indeed, as he looked, the street lights themselves followed and the whole region was plunged into darkness, save for the orange bars of lighted windows. Even these seemed dimmer in the graying fog of thickening snowflakes, which now seemed to obscure everything and lend a certain unfamiliarity to the street. The houses seemed to shrink grotesquely, the trees to grow taller. Bushes and shrubs took on a new contour. Certainly, what a moment before he had thought to be the big hydrangea at the edge of the Perry grounds turned out to be, like himself, a nocturnal wanderer. A man prowling or plodding through the wintry gust, though dressed, Thomas decided, a great deal more suitably than himself.

He wore, Thomas saw, a raccoon coat, full-furred and enormous of size, with stout black galoshes, and capped by a smallish derby hat, its top frosting like a cake in the snow. As Thomas approached, the stranger swung around to speak to him, and he got an impression of a rather imposing, even chesty, figure, the face revealing a hooked nose, rather piercing dark eyes and a pair of extravagantly long and drooping black mustaches. Surprisingly, he noticed that the pedestrian wore a sprig of mistletoe in the coat lapel of his coon coat, and that he was smoking—Thomas recognized the gleaming band in a near-by window light—one of his detested cigars!

"Good evening, sir," said a very nasal and very deliberate voice, with a queerly paced familiar quality about it. "This is quite a storm we are having, is it not?"

"Yes, it is," agreed Thomas. The snow was falling so thickly that he was compelled to slap himself free; and a vague sense of uneasiness he could not define, stirred. He seemed suddenly to be at an immeasurable distance from Clafferty's oysters and the house he had just left. This snowfall now. There was something—there was—uncanny in the way it had thickened up, in the darkness he found here in the street.

"I had no idea it was storming like this; no idea it could be like this, when I started out," he added, and he peered more intently at the tall shape beside him.

"That's very often the case, is it not? I mean, it's what constitutes an adventure; not knowing exactly what it will be like until one is started."

Thomas stared, then shook his head.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean." He found himself falling into step beside his unknown companion. "I I should hardly expect adventure, though, in coming out of my house into the street I live in." He shook his head harder. "No, I stepped out to—to get a little air! And," he snapped with a touch of bitterness, "to get away from all the Christmas nonsense!"

"You dislike Christmas?"

"Show me the man who doesn't—or, anyhow, who doesn't find it a bore or a burden. I say show me the man, because it's the man who pays! You know that yourself. For my part I'm heartily sick and tired of Christmas. Doesn't mean a thing to me. For my part—yes, and I believe I speak for a great many others—I'd abolish Christmas if I could."

"Abolish Christmas! Why not change it?"

"Change it! Have you a family? How on earth could that be done?"

"I should say"—the paced nasal voice held a musing tone; the tall raccoon-clad figure raised a finger on which burned a jewel like a red Christmas-tree light and flicked the ash from his cigar—"I should say it might be done by the bimbos most concerned with it financially. A little more firmness, a little judgment ——"

"Have you ever tried it? I tell you, young 'uns nowadays—everybody—know what they want! Bimbos!" Thomas checked, recoiled, stared with bulging eyes at his companion, at the mistletoe, the cigar. "Bimbos! Who are you? I—I'd swear I've heard your voice before. I've never seen you, but I know your voice. I've heard it! Where? Where?"

It seemed to Thomas Power that the air, above the fury and milling of the snowflakes, was full of queer noises—the creaking and clanking of metals, the scratching and writhing of wires, a crying as of lost souls. His hand automatically made a button-adjusting movement, even as the metallic voice pealed out again, this time dominating the hideous clangor.

"You are right!" it cried. "You have heard me, or my like, many a time. I am the spirit of radio. I am the shade of an official radio announcer. Signing off in my mortal guise within the last year, passing on to scientific powers and controls beyond your wildest guessing, it is permitted me, for my sins, to return for a brief hour on a Christmas night, that I may find a discontented soul walking the streets of earth—you, in short, Thomas Power—to whom I may offer one last program."

"Program! Street!" cried Thomas. "You can't offer me a program in the street!"

"The street! Look about you, Thomas Power! Look about you!"

Thomas looked. The lights had all vanished now, and the street was indeed gone. The snow made a blinding gray wall—no, four walls. It darkened, encompassed him like a room. It was a room. He couldn't see clearly, but he was no longer out-of-doors.

A tiny spear, a tulip flare of ruddy light broke the darkness, and the nasal voice spoke once more into his ear:

"Station Weegy-Wix announcing a special Christmas feature in two parts; of which we will present, immediately, Part One: Christmas as it Was."

But Thomas Power no longer heard the voice, for he recognized the place he was standing in.

It was Aunt Allie's little old attic bedchamber of years ago. There was the slant roof—lower even than the old trunk-room roof. There were the little, imperfect bubbled window lights, set near the floor, black now against the cold darkness, trimmed outside with stalactites of icicle. There was the high maple poster with its double feather bed; a plain chest of drawers, with a flaring glass lamp, a red-flannel serpent coiled in its oily stomach; the rag rug on the raw pine floor; the whitewashed walls with the framed text: Work, for the Night is Coming. And hopping back and forth like an excited cricket in the heart of the freezing barren cold of the little room—where even the heat of the lamp seemed to

(Continued on Page 171)

THE NEW FABRICS
five million American Women have been waiting for

A. T. Baker & Company—pioneer makers of quality Velvets, Plushes and Velours—presents a completely new line of furniture coverings crystallizing the modern idea of color and design

Beautiful beyond belief . . . the epitome of smartness . . . charmful, cheerful, modern . . . the new group of Baker-quality furniture fabrics is here.

And these gloriously colorful new-day materials are certain of a wonderful welcome by every woman about to furnish or re-furnish a room, or to add a new piece of furniture to her home.

The new Baker fabrics are the materialization of many months of intensive study of present-day home-beautifying needs. They represent the combined thought of the most successful interior decorators, the most expert furniture makers of America . . .

Inviting, intriguing—a definite departure from anything that has ever gone before—they are destined to give to the modern American home-maker the type and style and distinctive effects in furniture that she demands.

The product of great artists . . . The handiwork of the finest and most skillful weavers in the world . . . The new Baker fabrics express all the latest tendencies in modern interior decoration. Here, at last, are the furniture coverings women have long been waiting for, but until now have never been able to find . . .

Heretofore, it has been one thing to plan a pretty interior but another thing to achieve it. That difficulty is today removed with the introduction of the modernized Baker line.

Modern furniture display by Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue, New York

All leading authorities say that dull, drab, uninteresting home interiors have gone. Too-obviously-overstuffed furniture has had its day. The trend of modern taste is toward lighter, more graceful lines—less "stuffiness", more "life", clear, definite color-schemes, *accented* high-lights. No more monotonous one-color effects, but an interesting variety in color and design.

"Happy interiors"—bright, smiling, Bakerized furniture is here, and here to stay. Lively effects that please and charm. Coverings that intrigue the eye, yet sacrifice none of the durability of the old-style velours . . . Rooms with "an air" and that "sunny morning" look about them. Individual pieces—Bakerized—to give them a personality all their own . . . This is what you will find in the more attractive homes from this time on.

The new Baker fabrics may be had in furniture of varying price-ranges, in sets and individual pieces of the finest character as well as in the less expensive kind. All you need to know is that your furniture-coverings are Baker-made. This is your assurance that the unvarying 38-year-old Baker standard of quality and long life and unusual value is always there.

For the decorator or home-maker seeking to achieve true color-interest in the interior scheme, here for the first time is a complete line of many new fabrics ready at hand . . . Ask your dealer to show you furniture covered with the new-day Baker materials. Even a single piece of Baker fabric-ed furniture makes an unbelievable improvement in a room.

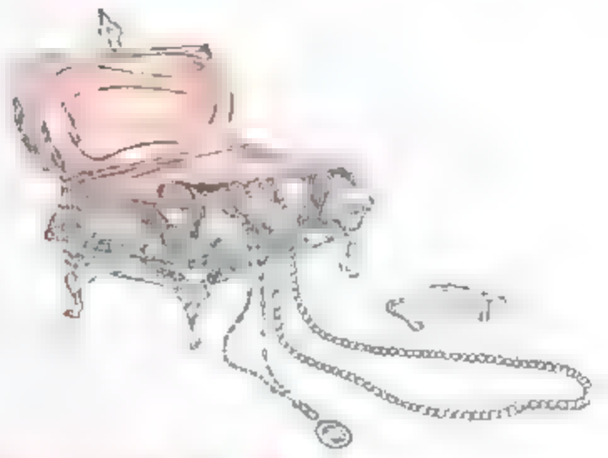
An unvarying quality mark for over 38 years

Baker Velour

FOR FINE FURNITURE AND FINE MOTOR CARS

A. T. Baker & Co., Inc., *Manayunk*, Philadelphia; *New York*, 41 Union Square; *Chicago*, 28 East Jackson Blvd.; *Los Angeles*, 414 Central Bldg.; *Quincy, Mass.*, 94 Dixwell Ave.; *Toledo*, 923 Nicholas Bldg.

for GIFTS



FOR HER

- Ash Receiver
- Bar Pin
- Birthstone Ring
- Bobbed Hair Clippers
- Bonbon Dish
- Book Ends
- Bookmark
- Boudoir Clock
- Bracelet
- Bridge Set
- Brooch
- Candlesticks
- Carving Set
- Chain Pendant
- Charms
- Check-book Cover
- China
- Cigarette Case
- Cigarette Holder
- Class Pin
- Class Ring
- Compote
- Costume Mesh Bag
- Crucifix
- Cut Glass
- Desk Set
- Diamonds
- Diamond Watch
- Dinner Ring
- Lipstick Set
- Earrings
- Emblem Brooch
- Emblem Ring
- Engagement Ring
- Eyeglass Case
- Garter Buckles
- Guard Ring
- Hair Barrette
- Identification Tag and Chain
- Jewel Box
- Leather Diary
- Lingerie Clasps
- Locket
- Lorgnette
- Mesh Bag
- Napkin Holder
- Napkin Ring
- Necklace
- New Wedding Ring
- Opera Glasses
- Pearls
- Photo Frames
- Rings
- Rosaries
- Salt and Pepper Shakers
- Sautoir Watch
- Sewing Set
- Slipper Buckles
- Sport Watch
- Tea Ball
- Tea Set
- Thimble
- Toilet Set
- Traveling Clock
- Vanity Case
- Vase
- Wrist Watch

THAT *LAST*

Consult your Jeweler

FOR HIM

Ash Tray
Belt Chain
Beverage Shaker
Bill Clip
Birthstone Ring
Book Ends
Bottle Opener
Buckle and Belt
Card Case
Check-book Cover
Cigar and Cigarette Holder or Lighter
Cigar Cutter
Cigarette Case
Coat Chains
Collar Buttons
Corkscrew
Cuff Links
Desk Set
Desk Clock
Diamond Ring
Dress Set
Emblem Charm
Emblem Pin
Emblem Ring
Engagement Ring
Eyeglass Case
Finger Ring
Fountain Pen
Humidor
Identification Tag
Jeweled Cigarette Box
Key Ring and Chain
Leather Diary
Match Box
Match Box Holder
Membership Card Case
Military Brushes
Mounted Wallet
Mounted Pipe
Napkin Holder
Napkin Ring
Pen and Pencil Set
Photograph Frame
Pocket Comb and Case
Pocket Knife
Pocket Watch
Scarf Pin
Shaving Set
Strap Watch
Tie Clasp
Toilet Set
Traveling Clock
Traveling Set
Watch Chain
Watch Fob
Wedding Ring

CAPE COD FOLKS LIKED SIMPLICITY

IF YOU think that the average American bungalow is the only way to build a one-story house, visit Nantucket and Cape Cod some day and look at the fishermen's cottages that are still standing there from Colonial days. They were—and are—charming . . . because they are so simple in design, so unaffected. Note their woodwork, too, especially their fireplaces.

You will see many mantels like this Curtis design C-615, whose most pronounced characteristic is its utter simplicity. Good proportions—such as only the true artist can create—and dainty moldings, which enhance the beauty of the mantel with fine lines of shadows, are all it boasts as to design. No more is needed. No more was wanted by those hardy pioneers of America. Treated simply with white paint or soft tints, of green, blue or yellow, this mantel will strike the keynote of almost any decorative scheme.

The mantel shown here is in the home of Mr. Frank Miller, Albany, N. Y. It was supplied by the Blakeslee Lumber Company, dealers. The top of the shelf is 3' 10⅝" high and 4' 8⅜" wide. The brick opening is 2' 10" high and 3' 3" wide. The wood is birch.

With such a beautiful mantel reasonably priced, it is now possible for home builders to indulge their desire for real open fireplaces.

DOORWAYS *of the* OLD BAY STATE

EVERY year thousands of tourists travel the highways and byways of Massachusetts to study and admire the doorways of old Colonial homes. Few of these are lovelier to behold than this simple, straightforward design with the little entrance porch.

Here is a Curtis Entrance in a home in Germantown, Philadelphia. This entrance is faithful to every old Colonial tradition—the slender, graceful columns; the delicate play of lights and shadows in the cornice moldings; the subtle curve of the spandrel; the fan-light transom, with well proportioned sidelights, and finally the typical six-panel Colonial door with raised panels. The great old "Wood Carver of Salem" would be quick to see the influence of his perfect taste in this modern design if he were here to see it. All these details are offered as a unit by Curtis under the simple design No. C-100. The wood is white pine and the entrance is made for any type of wall construction, and the price is so reasonable the smallest house can afford this beautiful entrance. This is true in all Curtis Woodwork because every article is produced in quantities. Great variety can be attained in this entrance by using other door designs, as shown in the Curtis Catalog.

BEAUTY *and* STRENGTH COMBINED

STUDY this Curtis design as a typical stairway used in New England Colonial work. The common stair newel today would seem needlessly brutal to early American builders. Note the slender newel post and balusters and the small hand rail. Here are consummate beauty and grace.

Old Governor Dummer himself—who on his wedding night astonished his guests by dashing up the stairway of his new house mounted on a magnificent white charger—would be proud to claim it as a true Colonial stairway.

Stair balusters, as Curtis makes them, may be dovetailed, not toenailed, to the treads. Easings and volutes may be adapted to any rise or run of stair. It is recommended that they be bolted, with invisible bolts, to the straight hand rail. Treads and risers should be tongued and rabbeted together and wedged into the stringers. When thus assembled, these carefully machined parts make a stairway that will compare in strength as well as beauty with the best work of Colonial days. An interesting detail of this design is the molded brackets beneath the treads on the face stringer. This is an ornament frequently found on old Colonial stairs.

Woodwork *of* Delicate Beauty and Exquisite Workmanship

COLONIAL builders looked upon beautiful woodwork as the refinement of their architecture and the background for all their decorative effects. In fact in all ages, creators of homes that people have always considered beautiful have begun with the woodwork. Furniture, rugs, curtains and ornaments have been of secondary importance. Even paint was not extensively used in Colonial houses until the Eighteenth Century, when white lead began to accent the delicate beauty and exquisite workmanship of the woodwork.

Three examples of Curtis Colonial designs are shown here. In designing them, Colonial traditions have been faithfully followed. And the fine craftsmanship, too, that distinguished Colonial building, is reflected in the workmanship and construction of these Curtis articles.

There is a large variety in every form of Curtis Woodwork necessary for the Colonial home. And also for homes in other architectural expressions such as English. And these entrances, doors, windows, trim, stairways and cabinetwork and exterior moldings cost no more than ordinary "millwork," indeed often less—because of large scale production and wide distribution.

The leading dealer in Woodwork in your town (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis dealer. Ask him to help you and your architect or builder to select, from his own stock or from his Curtis Catalog, the proper designs and woods to suit the architectural style of your house and the sizes that can be used in your plans. He will be glad to explain the superior construction of all Curtis items, too. Or write us for helpful information and practical suggestions.

CURTIS WOODWORK

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau
439 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Curtis Yale Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota; Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Iowa; Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wisconsin; Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Iowa; Curtis Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska; Curtis Towle & Paine Co., Topeka, Kansas; Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago, Illinois; Curtis Detroit Co., Detroit, Michigan; Curtis Companies, Inc., Eastern Sales Office: 25 W. 44th Street, New York City

Curtis Companies Incorporated, Clinton, Iowa

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congeal in a palpable blue aura about it—was the boy. With hard, freckled, red, soap-glazed cheeks and chapped fingers, his breath steaming out as he whistled, he leaped about in the joyous task of dressing.

His checked-flannel shirt tail flapped around his legs; he drew on small butternut trousers over feet incased in thick home-knit gray wool. There was a pair of stubbed copper-toed boots beside the high bed; a small tight jacket, a knitted cardigan, a wool comforter spread on the bed.

Thomas Power groaned.

"Myself!" he cried. "I remember! Back in '85! I remember, spirit of radio! The Christmas entertainment in the schoolhouse!"

III

HE WAS interrupted by a thin cry of bells far off in the night. From over the hills the wind brought it, faint and eerie, yet coming ever closer in a sweet jingling glass-shattering curve of small sounds. It grew louder, surer, tossed itself in curling silvery loops of music—sleigh bells.

The boy clutched his butternut pants with one hand, leaped to the black window light, pressed his apple face to it—his skin almost froze to the glass. Sleigh bells—a hoop, an arc of thin flaming fairy sweetness! The cutting rasp of runners on hard snow crusts! Yes, a bobsleigh loaded with neighbors, already on the way to the schoolhouse. Ecstasy, ecstasy, ecstasy, sang the silver bells as they passed the windows, dying softly away, and the boy sprang back to finish his dressing.

He would be late—he would be late, unless he hurried. His fingers caught on buttons, fumbled with shoe laces. It was Christmas night and time for the entertainment at the schoolhouse, and he would be late unless he hurried.

He caught the sounds of movement below stairs—the preparations Aunt Allie and Uncle Fred were making for the trip. Aunt Allie and Uncle Fred!—the boy had neither father nor mother, but his aunt and uncle did pretty well as substitutes. Both of them cherished and loved him, nurtured him in the simple fashion of his generation, watched over his bodily and spiritual welfare. It seemed to the boy he was encompassed in a sea of love tonight. It streamed out of his heart for his good aunt and uncle; it came up from below, out of their feeling for him, stole into and warmed and permeated this cold attic chamber as tangibly as the clinging spicy scent of Aunt Allie's Christmas baking that flooded every corner of the house. Christmas! Happy Christmas! The boy's heart swelled in a flood of warmth and gratitude.

He stopped whistling. Joseph Baxter died on his lip, his tongue stuck out in a little red point like a snake's, as he hustled at his dressing. Once his eye caught the framed text on the wall: Work, for the Night is Coming. A portrait of a man bowed under heavy bags of grain, with a flaming sunset at his back. The art and the atmosphere of the period: labor and prayer.

Well, he had no fault to find with it. He had both labored and prayed. He had earned such small moneys as he needed for the season, working at special chores—the regular ones weren't paid—up at the sawmill or around the farm. Cent by cent he had tolled it, that his Christmas season might be a success; that he might purchase a certain glass saltcellar for Aunt Allie, make a certain contribution for the woman he loved—and he had prayed. A working boy and a religious boy!

He had knelt at night for weeks in his icy chamber, his flannel nightshirt folded round his knobby legs. And remembering the horrid fate of an old neighbor in the summer, which haunted him a little, had earnestly petitioned his Maker:

"Oh, Lord God, my merciful Creator, mercifully grant that I may not pass away in the night but be spared to see the Christmas this year."

Well, God had spared him. He was seeing it.

Ecstasy, ecstasy, ecstasy! Once more the golden loop of curving sounds under the dark window. He peeped out again. The McKanes, the Gordons, were passing, and far off, more tinkling fairy bells approaching.

"Are you nearly ready, Thomas?"

Ready? He was in his cardigan, his tight top jacket, his comforter now, and now his mittens—his red mittens. Oh, how he had wanted them for Christmas, as against the black or dun of custom. Red mittens, the hue of holly berries. They, too, had stolen into his prayers: "Lord God, my merciful Creator, mercifully grant that Aunt Allie knits me red mittens this year." And God had heard that too. This morning when he rose—his Christmas plate!

Always, always of a yuletide morning, it stood as Aunt Allie prepared it, beside his breakfast place. A best china piece, imposing, not ordinarily in use, heaped now with double handfuls of mixed nuts, raisins and hard candy, out of a wooden bucket from the city; decked off with a handsome orange and the two finest apples Uncle Fred could find in the apple barrel, their jowls rosy and sleeked up with polishing. And capping all this today—the homemade whip, Uncle Fred's gift, with the willow whistle in the handle, and—a pair of red mittens! Oh, Christmas! Oh, largess; oh, bounty; oh, festal celebration of an earlier time! Oh, sharp scent of growing hemlock and pure cold odor of country snow banks and simple song of bells! Oh, long, devout, terrible prayers and sermons; heavy, ample country feasting at noon dinner! Long, joyous, chore-free afternoon hours, sledding on crusted fields on homemade skippers wrought from a dismantled barrel. Oh, hour of blazing consummation—the public Christmas-night service, the ritual, the schoolhouse tree! Americans who savored such simplicities, I salute you! They are of us no more.

"Hurry up, Thomas, the bufflers and the soapstones is all ready!"

The boy hesitated just a moment. He could not forbear a final lifting of his scarlet paws before the lamp. Yes, they were as red as the flannel snake in its stomach. Would she notice them? The woman he had worked and contrived for—would she see his new splendor?

Down in the kitchen, the fire was banked now, and they were waiting for him. Shawled, swaddled figures like King Tut—Aunt Allie, Uncle Fred, Jabez the hired man, Marthy the help.

The buffler robes were already in the box sleigh, the soapstones on the floor. Doll and Isaac, wearing heavy winter plush, stood at the gate. In just a moment the farmhouse bells would jingle in their turn: Ecstasy, ecstasy, ecstasy, as they all swung away under bending elm trees.

Now the farmhouse was dark, lightless; the little attic chamber above, blue, cold, empty.

The raccoon-furred figure by Thomas Power stole near and laid a hand on his arm.

"We, too, must hurry," he said.

"Give me a moment," said Thomas—there was moisture on his lashes and he put up a hand to clear it. "Oh, spirit of radio," he cried, "it is most strange! This little attic was a dreadful place to live in. This life I knew as a boy, meager and poor beyond description. Yet it had a certain beauty, hadn't it?—er—a quality of satisfaction, of thrill, that seems entirely missing today. In my own children's lives, for instance. They have no such kick out of their experiences as I recall that I had."

"That," said his companion—and once more he flicked the ash from his cigar with his Christmas-tree jeweled finger—"is exceedingly true. I am told that less and less every year does Santa Claus believe in children. The kick, you see, in anything is governed by the law of diminishing returns—er—the smaller the stimulus, the larger the reaction. Christmas is no exception. However, that is something that a thoughtful bimbo should take up in his moments of leisure. At present we are busy with our little Christmas feature, and we have not yet finished with Part One. If you will stand by, placing your hand upon my sleeve, I will now conduct you to the schoolhouse."

"We are going to the schoolhouse too?"

"Certainly. To the schoolhouse, dying symbol of—in your day—a genuine early American respect for letters and culture. Certainly we must do the schoolhouse. At least, you will want to see Miss Hetzel."

See Miss Hetzel? Was it possible he could be indifferent to the sight? The woman he had loved. More beautiful than Helen of Troy, more gifted than Sappho—Miss Hetzel who had been the schoolma'am at Owl Hollow for fifteen consecutive years.

As Thomas Power and his guide slipped up to the schoolhouse, Miss Hetzel stood at the door, welcoming all comers. A tall, thin, not-so-young lady with a face like George Eliot's. A great *chignon* of back hair of a brown not quite matching the front. There was a flat green bow pinned to the *chignon*, and Miss Hetzel wore a great special Sabbath bustle, with a plaid pullback draped over it. One hand she kept on the schoolhouse-bell rope, but the other was clasped by patrons and pupils.

Behind her, the schoolroom low-browed, dusky—was sweet with evergreens. All Miss Hetzel's male pupils were in love with her, and they had worked for days to beautify the room.

Hemlock sprays, starred with cranberry and dusted with flour, were fastened everywhere, and in the middle stood the great tree the big boys had cut and dragged from the South Woods. It, too, had been trimmed by Miss Hetzel's pupils: chains of white paper adorned it, strings of pop corn and cranberry, and at the top an extravagant gold-paper star—the material supplied by Miss Hetzel herself. The balance of the golden sheet had been cut out to a stencil pattern of a man on a camel, and was fastened around a burning candle on the teacher's desk—a fashionable transparency creating admiration among the assembling guests.

But Thomas Power's eyes were on the door. He watched for the boy, and presently he saw him. The boy pressed forward to his teacher. He extended hands, redder than Lady Macbeth's, in silent rapture.

"Well, well, well, I see we've had Christmas at our house!" cried Miss Hetzel, bending her long, kind horse's face down to the boy's hands.

Oh, could anything be more wonderful than to have teacher eye to eye, smile to smile; to look deep into the well of teacher's kindly little eyes, to have her pass a genial, caressive, slightly hair-prickling hand over one's head; to be swept on in the surging crowd?

Quickly the boy removed his outer wraps to a chosen peg—but not the mittens, which, at choice intervals all evening, he displayed on his stubby hands—and found a seat in the wind-swept, frost-powdered, wool-swaddled assemblage.

And now the last sweet chime of glass-shattering bells has broken in the school yard. Miss Hetzel pulls the school-bell rope, giving more brazen tongue, like a friendly old farm dog, and walking forward on her toes, her wire bustle swaying a little importantly—for is she not the local Minerva in the midst of her adoring constituency?—announces:

"Friends and patrons, we are gathered here once more to celebrate the festival of Christmas."

Festival!

Oh, but must we stay for this—a Christmas entertainment in the little old red schoolhouse back in McGuffey Reader days? Smell of tallow candle and farm lantern, crackle of wood in the red-jowled iron stove, odor of greens, packed country humans, singing lustily and without modulation to the single violin of old Pappy Enright:

"Hark, the herald angels sing!"

Must we linger to watch each copper-toed, pop-eyed boy lurch forward, his eyes

(Continued on Page 173)

Cornered!

Try your wits on a few questions the children ask!

Why does a ball bounce?
Why do the leaves change color?
What is the sun made of?
Why has water no taste?
Why is yawning catching?

ARE these questions really easy? Could you answer them correctly and clearly, so that a child would understand? Or, if you were cornered, would you hesitate and fumble and say in rueful despair, "Oh don't ask foolish questions!"

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500 COLOR COMBINATIONS

An ever-increasing number of people are discovering that the new Cadillac surpasses, in every phase of luxurious and dependable transportation, anything they had ever known before, even in former Cadillacs.

This ability to excel—to obtain results so superior as actually to startle even those who had been familiar with Cadillac over many years—has carried the Cadillac of today so far ahead of its own fine field as almost to discourage emulation.

The unbounded satisfaction which this new Cadillac brings its owners is still further heightened by the fact that, with 50 Body Styles and Types and 500 Color and Upholstery Combinations, Cadillac has practically achieved the individualization of the motor car.

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 171)

glued adoringly on Miss Hetzel as he fumbles with some line of unfamiliar oratory? Must we stay to hear the boy himself assemble with two companions—one a pretty little black-eyed girl named Ruth McKane, who will develop, many years later, a taste for expensive clam pearls and caterer parties—to recite "We Three Kings of Orient Tar ——"

Shall we bore ourselves with the gift barrel of donations for teacher, to augment her twenty-dollar-a-month stipend, or stay for the distribution of gift books and prizes for meritorious conduct? At least we must share the suspense, the dramatic element of surprise, when, on a crescendo wave of excitement, Miss Hetzel is presented with her Gift.

The boy, sitting well forward, his eyes rounding more and more, can hardly wait the dramatic signal; and here it is. Someone rising quite unexpectedly, boldly, in the midst of the program, to make the presentation.

It is for this each one of the boys present contributed his two bits. It is for this that the boy, sitting there with his mittened hands in pockets, chafed and blistered those members on stove wood and shingle and nut hulls all through the autumn—that Miss Lillie Hetzel might stand up here holding the great creamy celluloid case, sent for to the city, shaped like an elephant's howdah, lined with puffings of watermelon-pink satin, and holding the two enormous pint bottles of genuine German cologne!

Miss Hetzel cannot speak. She wipes her eyes, falters. A long ah-h-h shivers through the room. Ecstasy! Ecstasy! Ecstasy! Built out of loving and giving; out of sacrificing and working. It is more blessed to give than to receive! Invisible bells chime again—a sweet concourse of melody—or is it the full-throated shout of simple people to a bow scraped on old fiddle-strings?

Christmas time has come again,
Christmas pleasures bringing.
Let us join our voices now,
And Christmas joys be singing.

Christmas joys! What do these people know of Christmas joys, who have had no gifts to speak of? Who have made none, who have certainly contracted no bills for any, among whom not a person present thinks about January first as an hour of reckoning for tonight. What do they know of pleasure? A people so simple that only one man present wears even a city-made overcoat; a people whose art is expressed by a gold-paper transparency, a hideous celluloid howdah holding a quart of sickly German cologne—yet who somehow contrive to feel so rich. How can they make so much out of nothing? Where is their authority for the welling tide of good feeling, neighborly fellowship and spiritual well-being that now unites them?

Suddenly, as Thomas Power looked at them, a gray shadow slipped across the schoolroom; it darkened. He caught his guide's arm.

"No, no!" he cried. "Wait a minute, spirit! I want to talk to some of these folks. I—I've got a right to. I was that boy and these were my friends and neighbors. I want to ask them about this—this thing that I'd forgotten. Wait a moment!"

"Sorry, but we must move on. Modern life is all speed, you know. And our schedule now points to Part Two. If you will place your arm upon my sleeve ——"

"How fast we are going!"

"We've got to. We've got to cover forty years."

"How warm it's getting!"

"Yes, the seasons will change materially. Winters will not be nearly so cold; there will be hardly any sleigh bells, also, due to modern inventions. On the other hand, to offset this, there will be a great many more fur coats."

"Why—but this is the town I live in! Why—but this is the Wellington Apartments. Why ——"

A nasal voice, right in his ear, cut him off.

"Station Weegy-Wix speaking: what you just witnessed is Part One of a special Christmas feature. Part Two, entitled Christmas as it Might Have Been, will follow immediately."

But again Thomas did not heed. He saw that he had entered the Wellington. He was in a bachelor apartment. He was attending a Christmas-night party.

IV

IT WAS Haydon King's apartment and it was Haydon King's party. Even without Haydon King himself, dancing in the middle of a noisy group with a paper cap on his gray head, Thomas Power would have recognized the place. For at least half a dozen quite bad paintings, signed H. King, hung about on the walls, and there was no other place in the town imaginable that had had so much atmosphere about it; what with its Orientals and tiger-skin rugs, its divans and Turkish ottomans, its grand piano, its bronze nudes, Egyptian tobacco outfit, bookcase of Oscar Wilde.

To these were now added a partly dismantled supper table with a great many bottles on it, a quantity of red candles, red roses and poinsettias, and a group of guests in evening clothes, smoking or holding cocktail glasses, which should have brought delight to any movie director's soul in need of a lot of smart-looking walking-on ladies and gentlemen.

All the party wore paper caps on their heads and, as Thomas Power and his guide slipped, unobserved, among them, all of them were shouting at the top of their lungs. It took him a moment to decipher what they were shouting, for everybody had a different key; also, there was an expensive talking machine playing and one or two guests were using shrill whistles; but after a minute he realized that they were all shaping one word: Ecstasy, ecstasy, ecstasy! They screamed it as though they dared not pause a second, lest someone offer contradiction, and as Thomas Power got this he saw Haydon King suddenly leap into a little arena among the rugs and dance the word. Ecstasy, ecstasy, ecstasy, danced Haydon King. Not alone; on each arm, with him, danced a girl. On one arm a little blonde, on the other a little Titian.

They hung very closely to him, imitating every step Haydon King frolicked through, and all three made a triad that suggested Pan and a pair of nymphs in modern dress.

But with that curious duality of understanding he had had before, Thomas Power had a sudden sharp insight into Haydon King's mind. He was at once able to look at Haydon and able to feel like him, and he realized a curious and unsuspected truth.

The noise, the merriment, the shouting of this party—which sounded like a sort of ecstasy of joy—was nothing but a mockery, a tide of hollow derision in Haydon King's ear, if he let himself stand still and think a minute. That's why he danced. Just a minute earlier the clock on the mantel had struck twelve. Everybody in the room had screamed louder, suddenly exulting over the dead body of Christmas, but Haydon King couldn't stand it. That's why Haydon King had begun to dance like this.

Haydon King was not young any more and he didn't like to hear clocks strike. He was getting tired. He had had too many parties with little blondes and Titians. He was tired of them.

True, he had bought this year's blonde, little Bonnie Wells, a platinum bangle, and had given her rival, Kewpie Taylor, a platinum bar pin, but he was tired of them just the same, no matter what he did about it.

There was a gold hair on one side of his coat collar, left over from kissing Bonnie behind the door, and a maple-leaf red one on the other side, from hugging Kewpie behind the big ottoman, but it didn't mean a thing. He would have liked to throw both girls—pulling and hauling on him to see what they could get out of him—oh, decent enough girls, but gold diggers and out for themselves of course—right out of his fourth-floor window. Only he dared not, for his own sake; just as he dared not stop to think, to remember, to count up. So he burst into a dance and a lot of noise. He dragged both girls around in his dance, wearing his paper cap.

"Come on!" he shouted. "Strut your stuff, girls!" And everybody clapped—clapped and screamed—while Haydon King showed what a lot of pep he had. Ecstasy, ecstasy, ecstasy!

Haydon King danced faster, to keep out of the way of ghosts. The ghosts of other parties, other faces, that wove unbidden through the figures he was stepping. Thirty years of Christmas parties. Thirty years of blondes and Titians. Thirty years of a bachelor's care-free opportunities, of the eternal quest for entertainment, pleasure, light experience, romance!

Thomas Power shivered. For he, like Haydon King, saw the weaving ghosts, heard the clock strike twelve, thirty times, caught the faint imagined laughter of varying decades of pretty faces whom the gay grasshopper bachelor had outdanced.

"Merciful heaven," he groaned. "Not for me! How does he stand it when he's alone?" And with the thought he saw. All the bright splendor of the scene withered away. The party was drunk to its lees, and vanished.

A cold grayness, colder by far than the gelid breath of that attic room Thomas had looked at earlier, stole on the air. A cold not of the body—for the Wellington was nicely heated—it was a chill of the spirit that was like the breath of a dark and desolate tarn. And Thomas Power saw that in the now emptied room, still wearing its tawdry dishevelment, a man sat alone.

The clock on the mantel struck four. But the man, who sat alone in one of the big soft chairs, his eyes out on the dim pageant of city roofs and the gray where the dawn was faintly stirring, did not get up to dance.

You cannot dance all the time. There is a time when you remember and count up. Haydon King, sitting alone after his gay party, was remembering ghosts, and counting up nothing. Another Christmas added to his tally. Himself, another Christmas older. His life was utterly futile.

"He is right," said Thomas Power. "Everything has its price, and his price is hideous! How old he looks, too, here in the gray light—old, and too late, really, for constructive human relationships. Not that I didn't realize this without your special Christmas feature. I was only talking through my hat when I thought over Haydon King and his privileges, spirit. A man gets a bit stale now and then—would like a bit of romance. But I wouldn't stand in Haydon King's shoes for the United States Mint."

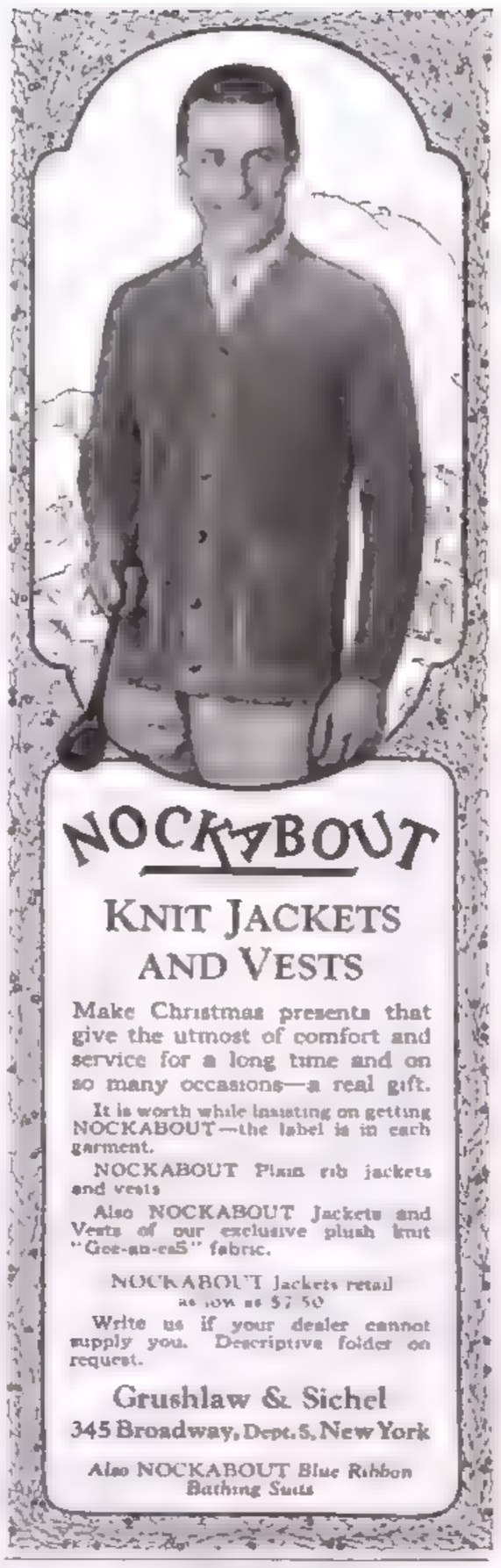
"Romance," said his companion, flicking again his cigar ash with his gleaming jeweled finger, "is invariably what the other fellow's got. Its exact location is in Carcassonne. However, if we're ready to go ——"

"We are! We are! It looks to me, spirit, as if my friend King had come to some heartbreaking conclusion down there in the spiritual abyss he's been sitting in. Look how he's sitting up, stretching out his arms. I don't want to hear him sigh, spirit. I don't want to have to listen to the heart-stretching agony that will follow on the reverie Haydon King must have, having lived the life that is his."

But he was too late. The lone figure in the chair uttered a sound of the most dismal character. It filled the room with flat spiritless reverberation, more eloquent of emptiness than a long recital of negation. It was not a sigh—which springs from the still-living spirit—but a yawn, fruit of the dead mind, laden with futility, staleness, inertia.

"Let us go, spirit!" cried Thomas Power. "This is worse than I believed. Despair I could have withstood, but a boredom like this —— Take me out of this cold room, away from this deadness of soul. Take me home!"

But he was home. He was standing in his own grounds, right beside the dog cemetery. His furred companion seemed to have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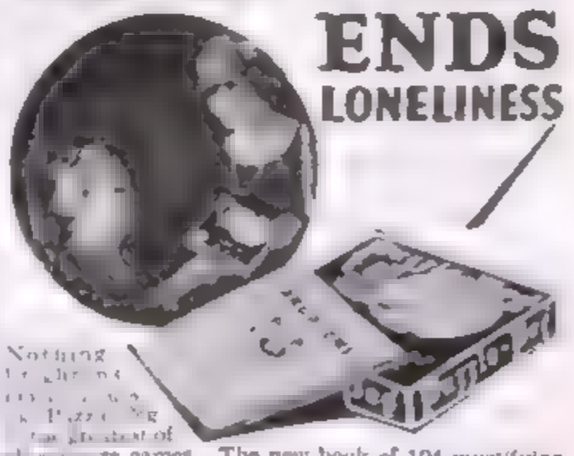

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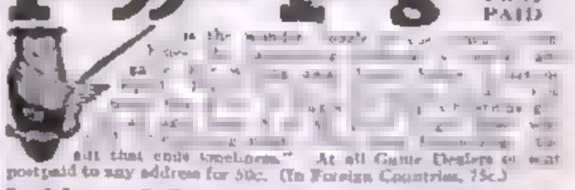

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grown dimmer. The Christmas-tree light on his hand had expired. His whole contour looked a little different, like one of the fat garden fence posts.

"Oh, spirit," cried Thomas, "I understand why you have entertained me in this way, and I want you to know that I appreciate it. You took me back to the past to show me where the actual value of Christmas lies. In a return to simplicity, to true feeling, to the spirit of personal sacrifice. You took me into another man's life to show me the value of mine. Your lesson is not lost, spirit. I bless my ties—my family life—and I know definitely what I want. I want for us all a return to earlier ways and emotions. I want my family to have the privilege—for it is one—of doing without occasionally, of disciplining themselves, of sacrificing themselves and of thereby gaining a true appreciation of the small things of life."

"You might let me do my own talking. I am well equipped for it, having talked into some of the best-known ears of the country in my lifetime," complained the nasal voice. "But you are, in the main, correct. There is nothing wrong with the situation that has disgusted you, but the bimbos, the parents, who control it. There is nothing wrong with Christmas, there is nothing wrong with our young people today, anyhow—except our young people's parents. They have forgotten—red mittens."

"Red mittens!"

"Exactly. What the young people need today is a new parental slogan: Back to a Red-Mitten Basis."

"Oh, you are right!" cried Thomas Power. "And I, for one, intend to act on it. I have cheated my children long enough."

"I am glad to hear you say so. Begin early. Remember Christmas is an all-the-year-round affair now. The wheels of industry turn, right after the January inventory, preparing to create new luxury tastes, new fashions and appetites in expensive indulgences. Lose no time. Begin teaching denial and work, and remember that slogan. It's a good one for the whole year, for any occasion: Back to a Red ——"

"Oh, I will! I intend—I feel ——" faltered Thomas.

There was no one to hear. The spirit of radio had gone.

"Darn it, that's just like a radio announcer. Will have the last word." Nevertheless, he meant what he said. "I do—I will—I intend—I feel ——"

He certainly felt something quite heavy across the pit of his stomach. There was a blaze of light on his eyes, which were closed. He opened them. He was still in the old-trunk room, had not left it. He was still in his chair, with Eleanor's too tight slippers on his feet and Eleanor in his lap. She was sitting on his stomach, her arms a little smothering around his neck.

"Wake up, wake up, daddy," she was saying, and she put a little kiss on his nose. "I've been looking for you everywhere. What on earth are you doing up here in the trunk room? Why aren't you down at my party? And making such a noise! Why, I wouldn't have dreamed you'd be in this hot little den tonight if I hadn't heard you yelling! And look what you've done! You've all but pounded the cover off this little old book—it's this funny little old Christmas Carol—and with a bath brush, daddy."

V

HIS first thought was, "How pretty Eleanor is!" She certainly was. Her curly golden bob swung like a trumpet flower around her pretty little enameled face. Her blue eyes were big with dreams and romance and thrills from dancing with those flopping black crows downstairs. Her little bare arms around his neck were soft as silk. She smelled of daffodils. Her pretty dress was a mist of pink spun sugar. And she had missed him; had come up to search for him, had kissed him, his little girl.

"So you missed your old dad," he said, and put up a rumpling hand on her golden waves—although he knew he should not, Miss Archer asking three dollars every time they were arranged like that.

Eleanor dodged him, laughing, and he saw the emerald bracelet he had given her glitter on her wrist.

"Like your bracelet, lovie?" he asked.

"Oh, it's darling, daddy! Oh, I'm mad about it!" But there was a slight cloud then. "I don't know, though. I kind of wish I'd asked for my pearls this year. Alice Kirby did—and, oh, she got the loveliest string! Oh, you ought to see them! She's got them downstairs now. Oh, they're darling! Oh, everybody's mad about them, daddy!"

Something rumbled deep within him. Alice Kirby, plain little hen—not half Eleanor's looks—and Watts Kirby never had solid ground under his feet financially. Why should a man like that dower his child any better than another?

"Well," he snorted, "Christmases aren't the only times, are they, dearie? There's birthdays too."

"Oh, daddy," screamed Eleanor, "do you think I could have my pearls on my birthday instead of waiting for next year? Why, that's only in six weeks! Why, I'd have them for the big Sorority Convention Ball and for Maysie Meissner's wedding—when I've got to be a bridesmaid—and for all the spring dances. Oh, daddy, that's perfectly darling! Oh, daddy, I'm just crazy about having my pearls right away, and to have my bracelet too! Aren't you an angel!"

A gale of powdery young arms, of daffodil scent and soft kisses enveloped him.

Could he resist them? Is there any thrill more potent than making a pretty woman prettier, of showing one's power, of winning oneself the gratitude, the acclaim, of one's dependent women? Yes, and they appreciated it! He was wrong. Someone did think about him. Little Eleanor had missed him, had stolen away up here to look for him.

"So you came to look up the old man?" His arm tightened around the soft pink waist. "Came to hunt up dad."

"Why, of course," she said, and she put another kiss on his nose, "and you've got to come along downstairs with me this minute, daddy. The party's nearly over. There'll be only one more dance—Listen! That's it now—I've got to fly. So come along."

"Look here," he said, "that's all right, pet. I'm not really needed. You can say good night for me. Nobody'll mind me. I've I've just dropped out of the party."

"Oh, but"—she stopped and gave him a reproachful look—"oh, but you couldn't do that, daddy! There's Mr. Ossinsky."

"Mr. Ossinsky?"

"The Jazz-Bo leader, daddy. You can't drop out. He wants fifty dollars, daddy."

"Oh!" Obediently, Thomas Power's hand sought his wallet, removed and handed to his young daughter two golden twenty notes and a ten. Oh, well, he had expected this. He was prepared, in fact. "You give it to Mr. Ossinsky, dear."

But the little pink palm was still extended.

"And the tip, daddy. Aren't you going to give Mr. Ossinsky a tip? Everybody tips."

"A tip!"

"Oh, yes. Alice Kirby's father tipped Mr. Ossinsky four dollars at their dance last week. That's double the usual tip he gets. He gets two dollars everywhere—from just anybodies at all."

The blue eyes watching him rounded, doubted, accused. "Piker!" they seemed to suggest. "Is my father a piker alongside of Alice Kirby's father?"

An invisible shade—in a raccoon coat, a derby, mistletoe sprig, smoking a cigar—stole near, then dissipated to mist. "You—you shut up and get out," said the troubled mind of Thomas Power. "I'm doing this."

But was he? He was the slave of love, of sweet compulsion, of a modern standard, of all-hideous competition. Well, call him a slave; call him anything you like. A dumb dora. But he wasn't any dumber than they come. You can try it yourself.

He knew what he wanted, but he hadn't the strength. And he was willing to be called anything but one.

"No, I am not a piker," said the soul of Thomas Power to his sternly judging child, to the sneering silent pressure of Mr. Watts Kirby.

And on top of the fifty dollars in Eleanor's hand, with a slight temporary feeling of superiority, he laid a crisp five-dollar bill.

BEANY'S FATHER ENTERTAINS A MONKEY

(Continued from Page 43)

Pewt has got a bully idea. he says that when vacation comes we 3 fellers can taik a trip to Kensington and Kingston and Hampton and Stratham and play the organ and show off our munky and sleep in barns nites and get all we want to eat and a lot of money besides. most evrybody gives a munky sumthing eether a cent or a 5 cent peace or sumtimes a ten cent scrip or a donut or a peace of bread and butter or a peace of pie. the only truble is that the munky dont like Pewt. he plages it and chitters like it and he gets the munky mad jest like Beanys granmother did. i think the munky kind of likes me and Beany. i read sumwhere that munkys dont like to be mimicked and Pewt can look jest like one when he wants to.

Friday, June 13, 186— today old Tom Fifields cat whitch has got kittens in the barn nex to Beanys thougt she wood drive our munky away. we herd a auful yowling and saw her with her back up and her tale as big as a broom marching stiff legged towerds our munky whitch set there doing nothing but maiking funny faces. well the old cat was yowling out of one corner of her mouth and her ears was lade flat. Beany wanted to stop her befoar she scrached our munky into strips but i sed wate Beany less see if the munky can really fite. so Beany wated until the old cat after one auful yowl gumped rite at our munky. well i never saw ennything like that. the hoal air seamed full of yowls and chitters and cat fuzz and the cat and munky were going round like a pinwheal for a haff minit and then the cat got away and went over the fence spitting and up over the nex fence and the nex until we coodent see her enny moar. i gess she must have run a mile. ennyway the munky had his hands and feet and mouth all full of her fur and fuzz kep coming down for a long while. gosh that munky can fite.

tonite old Tom Fifield come over to Beanys and asted if we had saw his cat. we sed no but he dident ack as if he beleeved us for he sed i havent saw her sence morning and if eether of you boys has did ennything to her you will wish you hadent. well we crossed our throte and hoaped to die if we had. and we hadent did a single thing to her, now had we.

i told father tonite about the fite and what old Tom Fifield sed when he was hunting after his old cat and father asted me what i wood do if old Tom Fifield shood have me and Beany arested for assalt on his cat with a daingerus weppon. then i sed father we dident use enny daingerus weppon. we dident tuch his old cat we jest stood still and wached the fite. then father he sed according to what peeple say old Gus Bickford sed a munky is most as daingerus a weppon as a rattlesnaik and if you fernished a daingerus munky to lick his cat with i am afrade Jug Boxford wood find you gilty.

then i sed but father we jest had the munky there on Beanys fathers land and the old cat dident have enny rite there. then father he sed well that is a point in your favor and i will back you up this time till deth do us part.

after i had went to bed that nite i herd mother say George, George is father you know, why did you wurry Henry about that munky and cat fite. and father sed well Joey, Joey is mother you know, I thougt it woodent do to incurage him to set animals fiting, but by Godfred Joey i wish i cood have saw that fite.

so then i gnew that father was having sum fun with me. it is auful hard to tell whether father is goking or in ernest. it is always safter to ack as if he is in ernest becaus if he is in ernest and i think he is goking i am lucky if i get off with a bat in the ear and not kep in the yard or put to bed in the daytime whitch is the wirst thing that can happen to enny feller.

Saterday, June 14, 186— our munky has did sumthing pretty good. this morning erly he got out and went way down on South street and clim up on a window and looked in and chittered. well old Bill Cassidy was in bed. Bill had been drunk for a long time and his folks coodent stop him. well when he seen that munky he let out sutch a yell that the munky gumped down and ran back to the school house and clim up on the school house.

well old Bill kep yelling and hollering and his wife and the rest of the family rushed in and asted what was the matter and he cried and sed he herd sumthing and waked up and saw a big baboon with a long tale climing in the window and he gnew it was the devil after him becaus baboons dident have tales. old Bill was most crazy and they got the doctor and he told old Bill that he was jest reddy to have delirius tremens and if he did it wood kill him. so old Bill has taken the pleg and aint never going to drink enny moar.

Beanys father had to taik the hand organ into the school house yard and play it befoar the munky wood come down and get his peanuts. Jonny Gibson the teecher kep the fellers back. we have got him tide to the hand organ again. this afternoon we locked him in the barn becaus we wanted to go up river. we cant spend all our time tending to a munky.

tonite there was terible xcitement down town in a saloon. 2 fellers from Portsmouth was up here. they was drunk when they got here and went into Jack Foggs saloon and ordered sum oicesters. while Alf Foss was cooking the oicesters they kep swaring and saying things to him and drinking from bottles they took out of their pockets and triing to pick a fite with sum fellers whitch was there. well Jack Fogg wasent there or he wood have fixed them for father says he is a wildcat when he gets mad. but old Alf is fat and cant fite verry mutch but he wasent afrade and so he told them if they dident behave he wood call the polise. well they told him to go to hel and they sed the hoal dam polise forse coodent put them out.

then old Alf opened the door and told them to get out and one of them hit him a auful welt with a bottle and gnocked him unconscientous on the floor and then they piched into the other fellers whitch was there eeting oicester stews and clam chowders and pigs feet and tripe and 2 fellers gumped out of the back window down onto a pile of oicester and clam shells. if they had did it 3 months befoar they wood have been carried over the dam by the freshit. and sum of the fellers got out throug the door and hollered that they had killed old Alf. well they ran for the polise.

Old Swane was out of town hauling wood. Old Mad Sleeper and old Brown

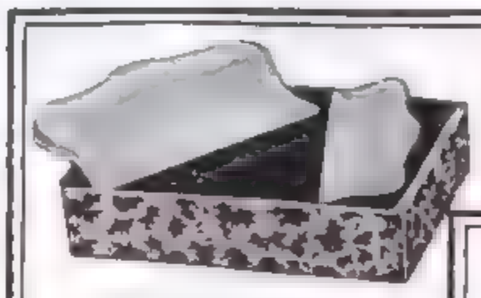
(Continued on Page 179)

FULLER BRUSHES

A helpful service in the wise selection of acceptable and desirable Christmas gifts is brought to your home by the Fuller Man. Among his many suggestions not shown here, are a number so new it was impossible to include them in this page. Better than ever before, he is prepared this holiday season to bring a Merry Christmas to you and to those whom you wish to remember.

The Fuller Brush Company, 1058 Windsor Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

The white manicure brush is a gift that has a real place on any dressing table



A satiny-smooth Fuller Tray and Scraper of ivory Fullerex to whisk the crumbs from the fastidious housewife's table.

What is more refreshing than a shower at just the right temperature! The Fuller Shower Brush is a welcome gift. Requires no extra plumbing

In this ivory Fullerex brush and comb set the comb rests upright on the tray instead of crushing into the brush when not in use.

The Fuller white hand brush with its *two* brushing surfaces is a prized gift in any home

A comb, brush, and shiny trench mirror set to slip in the Boy Scout's knapsack is a gift with a real "he-man" appeal

This Vanity Case (with comb) in lovely pearl Fullerex—for loose powder.

Last Minute Gifts

There is still time to secure these attractive gifts and have them ready for Christmas.

Your Fuller man may call within the next two weeks, but if he has not already called to help you select these desirable gifts in the leisure and comfort of your own home, he will gladly call at your convenience. Just write or 'phone The Fuller Brush Company branch office—there is one in each of two hundred cities of the United States and Canada.

For the Bridge Player—Fullerex disks with numbers, 1 to 6, in shell.

Pocket comb of ivory Fullerex with shell Fullerex back and case is a handy little accessory for both men and women.

To the home-maker who prides herself on the gleaming finish of her furniture, give a Fuller furniture set

Fuller Kitchen Sets to keep sinks, bottles, pots and pans bright as new—gifts to delight recent brides.

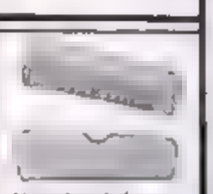
The well-groomed man likes the shell Fullerex Clothes Brush that flicks off dust and lint like magic

Please the men-folk on your list with comb and brush sets of Shell Fullerex. They're easily kept clean.

The Fuller Flesh Brush is stimulating and refreshing—for dry massage or bath—a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Fuller Clothes Brushes are shaped to fit your clothes—a thoughtful gift for the busy business woman

The shell Fullerex four-piece set of comb and brushes for hair, nails, and clothes starts the well-dressed man's day right



Bobbed hair needs a comb made expressly for its care. This is why this ivory Fullerex with its matching sheath is such a welcome gift

The littlest girl's own "Little Lady's" Set of smaller comb, brush, and mirror

Shell Fullerex pocket comb with matching sheath—for those who prefer the shell finish

Softly shining hair, exquisite hands, clothes free from dust and lint—if she loves these, she'll like this ivory Fullerex set for Christmas

A new type Driving Glove

Nava-hue seamless wool lining ... A cure for cold fingers

Smart and light as a dress glove . . . . yet warm in Zero Weather

How often have your fingers ached with cold? In spite of the heaviest gloves.

This is *not* due to faulty blood circulation. It's because the gloves themselves bind your fingers as you grip the wheel. A light weight glove is actually warmer—if it's made right.

The Rob Roy shown on this page is made from genuine imported cape—trim and almost as light as a street glove. Yet warm in any weather. Here is the difference:

First, the finger-seams are sewn a special way. (Note the illustration.) This prevents cramping as you grip the wheel. Then the fingers themselves and the spaces between are fractionally larger. To give you free circulation.

The Rob Roy has a "Nava-hue" seamless lining (knitted like a separate glove) made of wool. More real warmth than most fur—with half the bulk. The warmth of this light glove will amaze you. Most good stores have them. If you wish the name of a local dealer, just send us a post card.

ROB ROY

$5.50

In sizes for men and women

THE O. C. HANSEN MFG. COMPANY
519-31 Wright Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HANSEN

that does not cramp your fingers or shut off circulation

. . . as you grip the wheel

The ARISTOCRAT

$6.50

YEARS ago, Hansen designed the original *free-circulation* driving glove—the famous Hansen Aristocrat (shown here). The first driving glove especially made not to cramp your fingers or shut off circulation as you grip the wheel. Motorists soon made it the largest selling glove of its kind. If you will try a pair this winter, you will see why.

The Aristocrat is lined with genuine imported lamb's wool. Its soft, luxurious texture buries your fingers and hands in soothing security against sub-zero breezes. Warmest and lightest lining known. (Warmer than any fur.)

No matter how sensitive to cold your hands may be—you'll find comfort in this glove. You will feel the difference the instant your fingers slip into its downy warmth. Insist on the genuine Hansen Aristocrat, for men—the Lady Aristocrat, for women.

* * *

Give him the Hansen Glove Kit for Christmas. A pair of dress gloves and a pair of the famous Hansen driving gloves to match, in an attractive Christmas box. It's a gift any man will appreciate. The dress glove to ask for is the Hansen Ambassador.

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GLOVES

The Purchasing Agent says—"The price must be right"

The Sales Manager says—"My letters must bring results"

-and The Specification Chart *gives them the Right Paper for the Purpose at the Right Price*

THE Specification Chart irons out the difficulties in buying bond papers. It provides a scientifically accurate method of determining "the right paper for the purpose".

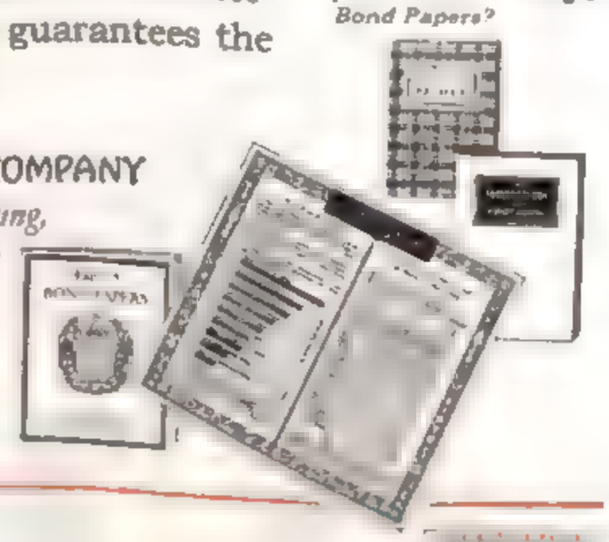
You would not use the best of woolens for overalls—nor would you use cheaper fabrics for fine tailored clothes.

A letterhead, like a suit of clothes, owes its value to appearance—to the proper impression that it makes. An office memorandum, like a suit of overalls, has only a utility value.

There are bond papers for impressiveness, for long life, as well as for utility—in varying degrees—to satisfy the purpose for which the paper will be used.

The Specification Chart is impartial in its recommendations. All nine Eagle-A bond papers, from the 100% rag bond down to the sulphite bonds, are made *in volume* by the world's largest makers of fine writing papers—and this also guarantees the right price for each grade.

May we send you four paper buying guides—The Primer—The Chart—a booklet "The Correct Use of Bond Papers" and sample Portfolio of Eagle-A Bond Papers?



AMERICAN·WRITING·PAPER·COMPANY
Makers of Eagle-A Writing, Printing, Specialty and Industrial Papers
Holyoke, Massachusetts

MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS

EAGLE-A *Business* PAPERS

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(Continued from Page 174)

was driving hacks to the depot but they got old Misery Dirgin who come on the gump and piled down into the resturant. old Misery isent verry big but he has got plenty of curige. but when he got there both of the big fellers lit on him and gnocked him down and then picked him up and throwed him rite throug the back window down on the oicester shells.

well while old Misery was climing up between the 2 bildings to get back to Water Street and try it again Beanys father come running across the street drawing his billy and he went down into that saloon like old Daniel into the denn of lions.

well you never herd sutch a noise banging and the smaching of glass and crockery and yells and feerful swaring and tipping over of chairs and tables and then Dan Hartnett come and yanked off his coat and went down the steps in one gump hollering hurroo and then there was moar noise and we cood hear Dan hollering hurroo, thats for your nob and how do you like that and then the noise stoped and up come Beanys father with his coat torn most off and his hat gone and his shert ripped open and his mouth bleeding and a lump on his head. he had a big feller by the gnap of the neck and he had hancuffed him. the feller looked as if he had been run over by a ox teem. then come Dan shoving another hancuffed man along. evry time he wood hold back Dan wood give him a kick.

well when the peeple saw them lots of the fellers whitch dident dass to go down into the saloon hollered string them up to the lamppost and they pushed forward and jest then old Misery whitch had got back and old Mad and old Brown whitch had come on their hacks with the horses on the ded run gumped off and maid the peeple stand back. and when the peeple saw old Alf coming up holding his head they wasent so mutch xcited as they was when they thougt he was ded. Alf had got back most of his sences but not all. He had a buntch on his head and he had been trod on a good deal by the fiters but he wasent mutch hirt.

then they drug the fellers to the lockup and they had to get doctor Perry to sew up their cuts. the fellers sed they had augt to get old Gus Bickford to do it as a veteriny sirgeon was good enuf for them fellers. there was sutch a crowd in front of the town hall that i coodent see annything. when i went home and told mother about it she sed father had gone down as soon as he hird about it. she was auful glad it was over befoar he got there becaus he herd Jack Fogg was killed and father thougt so mutch of Jack that he wood have gone in lifely.

after while father come in. he was auful glad Beanys father done so well and he sed Dan Hartnett was a brick. i asted him if the Portsmouth fellers was mutch hurt and father sed that when he left old doctor Perry had them laid out on the table in the lockup and had old Kellogg the harness maiker sewing them up with waxed threds and they were groning auful. i dont know whether to beleeve that or not. i gess it was so becaus they sed they had got to sew them up. i dont wonder that they groaned. ennyway it sirved them rite. father sed doctor Perry tride to get sum seemstress to hemstich them in fancy pattens but coodent get ennyone to do it. i gess he was goking when he sed that.

Sunday, June 15, 186 — nothing mutch today. went to chirch as usuel. Beanys father went two and set there looking fearce. he had a lot of sticking plaster on his head. evrybody was proud of him. o yes i forgot. sumthing did hapen. our munky got into Beanys fathers hen coop in the kind of little ally way where they taik out the egs. he sucked 2 or 3 egs and broke 21 on the floor. Beanys father sed he had chocked up another charge agenst Kingston. 2 dozen egs at $.18 cents a dozen $.36 cents. to cleening out broken egs from henhouse $.50 cents. making $.86 cents. Beanys father says if this thing keeps up he will oan haff of Kingston. he says he has a lot of charges he has maid.

Monday, June 16, 186 — had a thunder shower last nite. this morning Beany sed he cood hear the munky chittering with frite so he got a lantern and went out and the poor little munky gumped at Beany and hid his face in Beanys shirt and was auful glad to see him. so Beany took him to bed with him. today Beany is all bit up with flees and Beanys mother and granmother took Beanys bed and bed cloths out into the yard and poared stuff on them.

Beany says he wont sleep with a munky again. Beany was scraching hisself everywhere so we went in swimming and Beany had me taik down another suit of cloths. then he took off his cloths and took a rock and put them under water and left them there. then he div under water and then kep under with jest his nose and mouth above water. after while he went down again and come up in another place and there wasent a flee on him. then he dressed in the sute i took down for him. then we wated an hour and then we fished up the sute and rung it out and took it home and Beanys mother put it in the cloths boiler.

Beanys father sed he had a good mind to charge Kingston for a new sute. but all he charged was $.50 cents for cleening Beany's bed and room.

today those Portsmouth fellers was tride befoar Jug Stickney and sent to jale for 6 months. evrybody is prasing Beanys father and Dan Hartnett.

Tuesday, June 17, 186 — the munky bit Pewt today. i dont blaim him. Pewt was mimicking him. me and Beany told him to stop but he kep on and the munky kep getting madder and madder and chittering louder and louder. bimeby Pewt come two neer and the munky gumped and bit him in the arm. i wish you cood have herd Pewt yell. Beany grabed the string and yanked him off and Pewt run for a pichfork and i grabed Pewt and Beany grabed the pichfork and together we put Pewt out of the barn. then he run for a rock but we locked the barn door and then he went home criing and in a few minits his father come down mad and sed he wood have the munky killed but me and Beany told him that it was Pewts falt and he went off shaiking his head.

When Beanys father come home we asted him if he thougt Pewt wood be poizened and have cholery or gungle feever and he sed no but he was afrade the munky mite die becaus he bit into Pewt. Beanys father dont like Pewt very well.

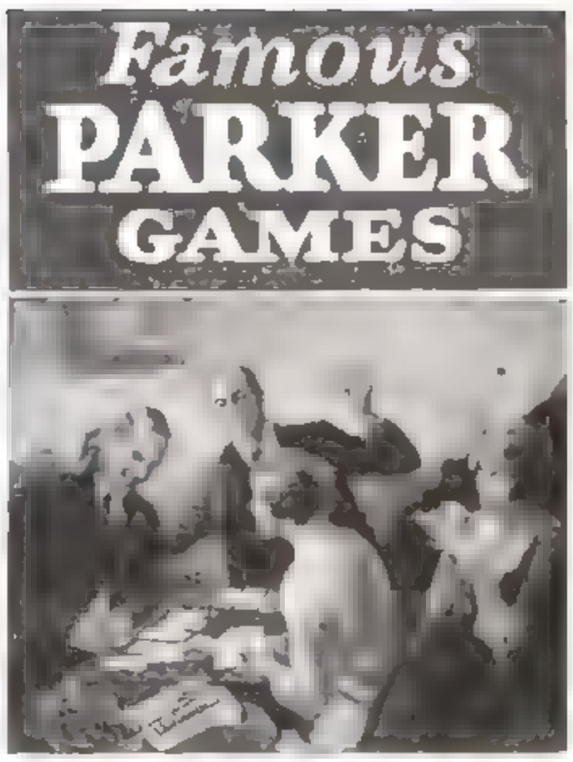
Wensday, June 18, 186— Pewt hasent had cholery yet, nor hydrophoby or gungle feever. he carys his arm in a sling. i wunder if old Gus Bickford gnew ennything about it. i dont beleeve he did. the munky is also pretty well thank you. but Beanys father told Pewt if he did ennything to that munky the county of Rockingham wood have his pelt. Pewt dont speek to me or Beany now. all we done was to keep him from getting into trouble with the county for killing that munky. but then sum peeple havent got enny gratitude.

Thirsday, June 19, 186 — both Pewt and the munky are pretty well thank you. Beanys fathers horse has got itch. he got flees from the munky. Beanys father has had the horse clipped and wached all over with warm water and soft sope and tobacco to kill the flees. he wrote in his charge book agenst Kingston to clipping horse to kill flees got from munky $1. doller and $.50 cents. to washing horse in sope and tobacco to kill flees that clipping dident kill $.75 cents.

Friday, June 20, 186— me and Beany has lost our munky and our hand organ and we are glad. we never thougt we wood be glad but we are. well when the onerable Amos Tuck found out that the italian man was in jale he sed it was a dam shaim. so he went to Concord where the guvernor lives and told him about it and got the guvenor to pardon him. then the onerable Amos Tuck took the pardon and come back to Exeter and went up to the jale and took the italian man out and put him in a hack and brought him down to Beanys fathers.

well i wish you cood have saw him when he saw his munky. he gumped out of the

(Continued on Page 181)



A thrill a minute in TOURING

THIRTY miles in the lead! Then a delay for gas while rivals speed ahead! Quick, the GO card! Now show them your dust! TOURING is a regular gatling gun of thrilling moments—the concentrated essence of vigorous excitement. Men and women both enjoy its fast play—its constant shifts of fortune. Surprising, laughable, electrifying! For 2, 3, or 4 players. Price, 75c at DEALERS' or by mail.

PIT

Good old PIT! Every game a volcanic eruption of fun, laughter and excitement! *All play at once!* Famous for its rollicking hilarity and thrills! Price, 75c at DEALERS' or by mail.

Ping-Pong, Pollyanna, Peggy, Pit, Jingo, and Boy Scouts' Progress Game are among the other Famous PARKER GAMES, all exciting fun.

PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.
SALEM MASS.: FLATIRON BLDG., NEW YORK

Claspet

The Original Flexible Wrist Watch Bracelet

Exquisitely beautiful, yet no delicate parts to fray or wear out. Can be attached to all watches. Made to fit any wrist, for man, woman, or child. Claspets are priced within the reach of everyone—$2.50 to $500.00. Jeweled, platinum, solid gold and gold filled in white, green and yellow, also in sterling silver.

Sold by Retail Jewelers EVERYWHERE

Manufactured by

BATES & BACON

61-65 Union Street Attleboro, Mass.

KLUTCH holds False Teeth tight in the mouth

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion between plate and gums; holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, [illegible] be played with," and not a seed can get [illegible] *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Why endure dropping, rocking plates [illegible] say when Klutch will give you instant [illegible] it now. The price is 50 cents. If your druggist does not have Klutch in stock, have him order it for you. If he will not, don't *waste your money on substitutes* but send us 60 cents for a box, postpaid

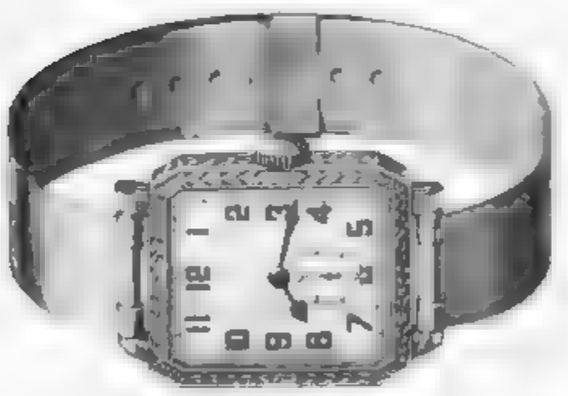
HART & CO., Box 2019-A, Elmira, N. Y.

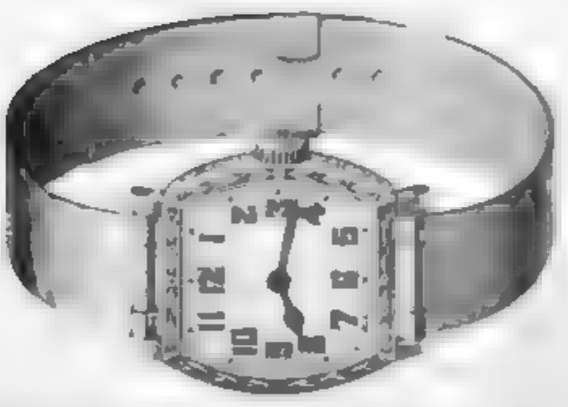
Mt. Rockwell and Two Medicine Lake, Glacier National Park

Two things you can safely give to any man

The Ben Hur Band

Gives a new touch of style to your strap watch. Adjustable to fit any modern strap watch. In white or green gold filled. Price, $6 attached





Both are so different from anything he already has

A belt buckle which will make him happy to discard the one he now wears! A durable, comfortable metal band of lasting beauty to add a new touch of style to any strap watch!

The new Wadsworth Belt Buckle will not tarnish. There is an advantage that men will quickly appreciate!

That's because it is made in Wadsworth Quality 14 kt. white or green gold filled. It therefore offers all the beauty of solid gold at only a fraction of the cost. And it is the only gold filled belt buckle which meets the standard approved by the Federal Trade Commission to insure satisfactory wear in a gold filled watch case.

The Wadsworth Belt Buckle can not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position.

The Ben Hur Band is also made in Wadsworth Quality 14 kt. white or green gold filled.

It lasts as long as the watch to which it is attached. Your jeweler can fit it to any modern strap watch, easily and quickly.

If it is a new strap watch that you are about to give, see that it comes in a case by Wadsworth, for thirty-five years the acknowledged style leaders in the dress of fine watches.

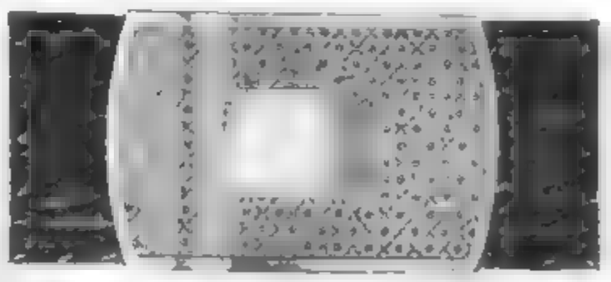
And have it fitted with a Ben Hur Band to match. Wadsworth Buckles, Ben Hur Bands and Watch Cases are obtainable at all good jewelers.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
DAYTON, KY., SUBURB OF CINCINNATI, OHIO
Case makers for the leading watch movements

The Wadsworth Belt Buckle

Untarnishable! The only gold filled belt buckle made to exacting watch case standards—of the same beautiful and lasting materials as Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled Watch Cases. Prices, $9 to $12. Also in sterling silver, $2.50 to $7

Wadsworth Belt Buckle sets, gold filled, $15 to $20. Sterling silver, $5 to $12



for GIFTS THAT *LAST*

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

(Continued from Page 179)

hack and the teers run down his cheaks and he ran into the barn and held out his arms and the munky gumped rite into them and danced and chittered and clim all over him and was jest as glad to see him as the italian man was. they jest hugged eech other. then the italian man come out and gnelt down to Beanys granmother and took off his hat and kissed her hand and then he done the saim to Beanys mother and to Lucy and Mary and Beanys father and Beany and me and then he played us all his tunes and then he gnelt down and kissed the onerable Amos Tucks hand and then he got into the hack and the onerable Amos Tuck told the hackman to drive him to Amesbury and paid him for it. we was all verry mutch effected by it.

then the onerable Amos Tuck asted Beanys father what his bill was and Beany's father sed he had a bill aganst the town of Kingston and he went in and got his bill and showed it to him. this was the bill.

the town of Kingston

to Officer I. M. Watson, detter.

June 9 to 2 hens killed by munky of italian in jale at $.35 cents	$.70 cents
June 10 to 1 rooster killed by munky of italian in jale	$.50 cents
June 11 to dammidge to wigg of lady in naborhood	$1.25 cents
June 15 to smashing 2 dozen egs at $.18 cents	$.36 cents
June 15 to cleening up broken egs	$.50 cents
June 16 to cleening bed and bedding whitch got buggy from munky	$.50 cents
June 19 clipping horse to kill flees got from munky	$1.50 cents
June 19 to washing horse with sope and tobaccer to kill flees that clipping dident kill	$.75 cents
June 19 to support of munky 10 days at $.25 cents	$2.50 cents
	$8.56 cents

then the onerable Amos Tuck looked at the bill and kind of smiled and sed it was verry reesonable and he sed he gessed he woodent bother the town of Kingston about it and he gessed he wood pay it. so he pade it and shook hands with Beanys father and took off his hat to Beanys fathers mother and to Beanys mother and all the rest of us and waulked off. Gosh aint he a splendid man.

So that is the end of our munky. i gess now we must maik up with Pewt for we have got a lot of things to do this summer and it is almost vacation time.

Editor's Note—This is the nineteenth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

GETTING SALESMEN AND HOLDING THEM

(Continued from Page 30)

them. The reasons they give for leaving are the same I've heard from salesmen in every line:

"I couldn't hit it off with Jones." "They tried to wish a country district on me, when I said nothing doing." "They didn't give me a fair break on their advertising leads. Jenks got 90 per cent of 'em." "They cut my territory." "I wanted to get with a smaller house where there was a chance for a firm interest." "These people I'm with gave me a better split on the profits."

Whether their plaints bear sifting matters little. They quit because they could afford to quit; an assured minimum drawing account no longer loomed large to them. Three went into business on their own; two forming a partnership, the third as a free lance. Strangely, too, the trend was toward the small house; perhaps because the latter, having fewer salesmen, affords new men a larger number of prospective customers upon whom they can call without poaching upon a brother salesman's preserves.

And being free of the expense of training men, it often offers larger commissions. Several men, by a twirl of irony, went with the very firms whose offers they had rejected a year or more before. The house largest in prestige and sales force lost the most men.

Salesmen Have Wings

Why then borrow trouble and exhaust money training salesmen? Why not sit tight, as these smaller houses did, let human nature run its course, let the big fellow with the will and the wad do the sweating and the swearing? Why not do like certain big-league managers—hire only the trained? If it weren't for two towering facts the prescription would be unbeatable: Few business men have a big-league war chest, and furthermore, in addition, also, secondly, and in conclusion, salesmen, like all God's chillun, have wings.

In truth, the very houses that here placidly followed that wishful-waiting policy lost in turn the game they thought they had bagged. And with the game went new customers which the new men had brought them and names of old customers which the new men, being human, just naturally couldn't forget. One man I placed nine years ago has since worked for six firms. Ten have been with four firms. And as for the fledglings of recent years, they, too, have begun to test their wings.

Rather hopeless, futile, it's seemed at times to me. Employ men in the rough, train them, lose them. Employ only trained salesmen, hold them a spell, lose them. Discouraging, hardly worth the candle. No wonder firms gladly farm out the distribution of their products to a sales agency or a mail-order house.

I was mulling such thoughts as these a month back when my phone rang and the office manager of an investment-banking house asked me to find him a bank runner, jazz immune and triple indorsed. "Queer they've never asked for salesmen. I wonder why?" I asked myself. "They've moved twice in the past seven years; both times into larger offices. And they're branching out in their advertising ——"

Retail Methods

A day or two later, with dual intent of bagging an order and solving the riddle, I called on the sales manager. I found him a busy man who had time to talk business. I'd mark him close to forty. If I'm wrong he'll laugh it off. The only bit of personal history I gleaned from him was a passing reference to having started his business career upon graduation from college in the home office of his company, licking postage stamps at all of forty a month.

"I've been rustling bond salesmen for ——" I gave him the names of several of his competitors. "Why not for you?" I asked.

A smile skidded across the veneer between us. "We like to roll our own," he said.

I reminded him there were others similarly imbued, but who were always open armed for new material.

"So are we"—and there was not a trace of challenge in his tone—"but we don't go into it on a wholesale basis. Employment is a slow process with us. Our men stick pretty well."

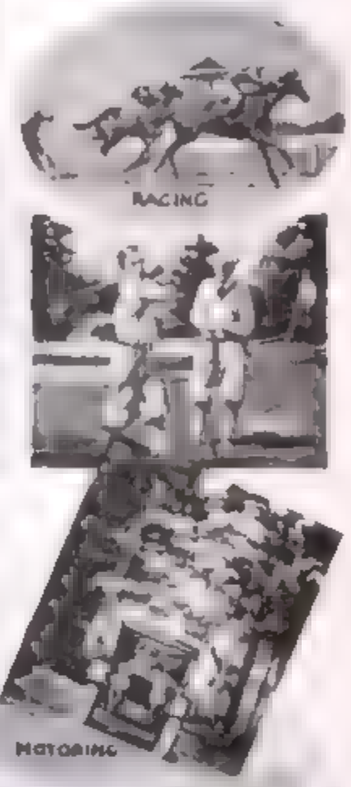
"They must or you'd have to resort to wholesale methods to fill their places. Why do they? Mighty few bond salesmen do. You know that better than I do."

He tilted back in his chair as though to balance the thoughts that the question had spurred.

"You understand I haven't any ointment to peddle?" He spoke slowly. "I don't know that I can tell you the reasons

the Sportsman's Paradise

is the GULF COAST



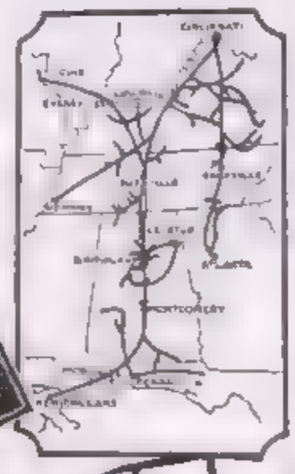
That glorious stretch of sun-warmed shores, washed by salty depths and fresh inland streams, lakes and bayous. This is an all-year playground where life outdoors is at its best—there are splendid hotel accommodations and prices are moderate. Like to hunt, fish, play golf or polo? Like motor boating, sailing or canoeing? Like tennis, horseback riding or motoring? Like to see the thoroughbreds run? You will find in the territory from West Florida to New Orleans "the Sportsman's Paradise". The land of history and romance, reached *from the North by*

The Pan-American
ALL-PULLMAN

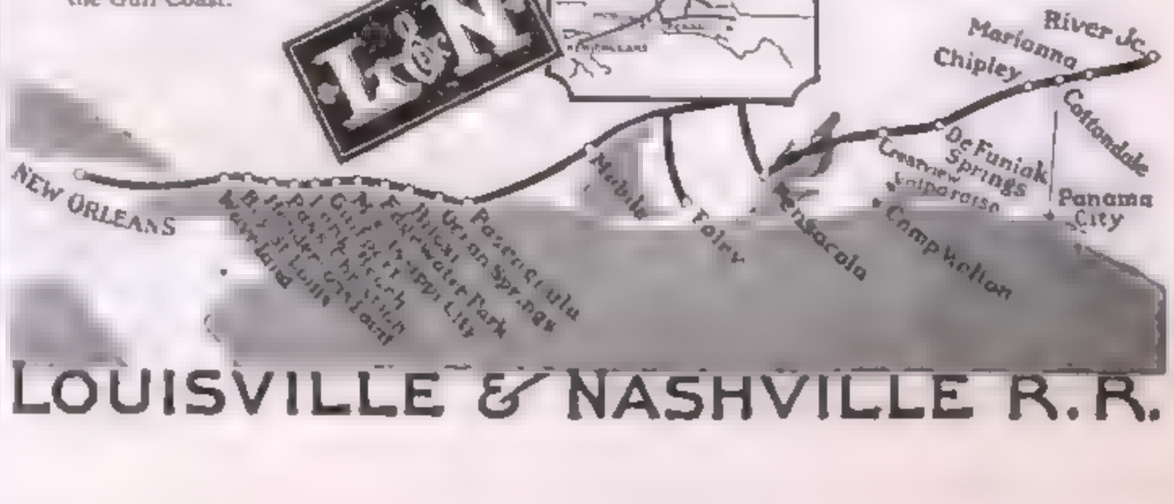
one of the world's finest trains. Through from Cincinnati and Louisville to Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans, with the famous L. & N. dining-car service all the way. Club car for men with shower and valet service; observation car with library, radio and ladies' lounge room, shower bath and maid service. Other splendid through service from Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and Evansville via the L. & N. direct to the Gulf Coast. *From the East*

CRESCENT LIMITED

Another crack, all Pullman train, similar in equipment to that of The Pan-American. Direct from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington to Mobile and New Orleans. Other trains with through service from the same cities, including direct sleeper from Boston to points along the Gulf Coast.



L & N



Let us send you an interesting booklet, just issued, about the Gulf Coast, as a place to live and prosper. Address R. D. Pusey, General Passenger Agt., Louisville & Nashville R. R., Room 300, Ninth & Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

The SAXON

ARE you tired of shoes—just shoes? Do you want a pair to get enthusiastic about? Shoes that are going to give you a new satisfaction every time you put them on?

$7 to $10 *the pair*

Then look for Bostonians in the Bostonian Dealer's window.

Go in and try them on. Your eye will guide you to *your* style—perhaps the Saxon which we show here. They look very smart on most men. And over a million men agree that Bostonians work no hardships on their feet.

Wherever you see this sign, remember you are in front of a Bostonian Dealer's window—a shoe window worth looking for.

BOSTONIANS *Shoes for Men*

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
Whitman, Mass.

An excellent guide to good dress in shoes—the Bostonians Style Book. May we send you a copy and the name of your Bostonians Dealer?

we have been more fortunate than some of the other houses. We have, though. We haven't lost what I considered a successful bond salesman in six years. I'm speaking only of this office. I think the way we get our men has a good deal to do with it. First of all we almost never hire an experienced bond salesman. Every one of the twenty-nine salesmen we have at the present moment was green as grass when he came to us. There isn't a man who ever sold bonds for another house.

"They come from two sources: The colleges, through advertising in student publications, and through our own salesmen—saleamen contacts you might call them."

He was silent a moment.

"If I were starting out today with a sales force of only one man, I'd move heaven and earth to make that one salesman get me another. I don't care how good a man is at selling bonds—or merchandise, for that matter—he can sell his firm infinitely better if he believes in it. If he doesn't believe in his firm he won't sell its goods very long. If a man is satisfied with what we give him to sell and with the way we treat him, he's the logical man to find men among his friends and acquaintances who will be good sales timber. He's a poor goof if he can't.

"I can't stress that strongly enough," he continued. "What do I or either of us really know that's worth knowing about the average man who comes to us cold for a selling position. We meet him once or maybe three times, kid ourselves into believing we're the original X rays, talk or write to his references, and if there are no black marks we employ him. Then, after months of training and expense, we learn things about him we should have known in the first place—things his everyday associates know: That he's so heavily in debt he can't keep his mind on his work, and was simply looking for a temporary lift; the friends he gave as references wanted to help him along naturally; or his wife's been nagging him for months to go back where they formerly lived; or she's not the kind to retrench while he's wading through the nonproductive stage on a nominal salary."

Stock in Trade

"Something tells me that you speak from ——"

"—— experience. I do. Or he's a fair-weather salesman, has a consuming ambition to be in some special line of business on his own hook. I had one man leave me before the war to finance a game preserve he'd been trying to promote for years. Every man in the office knew his plans after I'd employed him. He came to me, by the way, through a chance acquaintance I met on a Bermuda trip. Or the boy's father is waiting to stake him in a business just as soon as he learns one. Or maybe he's just a complete bust.

"Now I'd have a portly chance of hearing things like that about him from his references. You're in a business where references are stock in trade. Offhand, can you recall a single inquiry you made that didn't bring a puff to the skies or an absolutely colorless reply? Certainly not. We've both written that kind ourselves by the bushel. We couldn't write any other kind and feel ——"

His phone jangled, and for a cigarette's length allusions to "6's of '29," "taking a write-off," "syndicate profit," and "firm bid" sailed serenely through the smoke.

"Now, there—right there's a case in point." He passed a leisurely indited memo to a summoned clerk. "That man I was talking with. He has the northeast district that takes in five counties. Since the spring of '19 he's brought five men into the business. Men that he knew well socially or in a business way. One was a small customer who used to invest a couple of thousand of his salary through him every year in bonds; he felt he was drying up where he was, and Clarke talked him into giving bonds a try. Another was a boy who had worked his way through three years of college and then had to quit because of family reverses.

"I could give you fifteen instances easily. Fully half the force is the result of salesmen contacts; men that our salesmen knew for months; in some cases for years. But they knew them well, and for that very reason they picked better men than I could. I passed on them finally, of course, but there were mighty few times I wasn't glad to take my man's judgment, provided he'd been with us long enough to be completely sold himself. Why shouldn't I? Doesn't it stand to reason that his intimate knowledge of a man's qualities, mode of life and ambitions should weigh more than my fleeting impressions?"

"But isn't there a danger," I asked, "worth considering, anyway, of your men allowing their personal liking to sway their judgment somewhat? We always strain a point to help our friends."

"I can best answer that question with another. Would you strain a point to put a friend in a line of work you didn't sincerely believe he'd make good in? No, friendship doesn't enter into the proposition. Furthermore, you wouldn't be boosting your standing with me by wishing a salary grabber on me."

Salesmen Get Salesmen

"Yes, that's true," I contributed. "And of course if I were working for you and you took on a friend or even acquaintance I'd brought to you, I'd ——"

"—— be dead set on seeing him hit the ball. That brings me back to Clarke. The five men he was instrumental in converting he took under his wing. Why, if I were a jealous rooster and didn't know Clarke, I'd have felt many a time he was after my job. Two of those five men have come through absolutely because he wouldn't let them think of not coming through. Why, he was so bent on one of them succeeding a friend he'd persuaded to quit the mill-supply game—he hustled down here a day ahead of schedule once to bolster him up and talk with me about him."

A reminiscent chuckle escaped him. "I said to him, 'Vic, I've gone as far as I feel I should. If he wants to hang on longer I'm with him to the finish, but I won't urge him. He's got more at stake than you or I have.' He almost took my ear off. 'He's my man,' he said. 'I got him into the business. I recommended him to you.' I know how he felt. Every man who hires another likes to see his own judgment vindicated. The others feel the same way toward men they brought into the business. If their man isn't producing as they hoped, they consider it a reflection on their ability to pick salesmen, for there isn't a man anywhere who doesn't believe that he's a whale of a judge of salesmen. As far as I'm concerned anyone here can have the credit of being the best picker. I'm largely interested in maintaining harmony with what they pick."

"All right; salesmen get salesmen. But," I questioned, "if they can get men for you, doesn't it stand to reason they can just as readily take them from you?"

"Doubtless some could take some if they wanted to. But I reason this way: I've been with the house for twenty years. I've brought some of my friends into the business—not because they were friends—and I've made new friends in it, here and in the other offices. They're one very strong reason I've never seriously considered leaving, to say nothing of urging my friends to go with me. If I were he-man enough to take this whole force with me tomorrow and start in business under my own name, there isn't a reputable underwriting house in the country that would sell me a hundred-dollar bond. I might have a grand sales organization, but darn little that was worth selling. No, men are free to quit any time they see fit, as many as care to, but I can't get interested in the theory that my friends will do what I haven't even considered doing myself."

(Continued on Page 185)

"The World's EASIEST Easy Chair"

CONVERSING
A beautiful, restful, inviting chair for every formal use Stylish and distinctive.

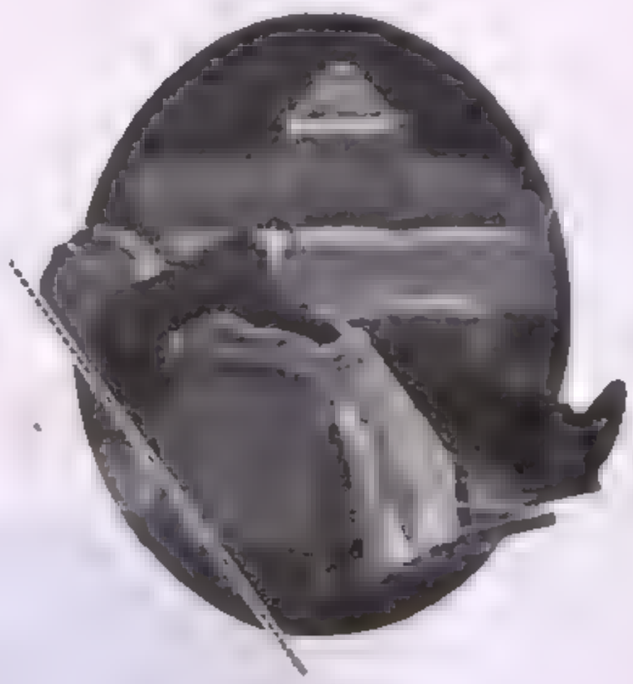
READING
Touch hidden pull-ring or button—and recline. Back locks firmly at any desired point.

The World's Greatest CHRISTMAS GIFT

WHAT finer gift at Christmas than the gift of ease, rest and relaxation for those within the home! You bestow all this when you give the Royal Easy Chair—*the world's greatest Christmas gift!* . . . . Royal combines remarkable beauty and incomparable comfort. You may recline to any degree you wish in a Royal—or stretch out at full length if you desire. Magic rest is yours instantly—fatigue goes flying . . . . You don't get out of the Royal to adjust the reclining back—control is effortless. Merely pull the tiny ring or push the button and lean back. With all its hidden features that make for *additional* comfort, a Royal looks just like any other *fine* chair—and it takes up no more room . . . . The Wing chair shown here (No. 0367 with disappearing leg-rest) is but one of the many beautiful styles suitable for Christmas giving that are shown in our new book, "Royal Comfort". It also shows the famous Royal Easy Bed-Davenport with the box-spring guest bed that does not fold and cannot sag. Mail the coupon for Free Style Book and your dealer's name.

ROYAL EASY CHAIR COMPANY · STURGIS, MICHIGAN

Royal Easy Chairs are Sold Singly or in Bed-Davenport Suites by 5000 Furniture Dealers



DOZING
Back fully reclined and deep-cushioned leg-rest utilized for complete relaxation.

Royal Easy Chairs

"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

Write for FREE Style Book

ROYAL EASY CHAIR CO., STURGIS, MICH.
Please send me your FREE Style Book and Dealer's Name

Name_____

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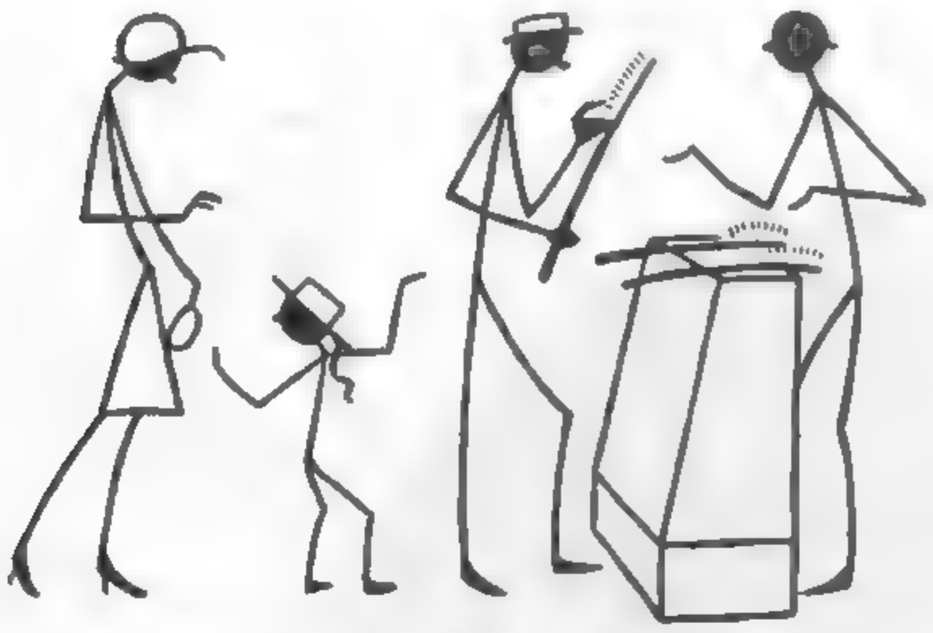
If you are a Furniture Dealer check here ☐



"Look, Mother! What is the man doing?"
"Ethelbert! Hush! He is buying a tooth brush."
"But, Mother, he is brushing his thumb with it."

The A.O.T.B. strikes a snag!!

ANOTHER invasion of personal liberty! A denial of the inalienable right of the Ancient Order of Thumb Brushers! A bar to the time-honored custom of buying tooth brushes by rule-of-thumb!

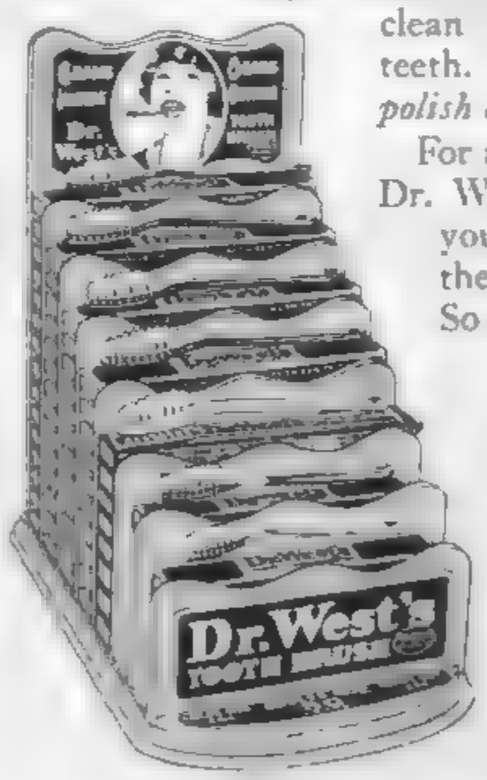
Always, until now, the Thumb Brusher has had free rein. Like a hawk upon a henyard, he has swooped on a tray of tooth brushes. Thumb! Thumb! Thumb! The more, the merrier. How he reveled in it!

Then on to conquer new worlds. The packaged brushes! Open them up! Let's try the bristles. Another! And another!

But now comes Dr. West, challenging, defiant. "Thumb your brushes as you will," he says to the A. O. T. B. "*This* brush thou shalt not thumb!"

* * *

Your Dr. West's Tooth Brush is safe from Thumb Brushers! Sterilized, sanitary, it comes to you in a *sealed* glassine container. Inside the usual box. Samples of every type of Dr. West's are in the handy display cabinet on your druggist's counter. Examine them as you wish. *They* won't go in anyone's mouth!



With its other, greater advantages, you, who use Dr. West's, are of course familiar. The small size that slips easily into the farthest cheek-corner, with bristles firmly erect for cleansing and polishing. The convex surface and pointed tufts that clean inside, outside, and between the teeth. The wonderful, sturdy bristles that *polish as they clean!*

For all these advantages, the adult's size Dr. West's costs you but 50 cents; the youth's, 35 cents; the child's, 25 cents; the special gum massage brush, 75 cents. So little for so good a brush—and protection from Thumb Brushers!

* * *

LOOK FOR THIS CABINET on your dealer's counter. It will remind you to buy the tooth brush you've been forgetting and will enable others to examine Dr. West's without touching the *sealed* brush you will ultimately buy.

© 1926, W. B. M. Co.

STERILIZED AND SEALED ~ FOR YOUR PROTECTION

(Continued from Page 182

The riddle was partly solved. I had learned his method of getting salesmen, but not yet how he kept them. The last yard-wide salesman he had lost had pulled stakes six years before, and he had gone in business for himself and was buying many of his securities from his old house.

My friend, I thought, might be a poor peddler of ointment, but he knew a bit about the science of adhesion. I voiced as much:

"But, after all, a man stays with a company only as long as it meets his views on compensation, on the money question. Wherein does your policy differ from that of the great majority of houses; those I've sent men to, for instance?"

"With new men," he answered, "it's practically the same—a nominal drawing account while they're learning the business. That applies to men just out of college and old men such as we've been discussing. The amount is flexible, depending upon a man's responsibilities and our impression of his ultimate usefulness. We call it a drawing account. In actual practice, though, it is the equivalent of a salary until he reaches the point where he's producing enough business to absorb the amount we have paid him."

The Value of Salary

"Now when that stage is reached we have, I believe, a basis somewhat different from other houses here and in other cities. The salesman continues to work on a commission basis as long as he's with us, but we also pay him a salary, absolutely separate and distinct from his commissions. The bulk of his compensation should come and does come from his commissions. But he gets his salary regardless of the size of his commissions."

"Why a salary?" I asked, for I knew that once men hit their strides with the houses I had mentioned their commission checks were far from paltry.

His answer came prompt and emphatic: "Because it has always been the policy of the house to exercise the same degree of supervision, of control, over its salesmen that it does over every employe from district managers down to office boys. That may sound unorthodox," he continued, "particularly to some salesmen, but you asked me why we paid a salary, and that's the fundamental reason. We want and expect salesmen to contribute something besides their own orders. I don't mean a Pollyanna sales talk at our get-together dinners that will inspire the younger men to go out and do likewise. I mean specific concrete service for the benefit of the house—his time and interest in doing things we wouldn't be justified in asking him to do if he were solely on a commission basis."

"For instance?"

"If you took down all the instances I could give you, you'd run short of note paper. For instance, then. When you phoned me this morning for an appointment two of the sales force were talking with me about a change we're making this week, switching one of the older men from a district he had put on the map for us to a more densely populated section where he can make more money both for himself and us. Two years ago I said to him, 'I know you're not strong for this move, but if you'll take that territory and work as though you were going to do business there the rest of your days, sell the firm as well as its bonds to the banks and investors there, I'll have you in mind for something better later on.' This week we're putting a new man, whom we've been training, in his place. When you phoned I was arranging with the older man to take his successor over the territory and introduce him to the banks and larger investors whose business he had secured for the house.

"Now that's a service I couldn't ask him to do on his own time. Before I could ask it we'd both have to feel I had a right to ask it. Simply one instance, that. Others crop up every week—instances where we want men to break away from the main chance long enough to contribute to the general good.

"Occasionally we make tours of inspection over public-utility properties. They may consume a couple of days or three weeks. We want the men we take on such trips to feel that they're not on an excursion; that, bluntly, they're there on the firm's money to see for themselves the value behind the bonds they're going to sell. If they went on their own time, were on a commission basis alone, with only their expenses paid, they'd—well, you know how you'd feel—like a dollar-a-year man whose own business needs him.

"The same principle—call it psychology if you'd rather—applies to our bimonthly dinners. We want men to come because we've found it pays to have them; just as we expect a man, now and then, to go outside of his territory when it's to the interest of a customer and the firm. One of our clients, for instance, will buy only through a certain salesman who no longer covers his territory. He writes us when he has money for investment; that means the man he has confidence in must quit his own district for a day, two or three times a year, and get the business. He does it gladly, even though the salesman who has that customer's district gets the profit on the sales; for when a man takes a new territory all the customers, as a general proposition, go with it.

"Now you can't compensate men adequately for services of that character on a per diem or a tariff-schedule basis," he continued.

"The amount of salary depends upon the man, I assume?"

"Yes, same as with any other employe. It depends on what we feel he has contributed, how long he's been with us, his gross sales and net profits, how alert he is to get new customers—even small ones—how well he holds all his customers; in short, what we feel he's worth to the business."

Whereupon, he gave, in willing confidence, the range of salaries which he paid his salesmen. The figures are unimportant, except in that they were in no sense nominal. Men could live well upon them almost anywhere, but they couldn't splurge very long. Millions are supporting an average family and saving a bit on the lowest paid; thousands are supporting an average family plus a car on the highest.

"I'd hardly call them honorariums," I ventured. "They're pretty substantial, considering the commissions that are added to them. But I'm wondering ——"

Experience In Demand

He raised his hand. "Of course you are. I knew it was coming sooner or later," he laughed. "You're wondering if the liberal salaries we pay salesmen don't cause them to limit their efforts—to be satisfied with their salaries and moderate commissions. In some cases, absolutely yes, but I can recall only two or three cases at the most where it worked out that way. We'd be pretty soft if we let it continue, once we were wise to it. The very fact that we're paying a man a salary puts us more on our toes to see that he's earning it than we'd be if we paid him only a straight commission. When we're on our toes he's more likely to be on his. No, if any salesman lies down because we are giving him what we think he's worth, it won't take us long to revise our estimate.

"And we wouldn't cut his salary." His gaze ceilingward carried, I thought, an ominous note of retrospect. "Even when Liberty Bonds touched low-water mark, seven years ago, we didn't cut them, nor did we drop a single man we wouldn't have dispensed with in an active bond market. We knew it was up to every salesman to work harder than he'd ever worked, to radiate confidence and pry loose idle money for creative enterprise. I felt we did our part when we stuck to our normal policy during abnormal times; we were consistent anyway.

"Now, above all things," he concluded as he accompanied me to the entrance barrier, "don't leave with the impression that we're sold on the salary idea for salesmen. We're not. We're sold on it only when it's linked with the obvious merits of the straightaway commission basis. If it looks like good ointment to you, use it, but don't rub it in. There's business enough for us all. Any time you run across a likely recruit that you know better than you do me, send him along; I'll be glad to talk with him. Good-by. . . . Tell her to put that call on this phone here. . . . Good-by."

Salesmen get salesmen—it had worked out well. So, too, had his method of compensating them. But, after all the returns are in, didn't he get salesmen because he volunteered to finance men while they learned to be salesmen in his particular sphere? So, at least, it struck me, back at my office, as I pondered our talk. But his problem, though knotty enough, was somewhat different from that of the many other sales managers who had turned my way.

The orders of some of them were, in fact, dozing on my desk. I looked them over. Nine in ten called for full-blown salesmen to handle commodities, staple articles, specialties which men, nine in ten—if they were salesmen—could just naturally go out and sell after but a day or two of priming. The cost of training was nil; the need for high technical background, ditto.

Creating an Appetite

Yet I had made hardly a dent in filling them, though within forty-eight hours I could have filled nearly every one had they carried a drawing account. The men who wished them on me knew that fact as well as I. If you're skeptical insert a one-line ad in your favorite daily, reading: "Salesmen dwg. acct. See ——" and see what happens.

But they were not of that brand. A commission on what men actually sold was all they offered. You'll find column on column of openings like them in the daily press of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco. The opportunities which many of them offer are not worth your time or postage, but the fair majority are like those I had before me—for salesmen to sell good goods for good people. Goods all dolled up and no place to go. Business men willing to share their profits with men who would sell them.

The question persisted. Other business men with no better products got salesmen on a paid-as-you-sell plan. Some, I knew, had been doing it for years. If they could, why couldn't —— Why not see one of them—one that's been through the mill and still going strong? Get his experience, not his dope. It might ——

I thought it over. And then, a week later, I found myself beside a coatless gentleman of normal blood pressure, seated at a roll-top desk. I had picked him as my quarry because the company of which he is part is known in millions of homes and its policy of employing salesmen has remained substantially unchanged for twenty years. Then, too, because friends and its officials told me he was the man to see.

"Where do we get salesmen, and how?" He juggled the question leisurely. "That's a nice steaming dish to set before a man a day like this!"

A *nolo contendere* filed, he then gave me in brief the early history of the company: how, in order to create and then support a wider market for their output, they had years ago foreseen the necessity of stimulating a legitimate public demand for a variety of household articles which could well be fabricated from their basic product; how the company's fifty-odd competitors buy its basic product and convert it into practically the same types of finished specialties, buy, in fact, a larger tonnage than the company itself consumes in its own finishing processes.

"Now as to the men who create that consumer appetite," he said. "If we had any mystic source for them I'd be glad to tell you; it would help the whole industry. We have three classes of salesmen. It will be clearer if I stick to one at a time.

"First, there's the salesman-demonstrator we take on for temporary employment. We might employ him for year-round work if he wanted to stay, but he comes with the understanding that he's to work for a definite period. At this time of year we have, roughly, 2500 here and in Canada. About 50 per cent are college men who have tackled the work for the summer months. In the past twenty years we have had at least 20,000 college men selling for us during their summer vacations. We start campaigning for them around January every year, so as to give us plenty of time to have a complete organization ready to enter the field by the middle of June.

"Originally we had to make more intensive drives—before we were known. We sent representatives to the colleges to enlist the interest of some of the more prominent students, class officers, athletes, or the prize debater. They in turn would interest others. Then, a week or so before a college closed, our organizer would return and give a short series of talks on our products—how they're used, how sold and methods of handling orders—allot territories, and a raft of last-minute details. In recent years it hasn't always been necessary for us to send organizers before June, as students who have been in the field for us in previous summers are able and glad to find men for us; some, in fact, do the trick infinitely better than our staff men because they have the time to work slowly and under less pressure. Their own experience carries more weight with new men than everything we can say. I know I had pretty good luck in my day. We are in touch with about an even hundred colleges throughout the country.

"Of course," he went on, "there's nothing strikingly original in any of that, as you know. Other firms are doing much the same. But with us it has worked out far different from what we anticipated, for, though we started our college campaign somewhat as an experiment, it has resulted in bringing to us some of our best key salesmen, our Class Three men, whom I'll get to in a moment. And by the way, it also made us build a plant in Canada to take care of the business these three-months-in-the-year men stirred up across the border. Not so bad for higher education, considering what it costs these days."

"Yes, but to speak in lowbrow labor terms," I injected, "how well did they stick it out? Have you any figures on your turnover?"

Sink or Swim

Here my notes fail to show his good-natured parry. "When you finally get a good cook, why talk about the poor ones you had? It won't help you to get another good one if she leaves But since you ask, you can put this down. Fully 75 per cent of the college men we employ for summer work make a sincere effort to complete the job. And 50 per cent come back for another dose It seems to be an outlet for their sporting instincts: they like to travel, and have more bottled-up energy than the fellow who hasn't gone to college or has been out a few years. They know it means hard work. We drill that into them that they're on their own and must sink or swim: no wiring to the home office for money that isn't due them. Hard work and the law of averages are their only assurance of success. Now a young man who accepts that kind of proposition will do his level best, as a rule, to make a good showing, first because he needs the money and then because competition with his classmates spurs him on.

"They work on a straight commission and pay their own expenses, but the commission is mighty liberal It would be poor business to make it otherwise. We realize that every sale a man makes ultimately does two things for us shows us a

(Continued on Page 188)

Years of Delightful Comfort from these Always-Welcome Gifts

Christmas again—
the annual quandary—
"what to give?"

"THERMOS" is equally perfect as a gift for every member of the family

Every one enjoys "Thermos" comfort.

Portable hot foods and drinks without fire.

Portable cold foods and drinks without ice.

You cannot give "the wrong thing" or the wrong style when you give "Thermos"—its helpful service is always *in style*

No one ever has too many "Thermos" bottles—more are always welcome in every household. Jug Sets with tray and glasses for the living room, bedroom, sun porch, or the office desk;—Pitcher Sets for dining room and library;—Lunch Kits, School Kits, Motor and Traveling Kits. A range of styles to meet every need—a price range that suits every gift requirement.

Dealers everywhere sell Genuine "Thermos" Bottles.

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CINCINNATI NORWICH, CONN.
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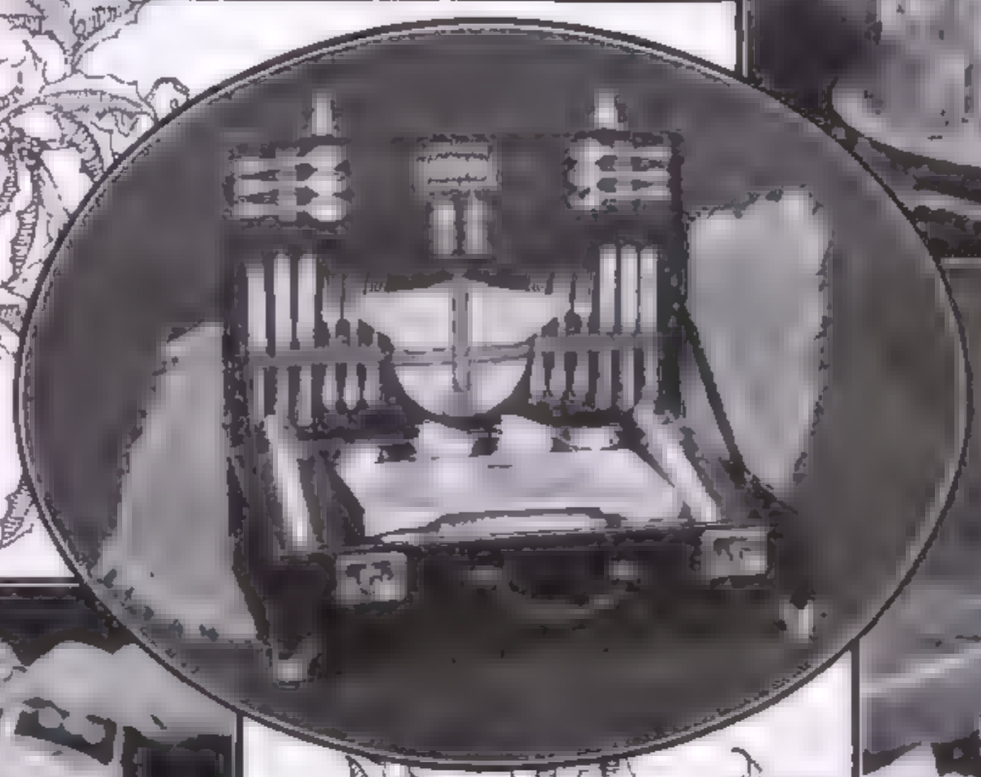
GENUINE

THERMOS

ALL U.S. PAT. OFFICE

VACUUM BOTTLE

THERMOS Enameled Quart Service Set in various colors with Nickel Plated Mounted Border
No. 2972S, Pearl Gray $22.00

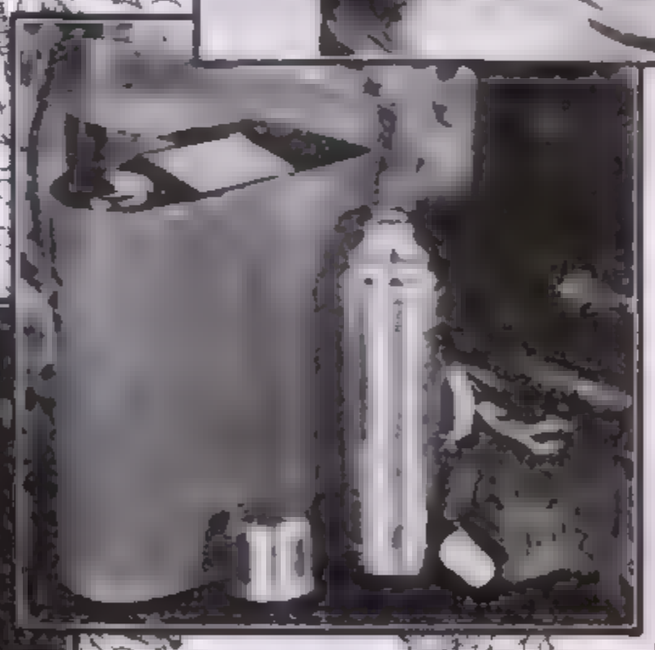


Motor Kit for Six Persons, No. 25
$42.00 Other styles from $12.50 up

THERMOS Garden Jar for salads, ice-cream, soup and any hot or cold foods—
No. 822—$12.00

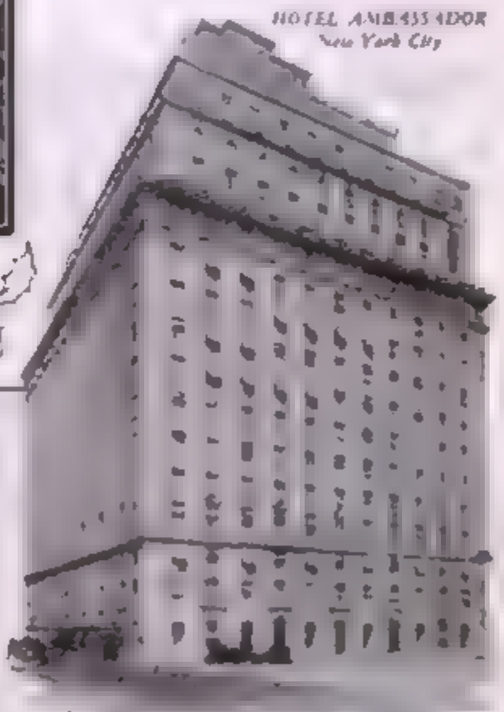
THERMOS Coffee Pot
Nickel Plated, 7 oz.
No. 41—$7.50

THERMOS Picnic Kit
Genuine Leather
No. 236—$25.00
Black Imitation
No. 235—$12.50



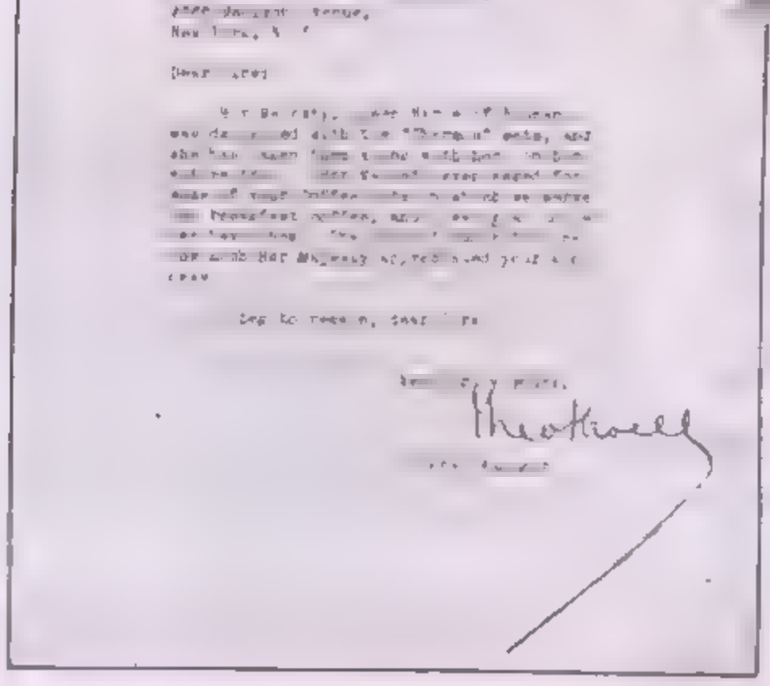
THERMOS Bottle No. 4Q
Nickel Plate 1 Quart $4.00
Other styles Quart Size $2.50 up Pint size—$1.50 up

Quart Service Set No. 6
Nickel Plated—$11.00
Other styles ranging in price to $13.00



HOTEL AMBASSADOR
New York City

THE AMBASSADOR
NEW YORK



A Royal Gift

Queen Marie's appreciation of a gift of "Thermos" Sets is expressed in this letter from the Manager of the Hotel Ambassador, her home while in New York

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SW

VERSATILE Brief Case

XMAS GIFT for Dad, Son, Hubby, Daughter, Friend

A gift that will be most prized—"VERSATILE" Brief Case (Model C) for the business man or woman; for YOUR boy or girl at college. It combines a Brief Case, book carrier, lunch kit, drawing portfolio, traveling bag, catalog case, salesman's sample case. "101 uses." 16 inch size; top grain COWHIDE Patented steel bar construction throughout prevents edges from sagging, curling. Retains smart lines ALWAYS!

(A) Secret pocket, cleverly hidden; for money, handbag, valuable papers, bonds, reports, contracts, precious manuscripts, etc.

(B) Pocket with removable partition for checkers, drawings, calcoast documents, magazines, under-hand samples, etc.

(C) Pocket with drop opening flap. When pressed down reveals bottom and permits self-filling. Thermos bottle [illegible] to GREAT WIDTH for lunches. Thermos bottle [illegible] The business man can easily place shirts, collars, underwear, bathing suits, etc., in this compartment. Holds a week's supply.

(D) Roomy pocket with cover for pencils, pens, erasers, etc.

(E) Utility pocket for odds and ends. Few pockets to all. You simply must see "VERSATILE" Model C to appreciate it.

Handiest, Cleverest Brief Case. SOLD DIRECT!

We supply "VERSATILE" to students, business men and women, executives, bankers, brokers, [illegible] $9.50

Sent DIRECT On 10 Days' Approval

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(Continued from Page 185)

profit and advertises our product. If he demonstrates but fails to sell, he's done us a service. We don't expect a man who's risking his time and savings, to pay for our advertising. That's a bill we foot directly, and indirectly through the liberal commissions we pay.

"In fact"—and every word he uttered strummed a cord that men in thousand lots have taught me—"in fact, our trade mark is the most reliable agency we have for getting men. Thousands write as well as come to us for positions every year because they've read about us. Frequently, in writing us, men fail to use our corporate name. The copyrighted name of our goods, though, seems to stick in their minds."

No 1000-Volt Slogans

"Now for Class Two. There's not much to be said there. They're our all-year-round salesmen-demonstrators. We have about 500. A few are college men. The others come through numerous channels, none of which we could dignify as a source. The 500 are the logical result of having had many thousand part-time men working for us over a course of years—that, and having read of or seen our goods. They're also on a straight commission. If thousands of men are satisfied to sell for us on that basis three months of the year, there's no good reason for changing our basis for twelve months' work. Generally speaking, the longer a good salesman covers a territory the better should be his returns from it.

"Third and last call, the dealer salesmen. There are forty-nine at last count. They handle over 5000 accounts here and in Canada—dealers, stores, the retailers of the country. Classes One and Two, you understand, sell direct to the householder—the ultimate user—and their sales and demonstrations supplement and stimulate dealer sales. All of the forty-nine, without exception, are former part or full time salesmen who have come through the ranks.

"When vacancies occur they are filled by home-office men with road experience. Today we have a waiting list. They are paid a salary, their expenses and a bonus. Does that about cover it?"

"Except for your reasons for paying your Class Three man a salary," I said.

The reasons he gave are before me now in cryptic penciled notes. In his case they may have little to do with getting salesmen, as the men to whom the salaries were paid had in all cases first worked for the company on a strictly commission basis. And it was logical to suppose they would willingly continue on that basis had the company indorsed it.

But the reasons, strangely enough, as I read them over, are identical in their gist with those I was to hear expressed a week later by a director of sales, miles distant, as the primary reasons for his own company having blazed a salesmen service record that reads like the roster of a veteran army post.

It hasn't missed a pay roll, this company of his, since T. Jefferson took his first presidential oath. I don't know how many salesmen it then had, where they came from or how well they stuck, but I do know that its salesmen force of 163 men in one department, a century and a quarter later, has stuck for an average of more than thirteen years a man, and in A.D., 1925, batted out a gross of $23,600,000.

I have sent white and blue collar men to its plants in various states. Not one of the many hundreds ever returned to register a kick; nor has any business agent hot-footed to tell me the company was on his local's unfair list. And if you backed me into a corner and asked me why none had, I'd say it's not because the company has no labor policy, but because it doesn't talk about the very definite one it has. But I have never sent it salesmen.

No 1000-volt slogans adorned the wall of the gentleman the afternoon I called upon him. A quiet-spoken man, I found him, with eyes, a voice, a smile—much like other men.

"I'm afraid I can't help you on the first half of your query." He glanced at a letter I had written him some days before. "Getting salesmen isn't one of our problems. We have quite a long list of eligibles right in the sales department—men whom we've trained for the work, and most all of them with some road experience. We give serious consideration to only about one outside application in a hundred.

"But on the second half—holding salesmen ——" He drew a folder from his desk drawer. "This may help you—a record of changes in our sales force during the past five years. Thirty-one men have left us in that time; an average of six a year out of a normal force of 163. Of those thirty-one, fourteen were discontinued and seventeen resigned of their own volition."

Calmly, yet hurriedly, I thought, he gave the causes for dismissal: "Below the company's standard of potential value." "Brilliant, but not consistently representative of the company." "Inherited from a consolidation and not sufficiently adaptable."

He spoke more freely of the seventeen who left of their own accord. Seven went into business for themselves—four of them into the Florida land game, and the four came back and are now with two of his competitors. "When men leave us we fill their places, and we never demote a new man to make way for an old one who has changed his mind." One moved to the West Coast to join his parents; three unquestionably bettered themselves by accepting other positions, one quit because he was discontented, another went with one of the company's customers, and the rest—four—resigned before it became incumbent to drop them.

I made a hasty computation: "In five years, then, only four men you would have preferred to hold quit voluntarily to take positions with other companies?"

"That's correct," he said. "Not counting, of course, the four to Florida. I don't want to bore you with more statistics," he went on, "but here is a record of the length of service of our present sales force, 163 in all. Use it if you care to."

Salesmen on a Salary

I pass it along, pounded into one allopathic slug. It is tasteless and it may start circulation.

YEARS OF SERVICE	NUMBER OF SALESMEN
Over 1 and less than 2	4
Over 2 and less than 3	17
Over 3 and less than 4	6
Over 4 and less than 5	4
Over 5 and less than 10	58
Over 10 and less than 15	27
Over 15 and less than 20	14
Over 20 and less than 30	31
Over 30 and less than 40	14
Over 40	3
	163

While my system was absorbing the dose one of the fourteen entered. He had been with the company thirty-three years, I learned later. "Jim" was all I caught.

"I got four right back of mine. Not over fifty feet from the ring, Les," he said "We're all set."

"Good stuff," said the gentleman opposite me. "Tell Walter on your way out. He's been scouting for me too."

"Fight night," something said to me.

"Circus day," said the gentleman opposite. "Pardon me while I phone my house. . . . That's a load off my mind.

"But to get back to yours—you wanted to know, also, our method of compensating men. They are all paid a salary and expenses."

"Do you think the fact that you pay your salesmen a salary has anything to do with the long service records which you have just shown me?" I asked.

He answered the question quickly. "The salary of itself? No. If I thought it did I'd take my hat and go. Giving them an assured income, however, has had something to do with it. It would be useless to speculate on how much. A salesman too often adapts his living scale to his maximum return rather than to his average return. If I, for instance, had been on a commission basis in 1919, I might have saddled myself with a living scale which it would have kept me awake nights trying to maintain one year later—when a sale of any size was something to talk about. The year 1919, a high-water mark in business, would have established my standard of living. That, of course, is no one's business but my own—provided the overhead and worry doesn't undermine my sales work. A definite monthly income tends to stabilize men who might reach the stage where it would be advisable to dispense with their services.

"It also cuts to a minimum disputes that so often arise over commissions—who is entitled to them and the amount a salesman thinks is due him. And it also reduces the chances of domestic friction over how much the traditional head of the house ——"

"Exactly," I said.

"Then, too, it isn't always possible—for us anyway—to appraise a salesman's work on a spot-cash basis. Time often tells better than gross sales. For instance, no salesman of ours in his right senses would wittingly overstock a customer. He lacks a motive for doing it. The commission-basis man may not yield to the temptation, but he has, nevertheless, an impelling motive to do so. You can draw the same parallel in the case of accepting or soliciting weak accounts."

The Company's Good

"I'm sorry I can't tell you how much the salary factor has to do with making individual salesmen anxious to stick, but I can tell you this: It helps to make ours the substantial type we want to hold just as long as they wish to stay."

A scant hour later I was on the street awaiting a station-bound trolley, steeped in afterthoughts of a man who talked sanely of men and things near to him:

Of Gil, a veteran of the corps, who, on a glum day in 1921, all but busted up a meeting of the company's various sales organizations by taking it upon himself to tell the assembled officials that no matter what deficits other departments were showing, his never had been "in the red" and never intended to be; of what the whole kit and boodle at his back always said whenever their own immediate interests ran counter, for the moment, to the company's proposed policy—"If it's good for the company we're for it." Of what he found on his desk the morning the doc let him get back in harness after weeks of lingering illness; of their pension plan; of his three primal requisites in salesmen—an unassailable reputation for integrity, above-the-average horse sense and courage. Of ——

"Well, did Les fill you up?" a friendly voice short-circuited my reverie. Walt gripped my elbow. "He told me you're writing some kind of a story on ——"

"——salesmen—getting 'em and holding 'em," I confessed. "By the way, you—you ought to have a bit to contribute to the good of the order. You've been with them for twenty-eight years, he told me. You ought to know what holds 'em—makes 'em want to stick."

A smile, amused, quizzical, rippled his features.

"Getting right down to cases," I prodded, "how would you hold 'em if you had the job—pay 'em a fat salary or a straight commission and a no-limit expense account ——"

"Me? How would I —— Why, I'd pay 'em well—a commission, a salary or any way I thought was best for my particular business, just as we do here, and then—then ——"

"Quick!" My right found his. "Quick! Here's Number 8—my car!"

"And then I'd ——"

"Yeah!"

"I'd—I'd—oh, Helen Maria," boomed Walt, "I'd just make 'em feel at home."

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ASIDE AFTER LUCRE

(Continued from Page 15)

"I'll be sorry to see you go," Manley confessed. "But you're right, of course. I couldn't expect you to plod along with me."

"I think there's a big chance there," Trevett said, half to himself. "If there is, I'm going to go after it, that's sure."

"You'll go ahead fast," Hugh predicted. "You'll be a big man ten years from now. At the top, I expect."

"If I'm not, it won't be my fault," Charlie Trevett soberly agreed.

When Hugh brought Trevett and Margaret in contact, they ran together like two flames. There was a gayety in her which matched his bold and audacious humor; a kinship, if only of the surface, lay between them. And Hugh watched with pride in his eyes; he was always proud of Charlie. He was proud of his friend's alertness of mind, proud of his swift understanding and gay humor and bright and easy friendliness. He had told Arthur and Margaret how fine Charlie was, and Charlie was justifying all his praises now. He and Margaret tossed gay words back and forth between them; their laughter rang. And young Vinal, Hugh saw, liked Charlie as much as Margaret did. Best of all, Charlie was obviously having a good time; would want to come again. This was a great relief to Hugh, because he himself had become definitely fond of Margaret and Arthur, and wished to see them often, and he had felt a sense of guilt at excluding Trevett from this companionship. Now, he thought, they could all four have good times together.

"Aren't they attractive?" he asked Charlie when they were presently bound homeward. "I like them both a lot, don't you?"

"Sure," Trevett agreed. "He's a nice youngster, and she's a darling. I didn't know they grew like that down in Maine, Hugh. Whatever made you come away?"

"They aren't all like that," Hugh said soberly. "I don't know any others, in fact."

Charlie looked at him sidewise, appraisingly. Hugh was smiling faintly, as though at some thought of his own; and Charlie said experimentally, "Of course, she doesn't know how to do her hair."

"I like long hair better myself," Hugh agreed. "But I think hers looks very well for short hair."

"She's not pretty," Charlie added. "You were right about that."

"I never said that," Hugh protested; and then he saw that his friend was chuckling, and smiled in a sheepish way.

The four young people were, during that early summer, much together. Charlie's restless inventiveness was apt to be the moving spirit in these enterprises. He had bought a small car which would, under pressure, accommodate four people, and sometimes they drove along the shore to unfrequented beaches, and sometimes they went into the country, and sometimes they patronized the theater. If Charlie was the inventor of these excursions, Margaret ably seconded him. But young Vinal, and to a less extent Hugh, sometimes held back a little, evidenced a faint reluctance. In the end Vinal frankly rebelled.

"I've got to cut this out," he told them. "One night a week is about my limit, after this. I've got work to do."

So, once or twice, there were only three of them, and Hugh found himself the third party. It was he who sat in the back seat of the car. They did not consciously exclude him, but there was a bond between them which did not embrace him. That was all. One night he said ruefully that he must attend a lecture at Tech; an engineer of international repute had come for an evening there.

Charlie did not even protest; he said frankly, "Sure, go ahead, old man. We'll get along!"

So the foursome became a twosome. Hugh took it philosophically. He had always known that Charlie Trevett could get anything he wanted in the world.

A little while after that Charlie announced that he must go to New York for a day, and returning he greeted Hugh with an exuberance tinged with intoxication.

"Hail and farewell, old man," he said. "I'm going to pull out."

He had come back on the five o'clock train; it was near midnight when he reached the apartment where Hugh sat with a book across his knees. And these were his first words when he swung the door, so that the smile of welcome on Hugh's face slowly stiffened there.

"I'll be sorry to have you go, Charlie," he said gravely. "But I'm not surprised."

Trevett flung his hat and coat aside. "I can't let this get away without grabbing it," he declared. "There's a big opportunity there. It's a relatively small company, and I talked with the man at the top. He's not ten years older than I am, Hugh. And General Electric is after him. They're all moving up the ladder over there. I'm going to get into the procession, that's all."

"I wish you luck, Charlie," Hugh said through his stiff lips. "You won't need it, of course; you don't have to wait for luck. You can make it come to you. But, anyway, I'll be pulling for you."

Trevett dropped a hand across his friend's shoulder. "Come along with me, Hugh," he pleaded.

Manley shook his head. "I might not suit them there," he replied. "And I know I can do this job."

"You can do anything you think you can do," Trevett assured him jovially. "That's the ticket, Hugh."

Hugh smiled. "What are they paying you, Charlie?" Trevett told him and Manley commented: "You're getting almost that here, with the raise they gave us a month ago."

"I'll be getting a lot more than that a year from now," Charlie replied.

They began to prepare for bed, and Trevett went into detail, telling this old friend of his all that he had done and heard and seen in the days just gone. Not till they were abed and the lights extinguished did Hugh ask, "Margaret know you've decided?"

"I told her I expected to," Charlie replied.

"What'd she think of it?" Hugh asked, and Charlie laughed.

"Oh, a girl is always conservative. Thought I ought to stick here. They don't understand that a man has to get ahead when he sees a chance, when he can."

"That's so," Hugh agreed.

A little later Charlie said, in the darkness, "She's a wonder, isn't she?"

"Yes. Yes, she's fine!"

Charlie chuckled. "I'm going to come back a year from now and tell her so," he announced.

After a long time Hugh asked, "Haven't you told her so already?"

"No," Charlie confessed. "No. I want to have something to show a girl."

He began by and by to snore lightly, but Hugh did not sleep for a considerable time.

A week later, when Charlie was gone, Margaret said to Hugh, "I think he'd have done better to stay."

But Hugh spoke for his friend. "Charlie's brilliant," he explained. "He's too much of a man for this sort of thing. He'll be at the top of the heap in ten years."

She looked at him curiously.

Charlie did not come back at the end of the year as he had promised. In April, about nine months after he moved to New York, he wrote Hugh, and Hugh took the letter with him when he went to have Sunday dinner with Margaret and Arthur, as he was used to do. While Margaret busied herself about the stove, he read the letter aloud. Charlie wrote:

I've got hold of a big thing. The chance I've been looking for. So I'm leaving this outfit here Saturday. Going to Philadelphia. I'll send you my address as soon as I'm located there.

I'm going in as assistant director of the technical department of the United Safety Wheel Company there. If you know about such things, you've heard of them. Some of the biggest men in the game are in it or back of it. They've got four mighty valuable patents, and they're developing more all the time.

It's a new company, just being organized to go into the manufacturing end; and I'm getting in on the ground floor. An old concern is like an old man—they get set in their ways and you can't move them much. I found this outfit here was already pretty well curdled. And the place was full of politics. You've got to play the game, do a lot of bootlicking, or you won't get anywhere with them. I've given them a fair trial. Probably if I were willing to plod along for four or five years I'd get going, but that's too slow for me. I soon saw the situation here; so I've been looking around, waiting to find just what I wanted.

I've found it too. They're starting me at more than I'm getting here; and a chance to get ahead fast besides. They tell me that there's no reason why I shouldn't be the head of the department down there if I do my stuff. You know I can do that.

The only thing I'm sorry about is I won't be able to get back to Boston this summer. I'd planned on a couple of weeks there. What do you say if we figure on a cruise up in Maine next year? I'll be able to manage a month, if we're not too busy. You and Arthur get together on your vacations, and I'll fix mine to come at the same time, and we'll get a motorboat or a sloop or something.

You'd better come down to Philadelphia during your vacation. I can show you where you can do better than you ever will with B. & B. You'll never get anywhere with them. Let me know when you'll come. I'll be telling them about you in the meantime. . . .

When Hugh finished, Arthur nodded and said, "He wrote to Margaret too." He looked at her sidewise. "She told him he was foolish to keep changing around."

"He's going ahead all the time," Hugh reminded them. "Charlie is brilliant, you know; you can't expect him to be contented to just plug along."

"So is a pinwheel," Margaret said over her shoulder, smiling at Hugh.

And he asked, "What? So is a pinwheel what?"

"Brilliant," she told him, half impatiently. "But it just goes round and round till it burns itself out."

He shook his head. "Charlie's not going around," he pointed out.

"Boston, New York, Philadelphia and points west," she retorted. "He'll be in Pittsburgh next, I suppose. Dinner's ready; let's sit down."

That night Hugh wrote Charlie a long letter of congratulation. But he realized when it was done that he must keep it at hand until Trevett forwarded his Philadelphia address. He spoke of Margaret in the letter, hesitating a little, considering what to say.

"I think she feels you're making a mistake," he wrote at last. "But of course you're the best judge of that. You'd better try to make her understand when you write to her again." And he added, "I can see you're right to change. But I guess you'd better not try to find a place for me. I keep going along the same way here."

A fortnight later Charlie wrote enthusiastically of his new work, and Hugh forwarded the letter then.

When the three-year job at the New England Electric plant was done, Hugh had a leave of absence on full pay, pending a new assignment. Charlie wrote to urge him to come to Chicago for a week. "I can show you we've got a big thing here," he explained. "A chance for you to get loose from that grind."

Hugh hesitated whether to go or not. Charlie had written him before about this new enterprise which had taken him from Philadelphia. During the previous winter he had met, casually, a man who had just secured the manufacturing rights on an electric-light switch of new design. The two formed an alliance, Charlie putting in his technical knowledge against the other's contracts, and they pooled their small capital. Charlie was confident that the new device would displace every other switch on the market.

"We're going ahead slowly," he had written. "Have the stuff made for us as we get contracts, so we'll really only manufacture on order for a while, that and samples to send around to the trade. The money is in manufacturing. I saw that in Philadelphia. They were coining money there, but there was none of it lying around loose for me. I tried to get them to let me have some of the stock or a royalty, but I saw mighty soon that they weren't going to give me a chance. I'd have left them anyway, even if this proposition hadn't come along."

So now, he said, he was able to offer Manley an opportunity too good to neglect. "Run out here while you're free," he insisted. "Look it over for yourself. You'll see."

He even sent Hugh one of the switches, and Hugh examined it thoughtfully. Its great virtue was silence; it could be operated without the loud snap which sounds so ringingly through a still house in the night. It was built on the principle of a gas-engine timer, but Manley, weighing the matter, thought it could hardly be constructed as cheaply as the usual switch, and he doubted whether people would pay twice or thrice as much to buy silence.

Nevertheless, he might have gone to Chicago, but Arthur and Margaret were going back to Stonington for a week, and urged that he come to Camden with them, join them at Stonington for a day or two. He hesitated. To go would be a delight almost too keen; to be with Margaret was always a delight, but there was sadness in it too. She had, he knew, constant letters from Charlie, wrote in regular reply. And he would not displace Charlie in her heart, even if he could.

As it happened, his dilemma was solved for him by his employers. Banks and Burgess were constructing a new shop building at the arsenal, and there was some shifting of the force at work there. As a result Hugh found himself assigned to supervise the electrical installations. It would be a matter of ten to twelve months before the work was done, and it meant sacrificing the vacation he had expected.

"But you have to take your vacations when you can in this game," he told Margaret.

She said eagerly, "Of course. And besides, Hugh, it's an executive position; you'll have more responsibility. Don't you realize what a promotion it is?"

"I suppose so," he agreed.

"They ought to pay you more," she told him loyally.

"Why, they're going to," he explained.

She cried impatiently, "But aren't you pleased? You act so sober about it."

"Well," he confessed, "I'll feel better after I get hold of the job, make sure I can handle it for them."

She was almost angry with him because he was so calm. Charlie's reply to his letter of explanation was in such contrast that he found it a relief. Charlie wrote: "Sure, they won't let you get away. They'll keep you on there, keep throwing you little sops as long as they can. You'll never get anywhere with B. & B., old man. They're a hard-shelled bunch, I tell you. Any time you wake up to it, though, I've got a place for you here."

He read this letter to Margaret. He shared most things with her. She seemed not to mind, and he found it pleasant.

"'A place for you!'" she cried indignantly.

"Oh, I'll always be a hired man," he told her. "But Charlie was bound to strike out

(Continued on Page 195

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① The new and exclusive removable locking switch can be removed for cleaning, repair or replacement in a moment's time, yet is as simple and convenient to work as the light switch on your wall.

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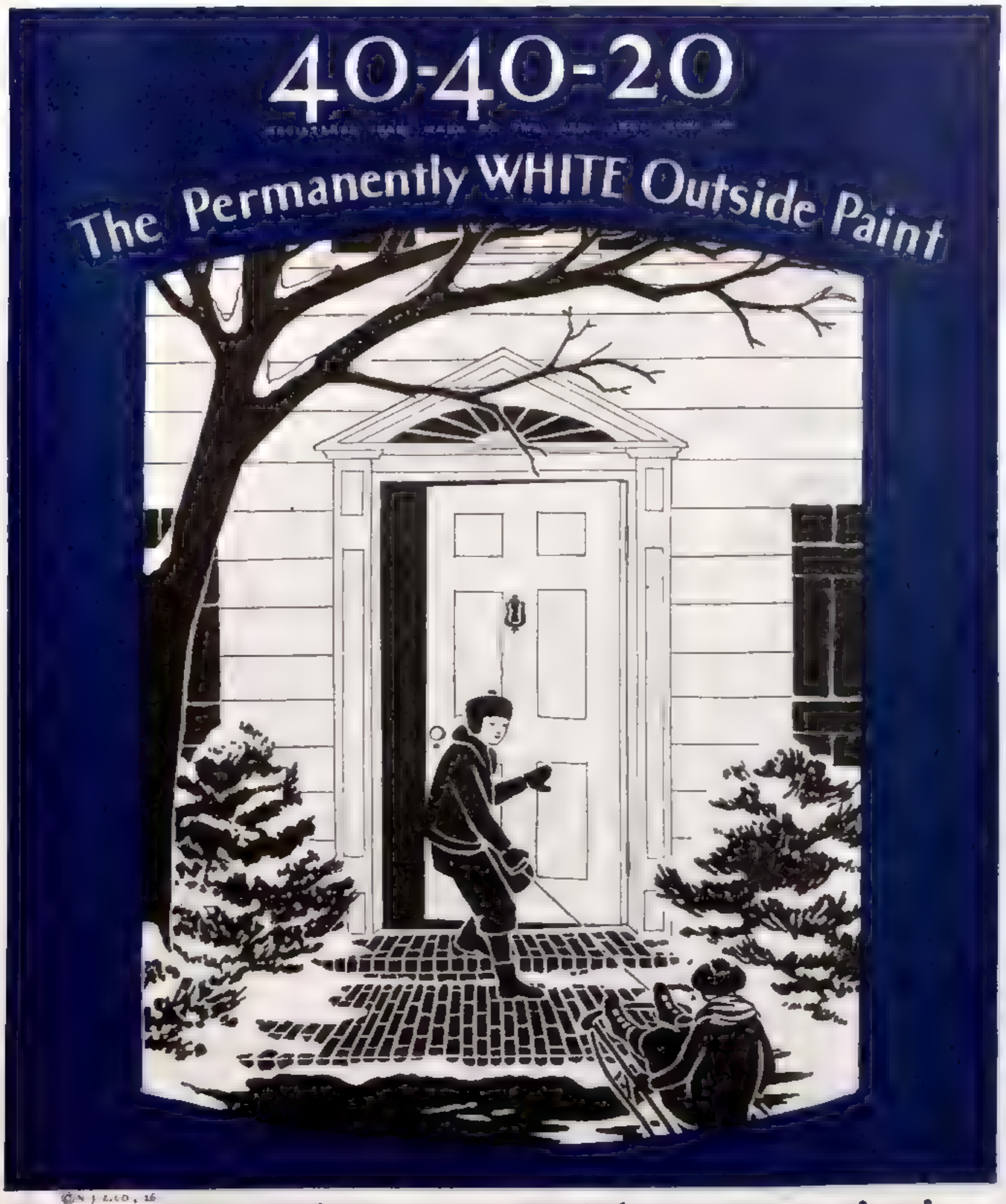

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New Jersey zinc

(Continued from Page 190)

for himself. He's standing on his own feet now. He'll be a rich man in a few years' time."

That was in September. In June of the following year, when the arsenal job was within a few days of completion, Hugh received a summons to come to the office in town. Burgess wished to see him.

He left Burgess, late that afternoon, in something like a daze; went almost blindly home to the apartment—the same apartment he and Charlie once had shared. Hugh was not a man likely to move unnecessarily, and he had been comfortable there.

He found waiting for him, this afternoon, a letter from Charlie, and he read in a dull and inattentive way, scarce understanding what it had to say. His world was in confusion.

After a while, almost automatically, he telephoned Margaret. She and Arthur no longer kept house together. Arthur had received his degree; he was at work now on one of the Banks and Burgess jobs at Fall River, and Margaret lived in the Back Bay near the Conservatory.

Arthur's absence had made impossible the pleasant intimacy of the past; there was a certain formality about their hours together now. But tonight he had to talk with her.

She was, she told him, free.

"I wanted to see you," he said uncertainly, and laughed in a fashion half hysterical. "Something's happened."

"I'm always ready when you want me, Hugh," she told him; and he colored, staring dumbly at the telephone.

"We might go to dinner," he suggested.

"Can't we drive?" she proposed. "It's been so hot today."

"I'll come around in half an hour," he promised, "with the car."

"I'll watch for you," she agreed; and he said gratefully, "All right." It was always an ordeal for him to face the eyes of the other girls who dwelt in the same house with her, who directed a frank and amused scrutiny upon him whenever he appeared. He wondered whether she knew this feeling of his, wished to save him suffering. It would be like her.

"I've had a letter from Charlie," he said when they were together and upon their way

"I've not heard from him for weeks," she confessed.

"He's going back to the Electric Appliance Company," he explained. "He says this chap he's been associated with is no business man; and they wrote to him—the Appliance people did—and asked him to come back. So he's going to give them another chance."

"I expect he sees a wonderful opening there," she said gently.

"Yes," he agreed seriously. "Yes, he says that if they've straightened out the office politics, there's a fine chance there. He says he'll know in a month or two whether he wants to stay or not."

"He's not going ahead very fast," she commented.

"He will," Hugh assured her. "You've never been really fair to Charlie."

"Fair," she echoed thoughtfully, and after a moment turned to him. "Where are we going?"

He named an inn they liked, down the shore. "If that's all right. It will take us an hour to get there, but it's pleasant driving."

She nodded. "Was this about Charlie, what you wanted to talk about?" she asked.

"Partly," he confessed. She saw that he was confused. "What else?"

So he told her. "Burgess sent for me today," he explained. He hesitated. "It surprised me. I'm kind of upset, I guess. You see, things have gone along pretty smoothly out at the arsenal. Burgess told me they expected the job would last two months longer; he said they figured the electrical work would drag along. But we've happened to keep up with the other men, so we'll be through about when they are. It was just luck, but he gives me the credit."

She looked at him. "Why shouldn't he?" she suggested.

"He was mighty nice about it," he told her, and he added diffidently, "He gave me a thousand-dollar bonus today, so I guess he meant what he said."

She sat very still, but she said, "Sometimes I'd like to slap you, or pinch you, or something."

Hugh laughed a little at that. "Oh, I know how loyal you are, and all," he confessed. "But it just happened to go well out there, that's all. I had some good men." He was silent a moment. "But the other thing is what bothers me," he said.

"What?" she asked, a curious restraint in her tone.

"Well," he said, "you see, when this job's done I'll be free again, and I've been wondering what I'd be put on next. And now he says they're going to start a new job down at Plymouth, in October or late September. A power house they're putting up there. The contract is for a million four hundred thousand."

He seemed to choke a little, and she saw that he had forgotten the car; the speedometer needle swung up to thirty, thirty-five, forty.

"What are you hurrying for?" she asked, laughing at him.

He chuckled grimly and slowed down.

"Why, Burgess says they're going to put me in charge of construction," he replied.

She did not speak at once, did not speak for minutes. And he began at last to worry, to feel a great and stirring concern, and dared not look at her. He might find in her eyes the mirror of his own misgivings. So he kept his gaze on the road. They had left behind them the worst of the traffic, and save for an occasional passing car, the way lay clear, winding along the shore. Now and then, through a screen of trees, they caught a glimpse of ocean; the night was starlit and the faint off-shore breeze was warm. And she did not speak, there beside him.

They left the shore, drew through a little wood. Once and then again, they passed cars parked there beside the road, their lights burning, dim figures visible within. The sight of them filled him with a vague embarrassment, and he wished she would speak, so that they might ignore these others

In the end she did. An innocuous word. "Fine," she said. "That's wonderful, Hugh. I'm awfully glad for you."

He sighed with relief. She thought it all right then, thought he could do what he was asked to do. And he began to talk again, to tell her all about it. So they came to the inn.

And he talked through dinner, expansively, full of a slow pride. But he felt, sometimes, a faint regret too; a regret at thought of Charlie Trevett.

"If he'd stayed here," he pointed out to her, "he could have had it, I'm sure."

She was, he thought, unusually silent, but her eyes were gay enough, full of a grave amusement, full of friendliness. It occurred to him that she was sorry on Charlie's account, so he spoke of his friend no more. They dined, and afterward they walked along the rocky shore, and they sat for a while to watch the starlit sea, and at last he said regretfully, "Well, I'll have to be taking you home."

She submitted without protest. She was tired perhaps. He blamed himself for keeping her so long. When they were in the car and on the homeward way, he told her so.

"I just wanted to talk to you," he confessed. "I didn't think about your being tired."

She looked up at him and then away again. They were passing once more through that little wood where now were more cars parked, more figures dim within them. And abruptly she laid her hand upon his arm.

"Stop a minute, Hugh," she said.

He thought he had not heard. "What? Why?"

"Stop!" she insisted, and he pulled the car beside the road, sat with the engine idling.

She reached down to turn off the ignition, then she switched off the light upon the dash, and then she turned to him once more.

"Hugh," she said gravely, "one of us has got to say it. If you won't, then it must be me. . . ."

An hour or so later, when they were once more moving toward the city—and he was driving in a manner so eccentric that a motorcycle policeman followed him for half a mile—he said explosively:

"Why, Margaret, I thought all the time it was Charlie."

"You think everything's Charlie," she exclaimed. "You make me tired."

They had three long months together, in a little sloop he hired, idling about Penobscot Bay. They rose at dawn to swim in the icy water; they breakfasted precariously about the tiny stove; they gravely debated day by day whether to move to other anchorages or to stay where they were; they slept sometimes in the tiny cabin, sometimes on the deep warm sand of the beach, sometimes on the cropped turf above a rocky shore. And they came back at last so that he might take up his new responsibilities.

One night when he came home he told her he had had a letter from Charlie.

"He wrote me a week ago," he explained. "Said he was going to leave the Electric Appliance Company. He said if there was an opening on this job he might come here. I told him I couldn't pay him much to start, but he says he'd like to come."

"Poor Charlie," she murmured.

He shook his head. "Oh, he just hasn't got started yet," Hugh insisted. "Charlie's a brilliant man. Ten years from now he'll be at the top. You'll see."

She was, at the moment, behind him, so he could not see what she did. She stood looking at this sober husband of hers as though she would like to cuff his ears, but after an instant her eyes softened, and she smiled, and she came to kiss him on the top of the head instead.

"I'm sure he will," she dutifully agreed

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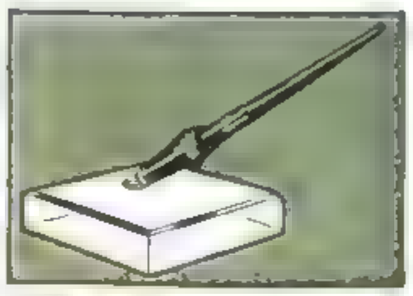

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THE YOUNGEST BROTHER

Continued from Page 19

present a common problem. In all of them, including California, are vast areas of public lands and forest reserves. Even today, after having disposed of colossal tracts of land to states, educational institutions, railroads and individuals, the Federal Government still holds something like 19 per cent of the total area of the country, most of it in the Far West, where it owns an average of 30 per cent of the eleven states.

So the problem of the West is really one of absentee ownership, or landlordism. There is an overlord far away, back East, in Washington. To the West's thinking, that powerful absentee landlord is the East, working its will through the Federal Government upon a land far removed from its own, and in which it has but a slight interest.

In his debate of some fifteen years ago with Theodore Roosevelt, Judge Short said the idea that the Federal Government can most advantageously and efficiently administer these lands is a mere assumption, rather than an established fact.

"The people of the vicinity are better advised as to the value of the resources, are better able to provide for their protection, continuation and utilization, and will suffer the most from their waste and destruction."

Alien Overlords

"The Southerner hated the carpetbagger," said a Wyoming cattle and sheep raiser in telling his troubles to a Senate committee a year ago. "The Irish hated English landlords and English constabulary. Alien rule is always detested. This overlordship by Eastern officials breeds sectionalism and hatreds."

"We resent the idea," said an Idaho sheep raiser, "that some young man technically trained, probably in an Eastern school, will administer the ranges of the West more efficiently and more to the public interest, or will have the development of the Western country more at heart, than practical men who live here and have brought up their children here and have had many years of experience."

"I find that all but 1,000,000 acres of the public domain are in the extreme West and on the Pacific Coast," said A. A. Johns, president of the Arizona Wool Growers' Association. "Only 1,000,000 acres are in the Middle West and entire Eastern country. Now to operate 185,000,000 acres from Washington from a desk seems to me quite a problem."

There are national forests, or forest reserves, in twenty-eight states and two territories. But the great bulk of them are in the Far West. In addition to the forests, the Government still owns unreserved or unappropriated public lands, which in extent are about five times the state of Ohio, and, as Mr. Johns remarks, all but a tiny fraction of these are in the Far West.

The Federally controlled and owned national parks are mostly in the same region. So are practically all the Indian reservations, with the exception of an immense area in Oklahoma. In Arizona alone there are Indian reservations covering nearly five times as much land as does the state of Massachusetts.

Each of the four classes of government-owned land is ruled by a separate bureau in Washington, three in the Department of the Interior and one in the Department of Agriculture. Each kind of land comes under a wholly different policy of conservation or administration.

With some exceptions there are no grazing, lumbering or water-power developments allowed in the national parks. In the national forests all forms of use are permitted, but under severe regulation. The Indian reservations are for the red man only, and in cases where valuable oil deposits have been found, it is the Indian who gets the royalty. On the public domain grazing is wholly unregulated, open to all comers, and homesteads may still be carved out by any citizen.

All four classes of government-owned land have this one thing in common: They do not pay state or local taxes and are not subject to state or local control. Yet the states must maintain schools and courts and in a measure afford police protection to the whole vast area.

No matter how well the bureaus in Washington do their work, there cannot fail to exist a dormant, smoldering resentment against the absentee landlord, and pressure at times to overthrow his alien authority. Each state is sovereign, and pride goes with sovereignty. There must always be a little vexation when the largest and most powerful landowner is an outsider.

The Government's Trust

Nearly six-sevenths of Nevada belongs to this absentee landlord—Uncle Sam. Three-fifths of Utah, two-thirds of Arizona and nearly half of New Mexico and Wyoming are controlled in the same way. There is one county in Arizona which is nearly twice the size of New Hampshire, and yet only 11 per cent of its area is owned by anyone except the Federal Government. National forests, national parks, public domain and Indian reservations all occupy great stretches in this one county. A new road is badly needed in this same county to connect the transcontinental highway with the Grand Canyon, but only 6 per cent of the land it would traverse if built is upon privately owned property.

Offhand it would seem perfectly clear that the unappropriated public lands, at the very least, could be turned back to the states. A hundred years ago the Supreme Court decided that the public lands were held in trust by the Government for the states and the inhabitants thereof, to be passed to private owners as rapidly as could reasonably be done.

They were not set aside, like the Indian reservations, as a last forlorn resort for a much-abused race. It was expected that

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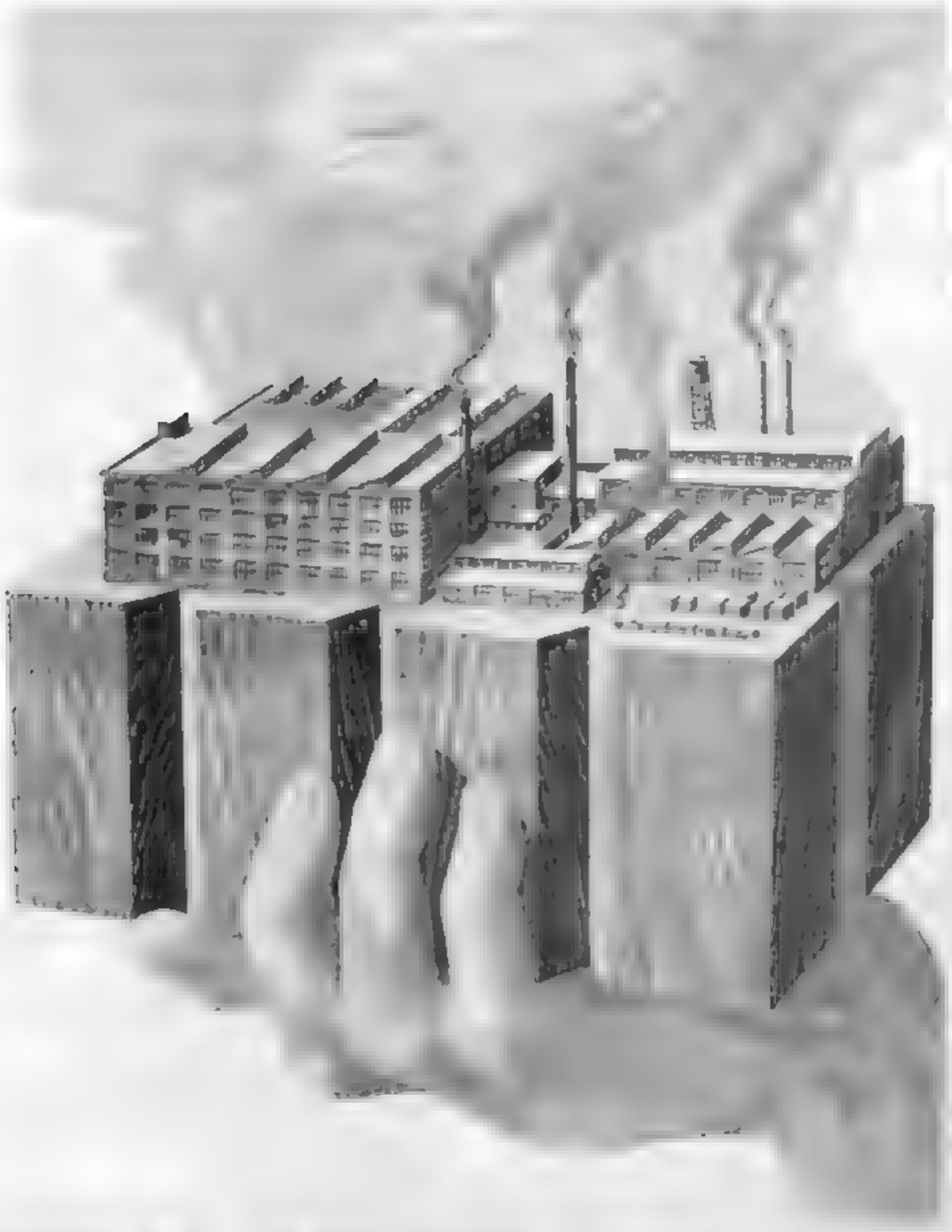

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

the white man would in time develop such resources as might be found on the unreserved public lands. The Indians were not given the most valuable lands in the nation, and if at a much later time resources, such as oil, not dreamed of in an earlier day, are found on these reservations, the white man can hardly maintain his own self-respect or sense of honor if he once more snatches the Indian's heritage away.

Nor have the public lands ever been set aside, like the national forests, for the specific purpose of protecting, for continuous use, watersheds, power resources and timber growth. Nor have they ever been placed aside, like the national parks, to preserve untouched the sublime or unusual in Nature.

Why then does not the Government close out this land business as quickly as possible, turning the remaining unappropriated and unreserved public domain over to the states for the benefit of the people? Would it not be better to have the land quickly pass into private ownership and thus come under taxation?

Strange as it may seem, the answer is far from simple. To begin with, the West has never been able to agree what should be done with these lands. Congress might have disposed of them long ago, but the parties most immediately concerned have never been able to present a united front. Most of the remaining public lands are supposed to be good only for grazing, but the stock interests are divided into many camps on the question of what should be done with them.

One group would like to have the lands turned over to the states and given or sold to the stockmen. But others violently oppose this disposition on the ground that if the grazing industry cannot make a profit on free public land, it could not possibly afford to own such an area and pay taxes. If the land were to be transformed into oil fields and cities it might pay taxes, but with one cow to forty or fifty acres the prospect is not so good.

Two Sides to Every Plan

Even with forest lands, the benefits of private ownership and tax payments have proved, in a way, illusory. Many a forest has been cut down before it was needed because the owner could not afford to pay the taxes.

Another group wants the lands given to the states and by them leased or licensed out to the stockmen. But this is opposed by many influential growers on the ground that political fights and issues play a much larger part in state administration than in Federal. It is feared that with every change in state government new policies might be adopted.

"We think that such a large asset, such a very large piece of property as is represented by the public lands, is much better in the hands of the Federal Government than in the hands of a state which is as sparsely settled and so poor in the world's goods as this," says the president of a state cattlemen's association. "I think it is out of proportion to the rest of the property in this state, and for that reason it would acquire an exaggerated importance in the eyes of the people and especially in the view of the politicians."

Because of its wholly unregulated character, the carrying capacity for cattle and sheep on the public lands has been seriously depleted or reduced. A great natural resource, free forage, is gradually being destroyed. So we have another group of stockmen who want the public lands administered, regulated and conserved, somewhat after the fashion of the forest reserves, either by the Interior or the Agricultural Department. But this view in turn is vehemently denounced by those who do not want more Federal control.

The Biggest Asset

"If Congress should ordain to afflict us with another bureau of range control, with an augmented personnel and augmented powers, to be sent out to police the 186,000,000 acres of unoccupied land, it will only breed more strife and bitterness," says one outspoken cattle and sheep raiser.

It must be recalled that the extension and development westward of this nation have been brought about largely through the means of free homesteading on the public lands and the free use for grazing of lands not homesteaded. The details of the homestead laws and the methods employed to dispose of the public lands have come in for more criticism perhaps, both from practical men and scientific students, than any other features of domestic policy. The whole thing has been described as a harum-scarum, careless, heedless disposal of public property.

In retrospect it does seem as if the tremendous asset of forage on the public domain might have had more care and attention, and that the principle of merely turning people loose to fight for free grass was not the soundest. Nor has a homestead policy applicable in the rich central states always suited the rough, desert, grazing country farther west; too often only a miserable living was afforded.

It is a complicated technical question whether the grazing industry could have before this been given stability and permanence upon the public lands. Yet we do know that it has always been dangerous to be too sure that these lands were fit only for grazing, or to put the stamp of relative worthlessness upon them. The early immigrants declared all Nebraska to be a desert, as still earlier pioneers considered the prairies of Illinois a waste land

With all their defects, the homestead laws have helped to develop the Far West. The Federal Government is still a great absentee landlord, but its policy of small homesteads has at least prevented the evils of private monopoly. Roosevelt used to say that his idea of Western conservation

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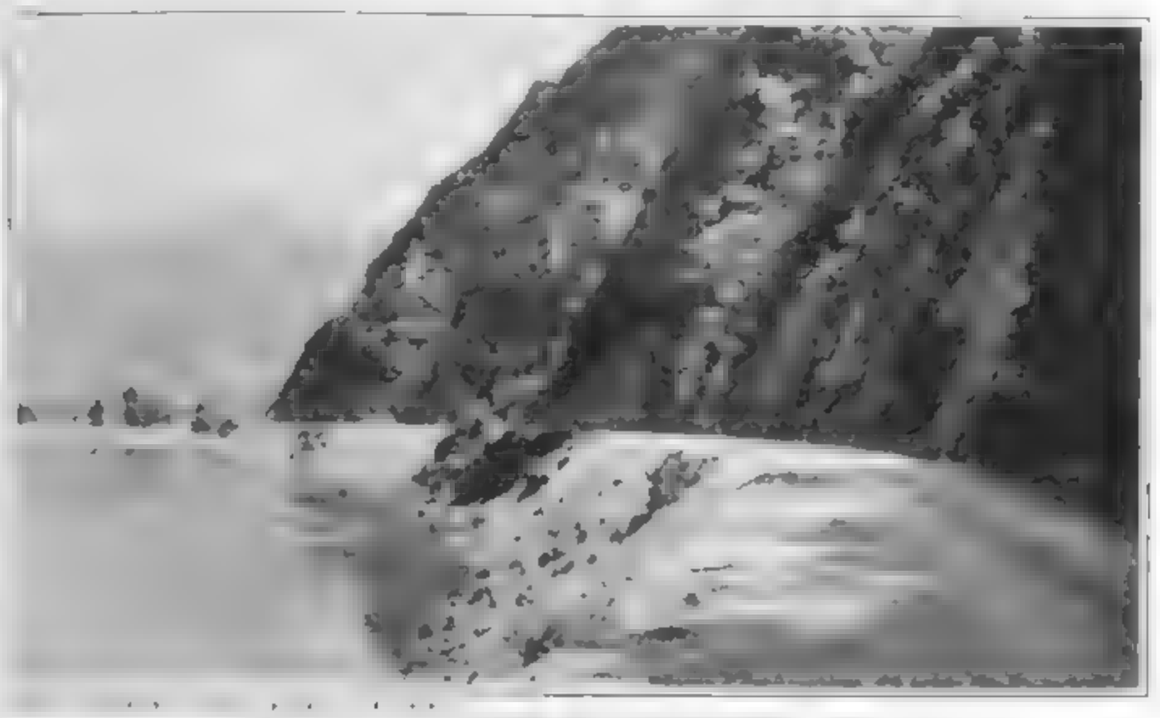

The New Road Along the Salmon River, Idaho

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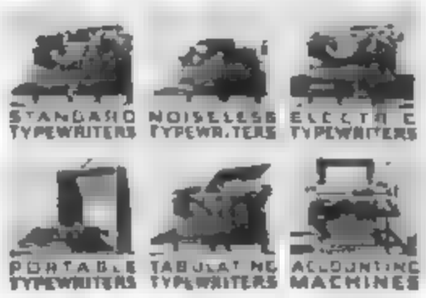

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(Continued from Page 198)

was to prevent the country from getting into the hands of a few owners from whom it could later be wrested only by revolution. The homestead policy has been one of the greatest wealth-equalizing measures in all history, but unlike those in France and Russia, peacefully effected.

Where friction has developed between the Forest Service and stockmen who graze in the national forests, the cause has often been the insistence of the Government on building up as many stockmen as possible, of putting new and small permittees into the forest.

It is indeed a strange charge that the East, working through the Federal Government, has retarded the development of the West by locking up its resources, by hiding its talents in a napkin. The largest land holdings in the West have always been, and are today, the public lands, which every historian agrees have been given away in homesteads and left open for free grazing by any comer in a shockingly prodigal fashion. The grazing interests themselves, for the most part, agree that it has been abused.

The outstanding, the essential feature of national policy toward Western lands has not been the locking up of resources, but their use and development by as many citizens as possible. The door of opportunity has been kept wide open.

It is natural for the man with 29,000 sheep in the national forest to think there are too many other permittees; the man outside with 1000 head but no permit, as yet, to enter does not think there are enough. But the newcomer with a small herd is also a stockman, a settler, a citizen and a pioneer. The Government's policy throughout has been to prevent a few men from dividing up the country. First comers are always glad to have free land when they arrive, but are shocked later on at the idea of regulation, which alone makes it possible for the later comer to get even a taste of anything free.

The Government's policy of developing the West for as large a number of citizens as possible may not have been wise. It is debatable. But only loose thinking confuses it with the locking up of resources. The forest reserves and the public lands, each in a different way, have made for large numbers of settlers, homesteaders, farmers and stockmen. That hardly looks like the East holding back the West.

Mr. Roosevelt was not slow in replying to the parable of the four brothers, three of whom, after using up their own patrimony, wish to have the youngest brother's share conserved for all four. He countered by pointing out that the East is far more concerned in persuading Uncle Sam to put the same policy in effect in the East than in forcing it upon the West.

Public Lands in the East

The bad brothers are either seeing to it that their father buys back lands in their own sections, or in more cases are doing it for themselves. Far from shoving the unpalatable remedy of conservation down their youngest brother's throat only, they are yelling for all they can get for local application.

In recent years New York State has spent some $70,000,000 in buying up park and forest lands. Persistent efforts are being made to raise the funds to buy two great areas in the southern Appalachian Mountains for national parks. All over the East the tendency is to gather into public lands as large an area as can be brought together. It is human nature to miss things after they have gone, and then to be willing to pay a much larger price for them than the more moderate amount needed originally to keep them. The West does not necessarily need to repeat all the mistakes of the East.

New York State would pay an incredible sum to move the Rockies or Sierras east. Why is it always necessary for the public to buy back at great cost partly used up lands which it has given away in primitive richness? The magnificent national parks and forests of the West were secured, for the most part, when they had little if any commercial value. Certainly that seems a more sane process than to wait until they must be repurchased at great cost and in depleted condition. But it may be objected that even if the East is sold on conservation in its own bailiwick now, it first grew rich by using up its earlier resources.

If anyone wants to find out if there is danger of the West being injured by having its forest and other lands conserved, let him go to the Lake states, to the upper counties of Michigan and parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota. It is estimated that the market value of timber at the mill cut from the upper part of Michigan was $2,500,000,000. But in 1922 the assessed value of the entire forty-six counties from which this resource was taken was only one-third of that amount. The wealth may have been taken out years ago, but certainly it is not there today. It has not brought much to the forty-six counties. Detroit would be paying $2,500,000 less taxes a year now if those counties had not been ravaged of all their wealth.

Functions of Forest Reserves

It is said that California was fortunate because no one checked the pioneer in his early activities. The neighboring territory of Nevada was almost as large, and must have seemed even richer when the silver was being taken out of the Comstock Lode. But quick exploitation does not always work out as the California banker suggested. Although more than fourteen times as large as New Jersey, Nevada now has the smallest population of any state and pays about one eighteen-hundredth of the country's income taxes. What did the silver leave behind?

The East is said to have eaten her pie and is now preventing the West from eating hers. But much of the wealth taken out of the upper counties of Michigan did not stay East; it was invested in timber in California, Oregon and Washington. Instead of using up her resources for her own enrichment, the East used up a considerable part of them to invest in the West. If every forest reserve in the West were turned over to free and indiscriminate use tomorrow, we have no assurance that the wealth produced would remain there. Nothing could have been richer than Nevada's Comstock Lode; but not a trace remains.

There is grumbling at times because so much of the Western country is included in the national forests, although lumbering and grazing, as well as water-power developments, are permitted under regulation. It is said that California and Oregon will always have enough timber. The same statement was once made of Michigan. In any case 2500 cities and municipalities and 600 reclamation districts in the West draw their water from the forests within these national reserves.

Such being the case, no one has ever suggested, and no one ever will suggest, that a single national forest be abandoned. It is one thing to criticize; it would be quite another to have protection for the very lifeblood of the West withdrawn. Indeed, local interests are constantly seeking the establishment of new national forests where the land has been cut over.

In states which lack a normal rainfall and must depend upon irrigation, and which must depend upon water power instead of coal, forest reserves in the higher altitudes are no less essential than is oxygen to the individual human being.

Inevitably the functions of the forest reserves are increasing. The coming of the automobile has taken into these solitudes millions of tourists where none went fifteen years ago. They must be educated and kept from starting fires and destroying resources upon which whole states depend. So the Forest Service is the national fire department, and as reforestation becomes more and more essential to the continuance

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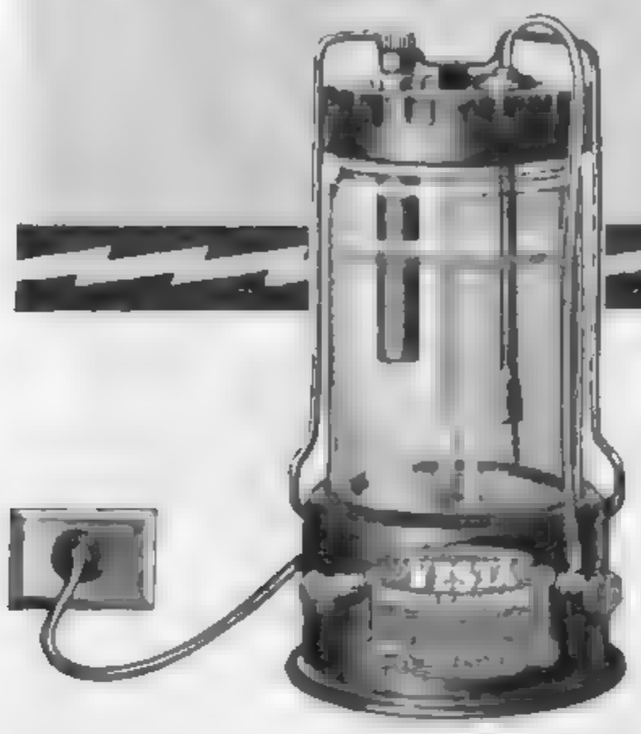

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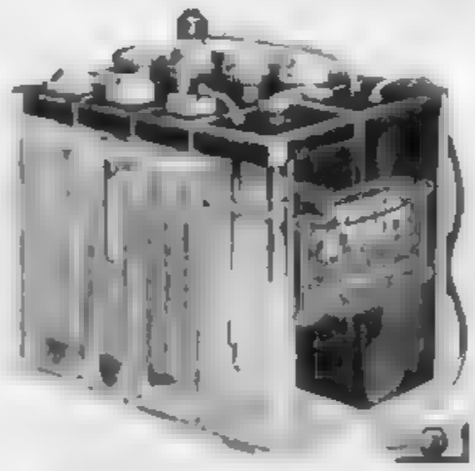

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of national life, the chief forester may become the nation's chief farmer.

The national forests cover a very large area indeed, and more than 80,000 permittees graze cattle or sheep in these places. Inevitably in their administration there must be some friction between those who use and those who regulate.

But looking at the subject broadly, it is fortunate that a central authority is administering at least this fraction of the country's land in the interest of all the varied uses. For the forests are not for grazing only; they are for timber production and reproduction, for watershed protection, for power sources, for wild-life production and for recreation.

In Europe a far larger percentage than here of all the land is under complete administration, either for preservation or for use on a basis of permanent production of all these resources. After all, no one has any control over the utilization of land in this country, except in such places as the national forests and national parks. If in any other place the conservation crowd want a waterfall saved and the power companies want it harnessed, the outcome usually depends upon which group stirs up public sentiment most effectively, rather than upon any reasoned program.

But Mr. Roosevelt had still another and entirely different reply to the parable of the four brothers. He told how California representatives came to him when the Colorado River broke through its dikes, not to protest against the three bad brothers interfering in local self-government; "they came to see if I wouldn't get the National Government to interfere and have the break stopped."

He remarked that even the most thick-and-thin defender of state's rights in California had no objection to the Sacramento River being improved with Federal money, and referred to his part in starting the reclamation policy. He had not long before dedicated the Roosevelt Dam, which supplies the Salt River Valley of Arizona with water, and had himself turned on the water. With prophetic vision he added:

"We shall see 75,000 farmers and townspeople who will owe their very existence and well-being to the fact that the bad brothers—East, North and South—turned in and are paying to the Western brother money which he could not afford to pay."

Eastern Money for Western Roads

Now the idea of the Reclamation Act has always been that the Government should use the money from the sale and lease of public lands in the Western states to reclaim and irrigate land for the benefit of settlers; the settlers to make repayment in easy installments. It is true that most of the new money that has been invested by the Government in this way has come from the West.

But Mr. Roosevelt must have had some foresight of the mistakes and errors in reclamation, the failure of settlers to repay, the extensions of time, the abandonment of farms and the help asked for, or he would not have kept insisting that reclamation means "payment out of the shares of the three brothers to be spent in the country of the youngest brother."

This is not the place to argue the wisdom of Federal reclamation. Perhaps more money has been wasted in Eastern river and harbor improvements. But the mistakes made in reclamation were largely due to local Western enthusiasms, backed by local political advocates, bringing pressure to allocate funds in the wrong places.

The point is that in any case it is the Far West which has got the $200,000,000 or so of reclamation money. The East may have locked up Western lands, but it has poured the equivalent cash income thereof into the lap of the West, and none too carefully at that.

Roosevelt could have made a far stronger case if he had lived today. The East grumbles along at what it considers the waste of reclamation, but the policy, with minor modifications, still continues. More important by far than that, the Federal Government has adopted a new policy toward the West, that of aiding highway construction, and in this case the money spent is in a sense almost entirely that of the three older brothers. Federal-aid money is spent everywhere, but it is of far greater relative importance to the West. There are Eastern states which get back in Federal aid less than 1 per cent of what they pay, and there are Western states which get back 200 per cent of what they pay.

In a very real sense then the highway system of the West is being built with Eastern money—with the money paid in income taxes by states like New York and Pennsylvania. Thus, though we find Westerners who proclaim that the East is holding back their country, we find just as many Easterners grumbling because they are taxed to develop the West. Why should residents of Maryland be compelled to build roads through the deserts of Nevada? Nor are the grounds of objection selfish only. Federal aid is charged with being a lever to invade the prerogatives of the states, to break down their authority and deaden their initiative. At best it is described as baby food and paternalism; at worst it is denounced as Federal tyranny.

The Place to Raise Taxes

As far as the tax argument is concerned, it may be replied that taxes are always raised where the money is. Right or wrong, the prosperous individual or community must come in for a heavy share of the burdens of government. But more to the point is the fact that though the East pays the taxes, the West has been partly responsible for producing the wealth which enables the East to pay. Dividends and taxes seem to come from New York, but it is largely an illusion. Many a great railroad and mining corporation pays all its Federal taxes from New York, but has not a mile of track or a mine east of the Mississippi River.

States like Colorado, Montana, Utah and Nevada have been emptied of hundreds of millions of mineral wealth. If a tiny fraction of the income taxes paid in their Eastern, or San Francisco, or Los Angeles houses by descendants of rich mine owners goes to build roads in the mountain and desert states whence the wealth originally came, surely there can be no injustice in that.

The fortunes of the country have not as a rule been built out of the local resources of a single given community, but because trade is free throughout forty-eight states. The poorest state helps to enrich the richest, and citizens of the so-called wealthy Eastern states are likewise citizens of the whole nation.

The early transcontinental railroads, especially the Union Pacific, were built with the aid of Federal money, and it was considered no misuse of funds thus to tie the East and West together. All the early Western railroads were given enormous and valuable grants of timber, oil and mineral lands.

This country, so long developed on the basis of railroad transportation, is now beginning to develop on the basis of highway transportation as well, for it is found that the highway must fill in the meshes between the railroads. Thus Federal aid is the sharing of costs made necessary by the growing nature of highway transport. It is needed to articulate the system, to connect stretches of good road, to direct and aid the construction of national arteries in a way which the states and communities have not done and cannot be expected to do.

This is not the place to discuss highway problems beyond saying flatly that the Far West, except for portions of the Pacific Coast, would be far behind its present general development were it not for Federal aid. Possible dangers may lurk in such an extension of Federal power, but the states cannot build the roads themselves, and without the roads they cannot develop.

(Continued on Page 205)

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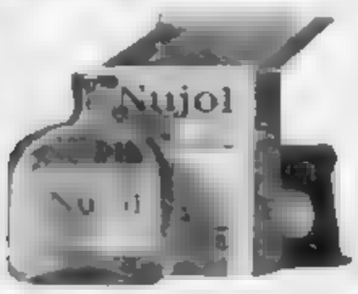

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(Continued from Page 202)

Because of scanty population and meager local resources this region needs an outside start. It cannot lift itself by its boot straps. Even if Uncle Sam gave back to these states all the lands which it now holds in trust, there would be precious little ready money with which to build roads. The money cannot be had until the roads are built, and the roads cannot be built until there is more money.

But if we have any faith in history we must feel sure that improvement in transportation facilities will be followed by development. Even tourist travel in the West is held in check until more roads are built. Only in that way can the transcontinental railroads develop on a large scale the many possible side trips and detours to points of scenic, ethnological and archæological interest.

The national parks and national forests, which are mostly in the West, are visited by millions of Easterners. Interstate travel is constantly increasing. California, with its elaborate highway system and high density of motorization, can be reached from the East only through states like Utah, Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona, which must be aided in the building of the great through transcontinental routes.

Nevada's population is about the same as that of Lansing, Michigan, but its area is almost twice that of the whole state of Michigan. Arizona and New Mexico became states only fourteen years ago; to expect them to provide for continental travel is asking too much.

It is 131 miles from Gallup, New Mexico, to Farmington in the same state; a route whose importance cannot fail to increase as the great oil and mineral resources of Northwestern New Mexico are developed. But 100 miles are across the Navajo Reservation, and Navajo Indians cannot be taxed. Certainly the citizens of New Mexico cannot be expected to build a road, nearly all of which is on Indian reservation and public lands.

In addition to the large sums which the Federal Government spends on main highways throughout the country through the Bureau of Public Roads, other bureaus of the Government which own lands, especially the forest and park services, have special funds of their own for road building. In fact, 35 per cent of all the fees taken in by the Forest Service for timber and grazing permits goes back to the states and localities, 10 per cent of it for road building specifically. It is a question whether this revenue is not worth more to the states than would be the power to tax the lands from which it comes.

Advice for Sheep Men

Naturally the Federal departments and bureaus which control lands in the Western states or extend aid to them are centered in Washington. So it comes about that when there is dissatisfaction in the West the bureaucrats and desk autocrats get it hot and heavy. They are far away and it is always a simple matter to blame those who are at a distance.

Nor are all government employes on the ground—the forest rangers, park superintendents and various bureau engineers—always paragons of wisdom, tact and experience.

The grizzled old sheepman must always have his little joke at the young college-bred forester and Eastern theorist; such, for instance, as the tale of the man who was told to move his sheep off a particular spot.

"But that has been my allotment," he protested; "and besides, there is no other place to lamb."

"Put off your lambing then until later in the season," replied the young ranger.

Now the plain unvarnished truth is that a very large number of the officials, high and low, are themselves thoroughgoing Westerners. The sheepman is not always old and grizzled and the ranger is not always young and inexperienced.

The impression which an outsider gets in meeting forest rangers and supervisors, park rangers and superintendents, reclamation engineers and other officials and civil-service employes in the West is that they are part of the warp and woof of its civilization, as keenly interested in the country as anyone else, just as practical and experienced, and often far older residents of it than the very citizens who occasionally criticize them for being Eastern theorists.

Even in the upper reaches of the Forest Service, in the Washington desk positions, it is a thoroughly Western organization. The chief forester worked in the woods of California more than twenty years ago. One of his chief assistants was connected with the Land Office in the early days in Montana, and was also a member of the Utah bar. Another was born in California and never went East until he was forty. A third was in the cattle business in Arizona—a member of the legislature of the territory, an Indian fighter and chairman of the live-stock board in New Mexico. A fourth was born in Illinois, but his people moved to Idaho when he was a child and he worked there as a timber cruiser. Still another was born in the Central West, but moved to the Southwest as a young man.

When East and West Meet

The head of one of the grazing experiment stations was raised on a Cheyenne ranch, and an assistant district forester in charge of grazing in a large region was the son of a pioneer homesteader in South Dakota, and for years has been in the farming and livestock business himself in that state and in Colorado.

These cases, taken practically at random, are perhaps of no great moment in themselves, except as they illustrate the fact that Easterners and Westerners cannot be easily separated. Government bureaus in Washington are filled with Westerners, and New York is full of men who have made fortunes in the West. The Westerner will say that an Eastern organization or interest wants this or that done in opposition to the West. Often it will be found that the officers or directors of the Eastern organization are themselves Westerners

And if we turn the tables about, we find that most Westerners are themselves Easterners, and often very recent ones at that. It is still rather a distinction to be a native son in one of these states, especially if a man is old enough to be a substantial and important citizen. One of the most vigorous critics of the Government among the Far Western senators was born in Maine.

The white man's West is very new indeed, and the white men in it had to come from somewhere else. Not only that, but its development has depended, and continues to depend, almost entirely upon the coming of more Easterners, especially those with surplus capital This is a universally recognized condition; it is fundamental. Yet obviously the attraction of Easterners with money does not comport well with even a moderate degree of hostility or misunderstanding between the two sections.

"I would like to see this talk of East and West stopped," said a former governor of New Mexico, who is a careful student of conditions in his state. "The time will come when investment opportunities are sure to diminish in the East and the boundaries of the East will be moved farther and farther West. As for the people who live here now and shall continue to live here before that change takes place, their only chance of a livelihood is to attract surplus Eastern capital."

Everyone knows how Los Angeles and its surrounding country have become rich through the incessant inpouring of Easterners, some, at least, with surplus money. It is traditional how in that city, and in many smaller places in other Western states, the newcomers have made money in real estate while the old-timers have sat back and wondered at what was happening. A great deal is said about the reward due

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Cedar Chests are a necessity! Not to use them is lack of economy. The fragrant Tennessee red cedar destroys both moths and larvae. All of the moth-killing oils are retained in the wood by our scientific curing process. We are the pioneer makers of cedar chests. Our life-long experience in this industry is your guarantee of excellence in every chest.

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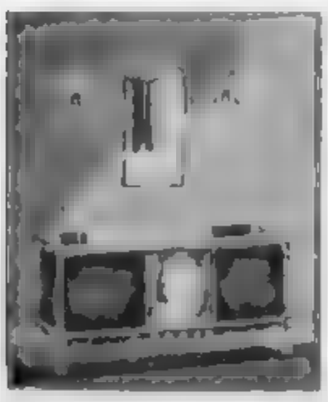

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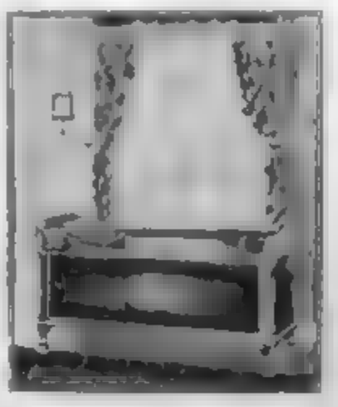
A new Window Seat Chest in a beautiful, rich walnut, with floral decorations



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Treasure Chests CEDAR LINED

the pioneer, but the fact is that all over the West the pushing ahead has been done largely by men who have come in since the pioneer days were over.

I asked a banker in a Southwestern state if conditions were not excellent at the present time. He replied that they were best between 1900 and 1910. "Why should that have been?" I asked.

"Because that was when the greatest number of rich individuals from the East came in. One built a railroad, another irrigated a valley and a third built a town. What made Colorado? The rich people who went to Denver and Colorado Springs for the climate and then became interested in mining."

"You know we have not grown like the rest of California," said the president of the chamber of commerce in a fertile and beautiful but mountain-locked little valley. "We feel that the mountain has shut us off from the world. Our people are all right, but they have nothing but what they have accumulated since they came in here to seek their fortunes. We need more outside capital."

From all over the Far West comes the pathetic cry for more capital, for more people with capital. Early one morning I alighted from a transcontinental train at a little tank station in Eastern Nevada. I had hardly met the local editor and the druggist, who were to show me around, before they began as follows:

"What this place needs is the right class of people—those with money to invest—if only a dribble to get us over the hump. We need people who can start on something besides a shoe string."

The West has always been held back by high interest rates, which still range in many places from 6½ per cent or 7 per cent upward. A business man in an Arizona city went to an old money lender and so-called banker to get a subscription for a chamber-of-commerce advertising campaign. "No," said the money lender, "you might bring people from the East who would lend as low as 8 per cent."

If for no other reason than to wear down the interest rate, the West must continue to add Easterners to its population. One reason the East remains rich and powerful is because money rates are low, and they are low because the region is rich and powerful. It is a cycle hard to break.

Absentee Developers

Dependent as the West is upon individuals from the East with capital to invest, it is even more dependent upon the Eastern corporation—that is, the corporation which has a head office in New York, which is chartered, perhaps, in an Eastern state and is owned mostly by widows and orphans in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The old prospector, weather-beaten and white bearded, with his pack train of burros, is one of the high figures of romance, like the cowboy. No doubt he deserves all the laurels he gets, although why the Western pioneer, in search of fortune, is so much more deserving than the man who starts a new factory in Detroit or some other city is not easy to see.

Just because the big mining companies, the great experimental and exploratory mining organizations have their head offices in New York, it must not be supposed that they do not also develop the West. As the country grows, there will be an increasing use of the oil and coal resources of the mountain states, and often the big Eastern companies can, and already do, carry on this work more effectively than penniless prospectors or original lessees.

Many a finely maintained and improved copper or coal mine or oil development will be found in remote places in the rough mountain states, with some hard-boiled Wall Street capitalist taking a real pride in the technical and working conditions.

Anything like large-scale development of Western mineral resources depends chiefly upon Eastern corporations. The material used in spark plugs, and found in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is not owned or used by local people, but by great manufacturing concerns in states like Michigan and Ohio.

Highways, built with Federal aid, are essential to the development of the West, as we have seen. But the railroads, with their headquarters in Chicago or New York, owned in the East and controlled for the most part by Eastern directors, are vital to the Far West's very existence. Without the transcontinental railroads it would not be a white man's country at all. It would still be the Great American Desert.

Steel Life Lines

The Far West feels that freight rates are too high, and it grumbles now and then at what it considers the inadequate representation which it has on the boards of directors of the great Western rail systems.

But there are state governments which could hardly function if it were not for the taxes paid by these companies. True it is that in early days the Government was lavish with land grants, but it would almost seem as if the railroads were now paying dearly for this early generosity in their present support of the states through which they run.

One single railroad system pays 25 per cent of all the taxes in the state of New Mexico, and as high as 75 per cent in one county. A county in Nevada was rescued from failure to meet its interest obligations by the building of a railroad through it.

Much of the Far West lacks navigable rivers and is separated from other parts of the country by mountains and deserts. Practically everything produced is exported by rail and everything consumed is imported in the same way. The railroads are veritable life lines.

It is usually found advantageous for even the new transcontinental highways, built so largely with Federal aid, to follow closely the railroad lines. From the train one does not notice so much, but from the highway the transcontinental traveler realizes vividly that the railroads are to this country what gas is to his motor or air to the swimmer. Such a country must be far more thickly settled than now before the highway even begins to take the railroad's place.

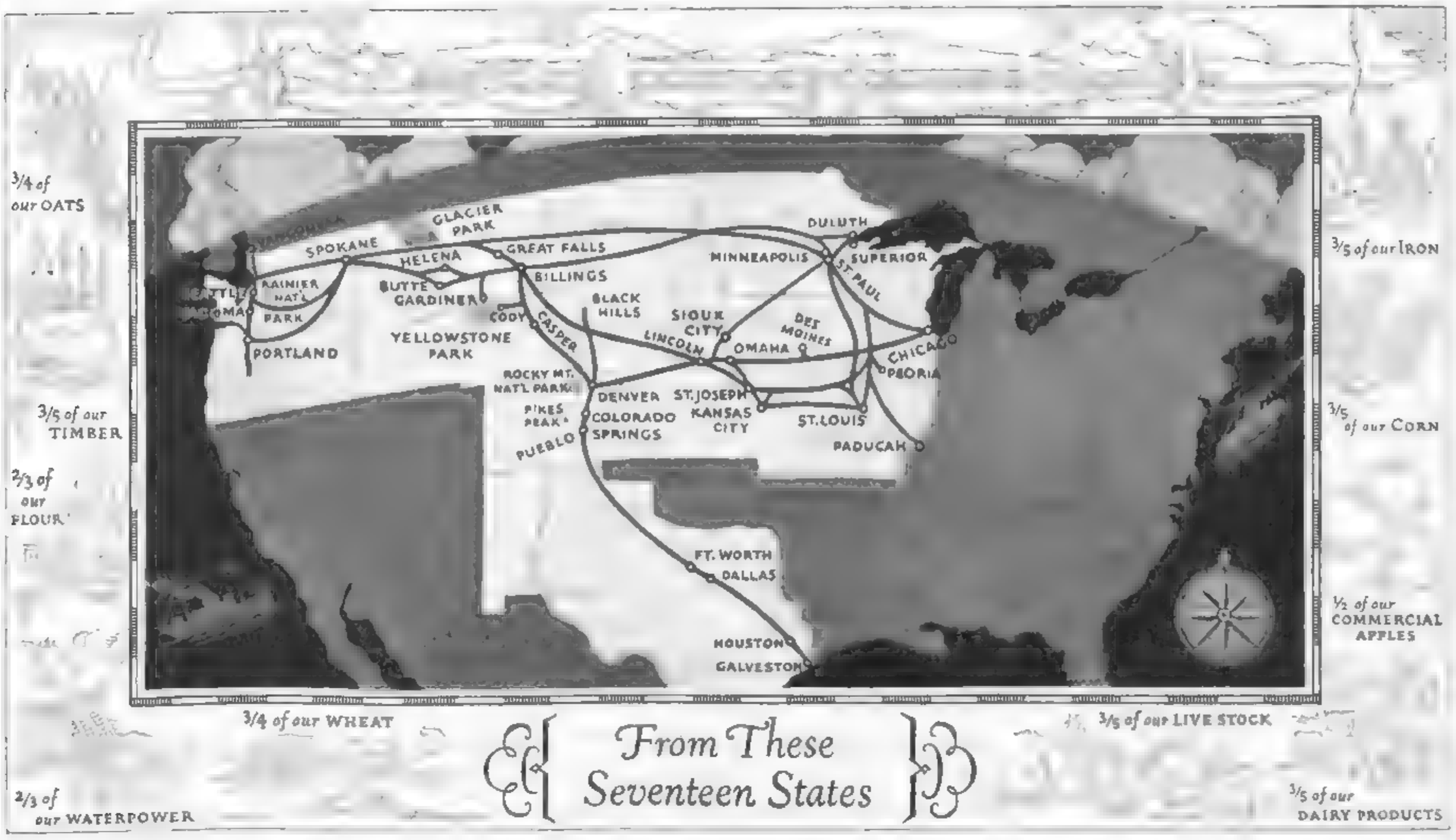
In the desert and mountain country development has more or less radiated from the railroads. Points which they choose for local shops, like Albuquerque, Reno, Tucson and San Bernardino, are by that very act rendered important centers.

Much as each local community desires a new highway, the building of a new railroad is even yet a vastly more important event. New railroad constructions in Southeastern Oregon, in Southern Arizona and down the west coast of Mexico to connect with the present line from Arizona are considered among the most hopeful indications of future development in the West today.

In time the Santa Fe from the south, and the Denver & Rio Grande or possibly the Union Pacific from the north, will tap far more extensively than now the great four-corners' area of Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona, with its oil and other mineral resources. It is in ways like this that whole cycles of new wealth production are started. Because the owners, directors and head offices of these railroad corporations are elsewhere, the West at times regards them as outsiders or aliens. Yet the fortunes and fate of West and railroad are indissolubly linked.

There is no such thing as separating the four brothers of which Roosevelt and his fellow debater spoke. Their interests, though not wholly identical, are joined at many points. If I have been able in the least degree to show the reader how artificial much of the appearance of difference is, this article has accomplished its purpose East is West and West is East.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Atwood. The next will appear in an early issue



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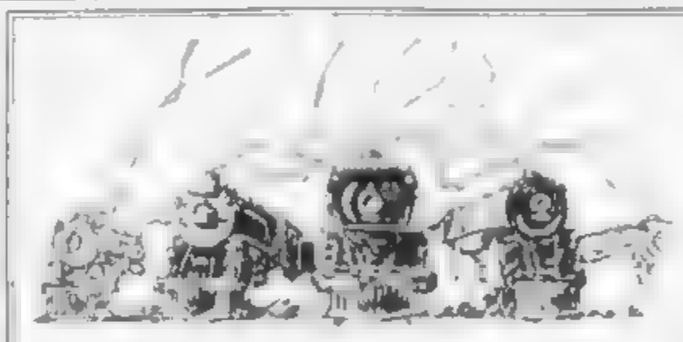
Over 27,000 miles of connecting, natural transportation lines—*the West's greatest system!*



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* * *

Servant of this empire and servant of the nation that is fed, clothed and sustained is the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. It carries more grain than any other railroad. It carries more livestock than any other railroad. It carries more food products than any other railroad in the world.

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DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH

(Continued from Page 27)

the flowered furniture; the velvet carpet was the same, but the canopied bed made a striking contrast; it was a beautiful affair, with curtains of rose damask suspended over it from a great cockleshell of gold at the top.

"It's like the room of a princess," she thought.

She picked up a new novel and turned the pages, but she did not read. The maid came in to put fresh wood on the fire and to ask at what hour she would like her bath.

"Dinner is at eight. There will be several other guests."

Sylvia nodded, told her to put out her silver gown, and to call her at 7:15. Then she sank back against the comfortable pillows of the chaise longue.

"He does it awfully well," she said to herself. But as she drifted off to sleep she was not thinking at all of Mason's efficiency as a host or, indeed, of his usefulness to Courtney.

When she went down to dinner two hours later, she knew exactly of what she had been thinking. No one was in the drawing-room except Mason. He got up from his chair and put down the newspaper as she came toward him in a slim silver gown with a scarf of delphinium blue over one bare shoulder. He looked directly at her. "I don't like those earrings."

Her hands went up to her face; involuntarily she started to unscrew the long diamond ornaments. Then she paused, her cheeks flushed with sudden embarrassment. Her *savoir-faire* disappeared; she felt like a little girl who has gone to a party expecting to be admired and is told there is a smudge on her nose. Something of this must have shown in her eyes, for he spoke with gentleness.

"I only meant that you are more beautiful without them."

She became grown-up once more at these accustomed words of flattery. She quickly put on the armor of laughter by which mature people shield themselves alike from pin pricks and from mortal wounds. She was self-confident again as she smiled up at him.

"I always liked them," she said. "Because they belonged to my grandmother, and the stones are real, and full of flaws. Paste ones are too perfect."

"Then you like rough diamonds?"

She had never seen eyes so blue and so direct as his. They told you nothing, but they saw everything you tried to hide from them. She had been thinking of them all that time up in her room when she had tried to read.

As he glanced away from her now, she realized that someone else was coming toward them. Hastily she took off the earrings and put them into his hand.

"Keep them for me."

He had transferred them to the pocket of his dinner coat before Courtney had crossed the room.

"What are you two talking so earnestly about?" he asked.

Sylvia glanced toward Mason, as she answered, "Rough diamonds."

Courtney's glance was apprehensive; then, as he saw the smile on his host's face, he relaxed.

"Great place you've got here. I never saw such bathrooms. I feel like a Roman emperor in mine. Who built the house?"

"Don't remember the man's name—some war profiteer, I think—who began it. When I bought it it was only half finished; the man had died in the meantime, and his widow hadn't enough money to live in it. So I was able to put my own ideas into finishing it. I went to Europe after I'd bought it and took an architect and a photographer along. Then, when I saw a room I liked somewhere, I'd tell them I wanted that reproduced here. The result is there aren't any periods."

"I hate period rooms," said Sylvia, quite forgetting Courtney's perfect Louis Quatorze drawing-room in town. "For of course no such things ever existed during the periods themselves! I think mine is the most charming bedroom I've ever seen."

"Oh, I got that out of a picture," said Mason. "I'm glad you like it. No one's used it before."

At that moment a servant opened the doors leading from the hall, and a flood of women's voices and perfume and bright dresses ushered in the half-dozen other guests.

Courtney had occasion to whisper, "You're going strong! Good for you! And I've never seen you look so lovely."

In order not to answer him, Sylvia moved forward. She knew the four other women, and she disliked each one, although she had never realized it until she saw them all together. Two of them, as it happened, were the wives of newly rich, self-made men. She had encountered them on various charity boards and at large parties. They were handsome, beautifully dressed and self-assured beyond any assurance mere personal self-satisfaction could produce, for they relied upon the power, completely outside themselves, of their husbands' money. They greeted Sylvia with arrogance, partly in order to forestall any possible arrogance on her part and also to show their indifference to her and whatever she thought she stood for.

Sylvia found herself standing beside the third woman, who was much the prettiest of the group, in a picture gown of apple-green taffeta which hung perilously low over her white, rounded bosom and shoulders. She was Mildred Lacey-Smith, the daughter of old Bill Lacey, as her father, who had made and lost several fortunes, had been called. She was small and her voice was soft and her hair was golden, and every now and then she made some witty but shocking remark in a manner so innocent that it was impossible to believe she could understand her own meaning.

From the moment she entered the room her wide blue eyes never left the face of her host. When dinner was announced, he came toward them and asked Sylvia if she would sit at the head of the table.

"My aunt isn't coming down," he said. "She doesn't enjoy parties like this."

Mrs. Lacey-Smith took his arm with a proprietary gesture. "You haven't even telephoned me for two whole days!" she said in her sweet childlike voice.

Sylvia wanted to shake her. They had gone to school together; old Bill Lacey had blackmailed some of his business associates into getting Mildred into a good and unusually exclusive school. The year of her debut she had married Howland Smith, whose family connections had made her social position secure; but she had tired of his friends, whom she declared stuffy, and he had disliked hers, who were rowdy, and after her father's final failure she had suddenly divorced him. No one knew the reason. She had one child—an extremely picturesque little girl with long golden curls. They had often been painted together according to the best Romney traditions. Sylvia had once said that the only time Mildred saw the child was during the hours in some artist's studio when she was posing for these pictures. Certainly there could have been little place for the child in the life which her mother led; she had that which she always referred to as a *pied-à-terre* in New York, but she seemed to live chiefly with the group of friends with whom she had come tonight. When they chartered a private car to go to the Kentucky Derby, or motored up to Saratoga Springs to occupy a whole corridor of rooms during the races, they always took Mildred along. At other times she stayed with them at their country places or their Florida villas, or went with them to Paris for a month's shopping.

Her popularity with wives was contrary to all masculine theories, for she was much the prettiest and most charmingly dressed

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FLEXIBLE FLYER

Look for this mark on the sled you buy. Beware of imitations.

The sled that *really* steers!

of the group. But for various reasons they found her indispensable; she could always be relied upon to distract the attention of an overwatchful jealous husband, and it was said that her skill in this regard, as well as her willingness to produce the proper alibi at the crucial moment, had averted more than one domestic crisis. She had excellent taste; she advised her friends as to the best milliners, dressmakers, and *antiquaires*. If the shopkeepers paid her a commission, as her enemies hinted, the women to whose bills these commissions were added did not care. Perhaps they realized as men did not, that underneath her excessive femininity, her curves and perfumes and soft voice and sky-blue eyes, she was fundamentally hard. She did not seek love; an ermine cloak would do much better, thank you. She had a beautiful one, as a matter of fact. It had formed an effective background for last winter's portrait of herself and her little girl.

"And in exchange for the cloak and the picture, I'll wager she gave nothing more damaging or generous than the honey of flattery," Sylvia's thoughts terminated.

She sat down at the head of the long polished table with its exquisite lace and silver-gilt candelabra; she turned to the man on her right. "What a beautiful service!"

She looked across the bowls of red roses and the pyramids of colorful fruits—red apples and yellow pears and purple grapes—to the other end of the table, where Mildred Lacey-Smith was leaning toward Mason; the folds of her apple-green gown touched his black dinner coat; her glistening golden hair was not far from his cheek.

Halfway down the table she saw Courtney; he was talking in his most animated way to his dinner partner. From his expression of rapt attention an outsider would have assumed that he found her more interesting than any woman he had ever seen.

The man on Sylvia's left claimed her attention. While he related a long and almost pointless anecdote, Sylvia had an excellent chance to sort out her own thoughts. They brought her little comfort, however, and the unpleasantness of her mood was increased as she considered the dreadful half hour she would have when the women had left the men over their cigars. Then to her surprise this problem was solved by the arrival at the table of coffee and liqueurs.

"Mason really does it awfully well!" she said again to herself. She reviewed the details of the dinner; there had not been too many courses, but each one had been perfect. She wondered who guided Mason in his housekeeping; involuntarily she glanced down at the end of the table. Mildred Lacey-Smith, in the process of lighting a cigarette from their host's *briquet*, had put one hand over his. Sylvia knew this gesture well. She looked away, but not before she had caught Mason's eye. For a second she thought that he was trying to communicate something to her, then she realized that he was only trying to signal to her to rise.

She got up and took the arm of her partner with almost exaggerated formality. As they led the way toward the oak-paneled library she heard Courtney saying in his most gallant, and insincere, manner, "I think it's too unkind of you, Mrs. Braite, not to have asked me once to your house since you got back from Europe. Is that what being presented at the Court of St. James does to old friendships?"

And Mrs. Braite, completely deceived, answered honestly, "But I asked you so many times before when you couldn't come that I thought you didn't really want to. You know we always love having you. I wonder if two weeks from now ——"

Sylvia sat down in a high-backed needlepoint chair in front of the great Normandy fireplace. Courtney came over to her as soon as he had deposited Mrs. Braite on a sofa, next to Mrs. Lacey-Smith, who was her house guest.

"Be a little bit nice to them, won't you?" His voice was too low for anyone else to hear. He adjusted a footstool on which she rested her slender silver-shod feet.

"Has Mr. Braite just been made director of some new company?"

He looked at her in surprise. "As a matter of fact, he has. Darn it all, he asked me last year to put him up at a club and I shied it. Now I suppose I've got to do it." He glanced toward the sofa. "Especially as they're so close to Mildred."

"What has she to do with it?"

But she knew the answer even before he inclined his head significantly in the direction of their host. "She's played her cards awfully well to land him. Smart woman. Poisonous, but smart."

Then, as Mason came toward them, Courtney turned to the sofa. "You ought to be painted in that green dress."

Mildred moved over invitingly. "Sit down here." She began to talk to him in her soft childlike voice, but she missed no movement of Mason's as he stood beside Sylvia's chair.

"I was sorry I couldn't talk to you at dinner," he said. "There are a lot of things I'd like to ask your opinion about. And then I was sorry, too, that I'd been so rude about those earrings. You must have thought me even worse than—well, even worse than you probably expected me to be."

The servants prepared two card tables.

Mildred jumped to her feet. "Oh, I must have some bridge. I promised my dressmaker I'd play my best all this weekend." Everyone laughed. Courtney raised an expressive eyebrow as his glance met Sylvia's.

It was midnight when the last motor car had driven away and Mason and Sylvia and Courtney were left alone.

"Lord, it's stuffy in here!" Mason looked around at the heaped-up ash trays and empty glasses and scattered score cards. "Let's go into the drawing-room for a nightcap. Aunt Mary will join us in a minute; she always sits up until everyone's left and then comes down to talk it over. I'll just go up and tell her the coast is clear."

The moment they were alone, Courtney said, "I've the most priceless thing to tell you, Sylvia—dozens of them, as a matter of fact, but this really is peerless. I happened to glance down the table at Mason when the duck was being served, and I heard him, with my own ears, scold the butler for not bringing him a spoon to eat his peas with!"

"How amusing!"

"Amusing? It's epoch-making. Think of a man like that being able to live in a house like this, and run banks, and advise foreign premiers, and control our destinies. . . . Are you tired, my dear?"

"Yes, awfully." She tucked her feet up under her and wrapped her blue scarf around her shoulders.

"It will soon be over. But just think of all it means if it goes well."

Mrs. Day came in wearing the same dark-blue dress and eyeglasses she had worn in the afternoon. "Now tell me all about the party." She sat down on the big sofa.

There was something so simple and refreshing about her that Sylvia wanted to put her head over on the unfashionable plump shoulder and weep.

Instead, she said with sincerity, "It was one of the nicest dinners I've ever gone to." She described the food and wines with warm appreciation.

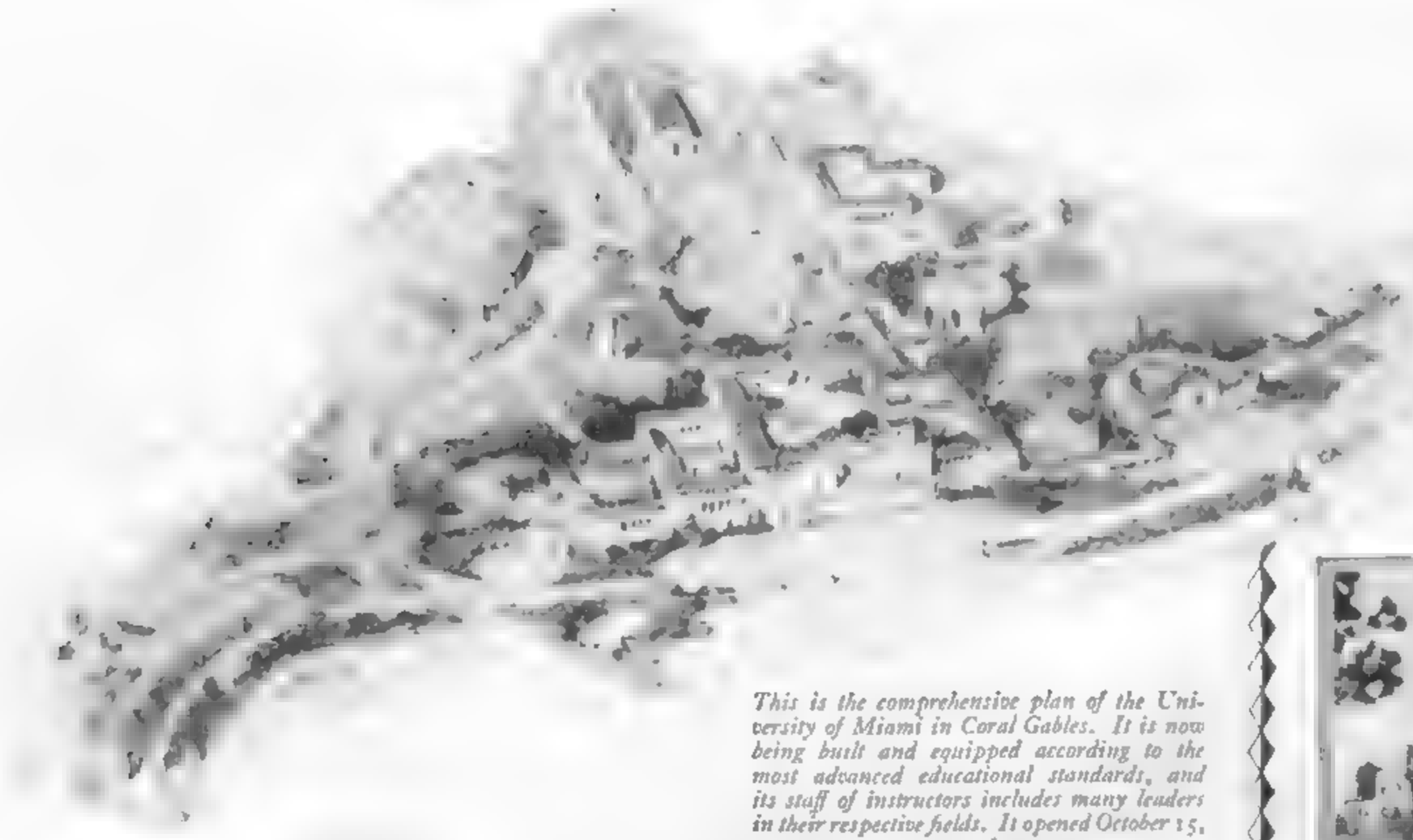
"Oh, I know all about that." Mrs. Day took off her glasses and her dark eyes appeared very bright indeed. "I had everything sent up to me on a tray and I ate every course. But I want to know who came and what they said, and what the women wore."

"Mrs. Lacey-Smith was the prettiest," Sylvia began. She noticed the inquiring look which Mrs. Day turned on her nephew, but she went on describing her gown and her golden hair parted in the middle.

"Oh, I know her! Tell me about the others."

They talked for half an hour or more, and when they had all said good night the two women went up the stairs together.

(Continued on Page 213)



This is the comprehensive plan of the University of Miami in Coral Gables. It is now being built and equipped according to the most advanced educational standards, and its staff of instructors includes many leaders in their respective fields. It opened October 15, 1926.

3133 *students are now enrolled*

in 9 new public and private schools, including the University of Miami, in Coral Gables

Coral Gables cares for the mental advancement of its youth in the same thorough manner that marks all its activities. The Ponce de Leon High School group on its fifteen-acre campus consists of 3 finished buildings with 4 additional units planned. The Elementary School consists of 5 finished buildings, including a handsome auditorium. All these public school buildings are completely equipped, and the architecture as well as the climate permits most of the work to be done in open-air classrooms. In addition, well-known private schools have constructed permanent and beautiful buildings. Among these are the Montmare School, the Coral Gables Military Academy, and St. Joseph's Academy.

Most important of all is the University of Miami, planned as a center of educational life for the southeastern states and Latin-America. Its plans call for the expenditure of 15 million dollars, of which nearly 9 million dollars has been contributed or pledged. The University opened on October 15, 1926, with an enrolment of 980 students. The complete story of the University of Miami has been prepared and will be sent to you at your request, together with other vital information. Write to Dept. S-4, Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables, Florida.

Such are the educational and cultural advantages of Coral Gables. Investigate them. Compare them. And you will have at least one reason why so many families have chosen Coral Gables as their permanent, year-round home. . . . What is more important to *you* in selecting a home than such educational facilities as these?

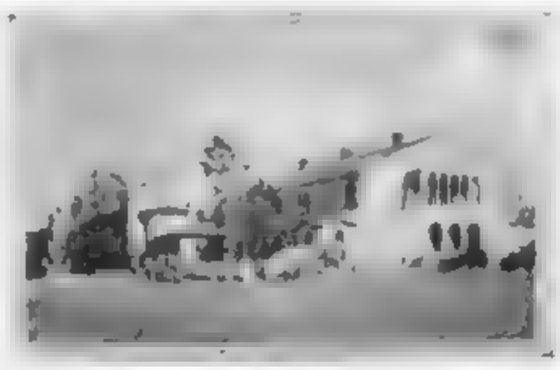
City of Coral Gables

A Unit of Greater *Miami, Florida*

This is one of the new buildings of the Ponce de Leon High School group in Coral Gables, with an enrolment of 606. With kindergartens, elementary and high schools, and the University of Miami, Coral Gables now affords complete education for all ages.

This is the Coral Gables Military Academy. Applications for the year 1926-27 were so numerous that additional facilities were added.

This is St. Joseph's Academy, a branch of the famous old St. Augustine school of the same name. It has had such excellent patronage since its beginning, two years ago, that new units have been planned.



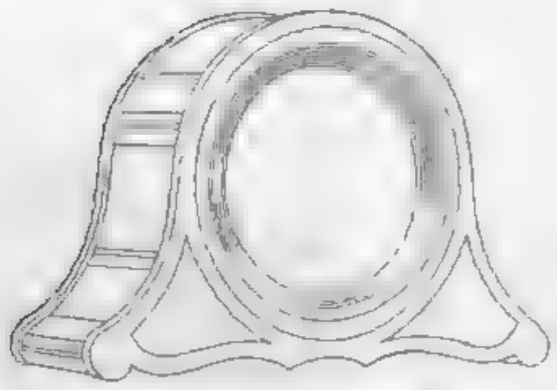
This is the Coral Gables Elementary School, the finest and most complete public school building, not only in the Miami district, but in Dade County. Enrolment 875.

MAGNAVOX Radio

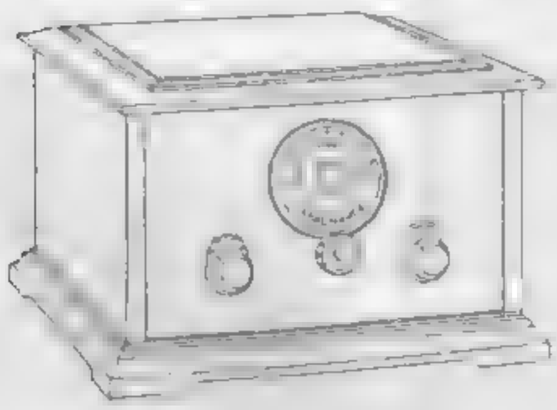
SINGLE DIAL

Piedmont Model, shown in illustration. Two tone mahogany cabinet, built-in Magnavox cone speaker. Without accessories $175.

—to hear, to see, to operate it is a new adventure in radio



Magnavox Cone Speaker: Stanford Model (mahogany cabinet), $35. Reproduces every note and instrument with utmost realism. Covers entire tonal scale. The greatest advance since the *original* loud speaker, also created by The Magnavox Company. Operates with any radio set.



Junior Model: $85 without accessories. Beautiful mahogany cabinet. Same 5-tube circuit as all other Magnavox models.

RADIO entertainment and ownership take on new meaning with a *Magnavox* single dial set. First you are surprised by the simplicity of operation. Just turn the dial to any available station and the program starts. It is just that simple—no tedious tuning.

Next you are amazed by the power, the clearness, the sheer lifelikeness of the incoming sound. Perhaps for the first time you are hearing a perfectly tuned set—for every *Magnavox* is pre-tuned at the factory by a tuning meter. You can't match its accuracy when tuning two or three dials "by ear."

And then the simple beauty of *Magnavox* sets! That also is a result of single dial control. As the feminine influence is felt more and more the set with a formidable array of dials, switches and panels becomes more and more obsolete in style. You may be certain that today's *Magnavox* will endure and grow in your esteem.

Magnavox created the original loud speaker and perfected the single dial set. The name carries the prestige of fifteen years of conspicuous achievement in radio. *Magnavox* models range from $75 to $260—the $75 model fits right into your phonograph. . . . Let the *Magnavox* dealer demonstrate—if you don't know him, write us.

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • *Oakland, California*

R. S. Williams & Sons, Ltd., Toronto, Distrs. for Canada [not including B.C.] 52©1926

(Continued from Page 210)

"My room's right next to yours," Mrs. Day said. "If you need anything, just let me know."

As she opened her door Sylvia caught a glimpse of a bedroom so incongruous with anything else in the house that she paused to observe its details.

"Come on in," Mrs. Day insisted.

At first glance the girl wondered if some ultra-modern decorator had foisted upon them the carved walnut bed and marble-topped bureau and rocking-chairs of the late-Victorian era. But Mrs. Day reassured her.

"This is the exact duplicate of my room at home. I didn't want to come on here where I didn't know anyone and where people talk and act different from folks at home. But you know how men are—they never realize just how we feel—and my nephew meant it for the best. He thought—he still thinks—that he's done everything for me in having me live with him, and of course I wouldn't have him know the truth for anything. But what I began to say was that when I first told him I couldn't come because I'd be too homesick, he arranged to have all this furniture sent on, and even had an architect go out to my home and measure my bedroom and my sitting room so I could have them exactly the same here. Why, I've even got the same bay window for my bird cage to hang in." She pulled back the ugly green curtains so that Sylvia could see it. "I guess it looks kind of funny from the outside to have windows like that, when all the rest of the house has that fancy kind that shut the wrong way."

Her friendliness was contagious; Sylvia settled down in one of the cushioned rocking-chairs to listen to all that Mrs. Day would tell her of life in the town of ten thousand inhabitants which she had so regretfully exchanged for that which she called the fleshpots of Long Island.

"Of course while I was living there I didn't realize how much it meant to me, or how much I'd miss things like the Ladies' Aid and getting ready for the church fair, and so on. But do you know the thing I miss most of all? It's funny, and I've never told anybody else before, but I miss most of all, not having the neighbors run in to borrow! You know how it is in a little place—someone's always discovering at the last moment that they're out of baking powder just when the biscuits are ready to be put in the oven, or that they need one more egg to finish the salad dressing; then they run across the yard and borrow it. Between them borrowing and you borrowing, and both of you paying it back and maybe sending over some of the hot biscuits or a dish of the salad dressing when it's finished, you see a good deal of the people right around you." She looked out of the incongruous bay window into the darkness of the night. She laughed a little, as if at her own vain hopes. "I guess our nearest neighbor here is about half a mile off. Anyway, I've lived here a year and never seen them. And whoever they are, they're not likely to need anything."

Sylvia had a sudden vision of her cousins' correctly formal establishment, presided over by a gray-haired butler who could chill the heart of the most formidable if he did not consider its possessor a worthy guest. She smiled back at Mrs. Day. "No, I suppose they don't need things like that anyway."

Neither of them could foresee that two days later the imperious Miss Bradley would put herself in the position of a neighbor wanting to borrow something—something, moreover, of vital concern to them both.

II

SYLVIA hesitated to telephone her cousins; in fact, the morning after the dinner she and Courtney wasted an hour of golden November sunlight because of her hesitation. She had breakfasted in her room, but when she went downstairs after eleven he joined her in the library.

"Everything's going beautifully!" His tone was that of a conspirator.

"You talk as if we were laying plans to loot our host's safe!"

He looked at her in surprise. "Don't be snappish, Sylvia."

"Can't I even be snappish if I want to?" Then she laughed at her own ill humor.

"It really is going beautifully. I was down bright and early to breakfast with the family. Lord, it was painful!"

"Why didn't you have a tray in your room?"

"I didn't dare. They don't do that out in the great open spaces where Mason came from. Where men are men they eat ham and eggs around the dining-room table if it kills them. But as I started to say, you seem to have absolutely hypnotized Mrs. Day! She thinks you're wonderful. What kind of a treatment did you give her?"

Sylvia's chin went into the air. "I like her."

"Now don't be funny at this hour of the morning. I can't bear it."

"But I do."

"All right. If that's your story, stick to it. And now don't you think you'd like to keep on being a good girl and telephone the Bradley sisters? Mason and his aunt have lived here for a year and they haven't even a bowing acquaintance with them. Your cousins are fond enough of you, so that if they knew you were here the least they could do would be to ask us all over to tea. I know Mason would appreciate it tremendously."

"But Mrs. Day couldn't go over there until after they'd called on her."

"Good Lord, she doesn't know that, you goose! And if she's happened to read the book of etiquette, just tell her that whatever the custom is at Podunk, calling is *démodé* in these parts."

"But it isn't, under these circumstances, Court'"

"Darling, I don't know whether to shake you or kiss you. You've got to snap out of this mood somehow."

They kept it up until they heard the sound of a motor car on the graveled drive. Through the long French windows they saw Mason returning from golf. She hoped that he would come in and speak to them, but he only waved a friendly hand through the open doorway which led into the hall.

"I'm going up to change. Lunch is at one"

When he had disappeared, Courtney said, "I don't want to be too insistent, but it might make all the difference in landing this job if you would telephone, Sylvia."

She got up. "All right. I'll do it from my room."

It occurred to her on the way upstairs that she had been dangerously near forgetting the reason for her visit.

When she was informed by her cousins' English butler that neither of the Misses Bradley could speak on the telephone, but that he would take the message, she replied in her most commanding tones that there was no message he could take, except to say that Miss Sylvia Bradley desired to speak to one of them immediately.

At this a woman's voice cut in, "Good morning, Sylvia—this is Mathilda. . . . Hang up, Parsons. . . . I seldom talk, but I always listen in, for then I'm sure to get the messages straight. Where are you?"

"I'm staying with your next-door neighbor, Grant Mason, Cousin Mathilda. And I want you and Cousin Martha to put some pasteboards into your hands and come over today and leave them on his aunt, Mrs. Day."

"Oh, you do, do you? Courtney there, I suppose."

"Yes."

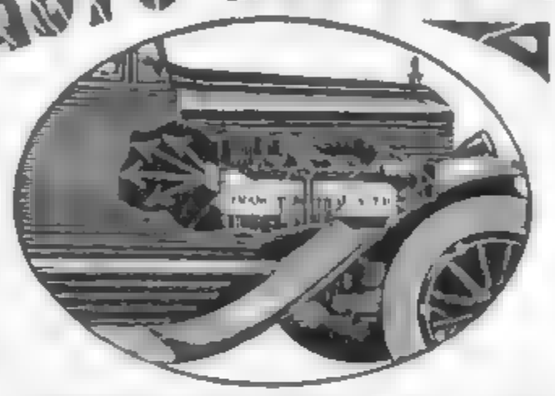
"H'm."

Sylvia could almost hear the other's thoughts, as she put two and two together and emerged with the triumphal discovery that they totaled four.

"Think he'd give Courtney a directorship in the bank if we called?"

"Don't know whether he would or not." Sylvia's voice was as cold and hard as an

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER



Brings You Summer Driving Comfort on Coldest Winter Days

THE FIRESIDE comfort that bars winter's chilling grip from your home, can be duplicated just as surely in your car. The heat is there now. A FRANCISCO HEATER makes it available. The FRANCISCO ends forever the annual winter punishment of driving with numb hands, cold feet, tingling nose and shivery spine; it lets you discard clumsy gloves and cumbersome wraps and drive with the same freedom and comfort that you have in pleasant summer days.

For All Makes of Cars

The FRANCISCO principle, fully covered by basic patents, has been applied to every standard automobile. Whatever the model of your car, your dealer can readily secure a FRANCISCO HEATER to fit it. Tens of thousands of these heaters have been installed on open cars with excellent results. The quantity of warmth furnished by the FRANCISCO HEATER is large enough to quickly bring to thoroughly comfortable temperature the interior of a big touring car equipped with curtains even on coldest winter days. The FRANCISCO is *guaranteed* to deliver heat in greater volume than any other heater made!

Ventilates While It Heats

Start your motor and the heat starts almost instantly from the FRANCISCO register. Fresh, clean air, taken from back of the fan, is warmed over the manifold and delivered directly into the front of the car. So positive is its volume and circulation, that the air in the car is completely changed every two or three minutes. Ventilation is perfect. No stuffiness in the car; no chances for exhaust gases to enter the heater. No sweating of glass and no frosting of windows.

More Perfect Carburetion

The FRANCISCO is the only heater that completely encloses *both* manifolds—one of the patented features. It thus serves, in addition to heating the car, as a hot-spot and intake shield, greatly increasing motor efficiency. Careful road tests by university engineers have shown that the installation of a FRANCISCO actually brings the motor up to summer efficiency—saving as high as 20% in gasoline through better carburetion.

The FRANCISCO HEATER interferes with no function of the car or motor. It is never in the way, requires no attention and will outlast the car. Heat may be controlled at a touch. Get the genuine FRANCISCO HEATER—today. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us

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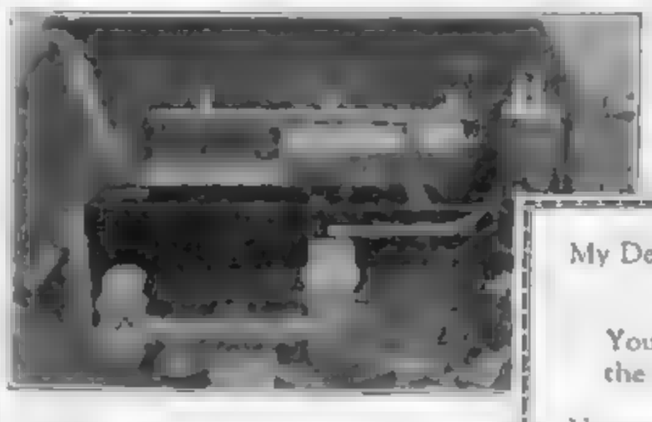


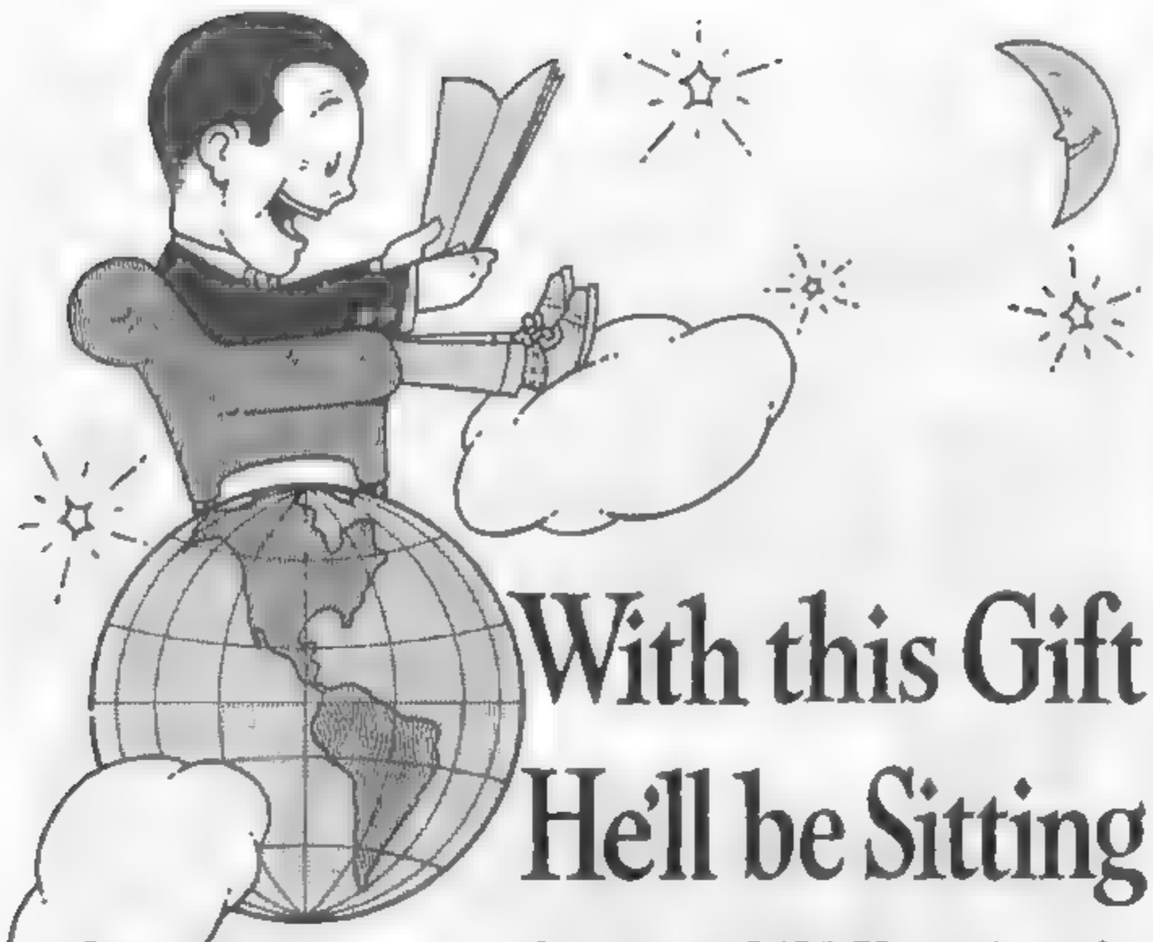
Illustration above shows FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER installed on Buick.

My Dealer's name is:

You may send me information about the FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER

Name

Address



With this Gift He'll be Sitting On Top of the World!

WHEN Christmas Day has come and gone, will you be one of the many who gave him a set of hand-painted galluses, a moustache cup, or something *almost*, if not quite, as useless? Or will your remembrance make him feel he is "sitting on top of the world," all set to enjoy a year-long Christmas? Would you like to pack his evenings full of pleasure every week throughout the year? Then give him—

The Saturday Evening Post

Only $2 for 52 Big Issues

Father, brother, uncle or friend! Does he favor high adventure and romance? Does he like the out-of-doors? Does he chuckle with the fun-makers? Is he interested in business, politics, science, art? Then he'll like *The Post*. And every Thursday he'll recall anew your thoughtfulness in giving him so many zestful hours among the greatest authors and authorities.

You won't even have to write a letter to announce your gift. We'll mail him, without charge to you, an unusually colorful announcement, *in your name*, to arrive in the Christmas mail.

In half an hour—at small expense—you can do away with all the tiresome shopping trips, the worry of deciding what to give, the bother of wrapping and mailing.

An All-Year Announcement

Two Other Excellent Gifts

For any woman—
The Ladies' Home Journal
Monthly, $1 a year (Foreign, $2.50)

For any rural home—
The Country Gentleman
Monthly, $1 for three years (Foreign, $2.50)

Order now, through one of our authorized representatives, or direct from the address below. You'll find a convenient order form in subscription copies of this issue.

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icicle. "And I don't care whether you come or not, if that's the way you feel about it."

"We'll be there, my dear. *Noblesse oblige*, et cetera. Also, I've been dying to meet the man myself. He stayed with Lady Patricia Radnor in England last year, and she said he was the most attractive American she'd ever met, and she thought we were idiots not to know him over here."

Sylvia hung up the receiver. So that was the way they felt! She couldn't even take any credit for inducing her cousins to call. There apparently was no coinage in which she could repay Mason for his hospitality. The guest of Patricia Radnor, indeed! She knew the black-haired minx; they'd gone to school in Paris together. It seemed as if all the girls she'd ever known at school were on Mason's trail.

She was thinking so intently about Mildred Lacey-Smith as she went down to luncheon that she was not surprised to find her in the library, drinking a cocktail with Courtney. "It's like evoking the devil by looking into the flames," she thought. She greeted the other with the manner which Courtney called "Grade B, skimmed."

But if Mildred observed any withholding of the cream of cordiality, she paid no attention to it. "I was just telling Courtney about the most divine thing that happened this morning at the Braites'. Jim Braite's mother is staying there now. They usually manage to keep her hidden away in some hamlet of Europe or California, but she comes up for air occasionally, and this the unfortunate moment. Well, my dear, she came into Dora's room this morning while I was there, and tried to tell her maid, in French, what was the matter with her mattress!"

Mildred's eyes, beneath a hat of red felt, gave the effect of bright blue enamel, as she brought the story to its extremely funny conclusion. The impropriety of the story did not seem important to Sylvia; moreover, it was told in excellent French, which most English-speaking people seem to regard as a medium which renders any subject permissible. But she did resent Mildred's way of implying that she and Sylvia and Courtney, being initiated members of the *haut monde*, would find amusing almost any word or deed of outsiders like their respective hosts. Moreover, she began to have a revulsion of feeling against the type of conversation which consists solely in recounting the mistakes and *faux pas* committed by other people. It was the easiest way in the world to be amusing; she knew that she herself had been guilty of it in the past, but she defended herself now by thinking that at least her malice had never been directed against the simple and unaffected, but only against the pretentious.

Mrs. Day appeared at the door just then, and Sylvia found herself moving toward her instinctively.

"I hope you slept well," said Mason's aunt. "I felt kind of guilty after you'd gone to bed last night, for fear I'd kept you up too late, but I enjoyed your visit with me so much I couldn't help it."

Sylvia hoped with all her heart that Courtney was not listening. Then, as she heard his voice and Mildred's engaged in an unintelligible but apparently very amusing dialogue, she felt relieved.

"I enjoyed it just as much," she said. "I hope we can have many more."

They had moved toward the others as they talked; now Mildred came forward. "How do you do, Mrs. Day? I'm Mrs. Lacey-Smith. I hope you haven t forgotten me."

"No, indeed. I remember you very well." Mrs. Day's tone, in contrast to the purring sweetness of the other's, seemed dry and noncommittal. She shook Mildred's outstretched hand, which seemed almost too small for its great square emerald ring.

The presence of their hostess created a sudden restraint upon the lively conversation of the others, so the burden of her entertainment fell upon Sylvia. She was glad when Mason joined them.

At luncheon Sylvia sat between her host and hostess, but she found it impossible to talk to either of them with the same naturalness which she felt when Courtney and Mildred were removed from the scene.

During a discussion of their plans for the rest of the day she found it necessary to say, "My cousins—Martha and Mathilda Bradley—said they'd hope to find you at home this afternoon."

Mrs. Day looked pleased. "Oh, that will be nice. I'd like to meet some of our neighbors."

Her nephew laughed. "You won't find them very neighborly, Aunt Mary." Nevertheless, he, too, looked pleased.

Sylvia now turned toward him. "They've heard wonderful things about you from Patricia Radnor, and long to meet you."

"Pat Radnor!" Mildred repeated in involuntary surprise. Then she drawled in the childlike manner which heralded her worst insinuations. "I always wondered who restored Radnor Castle!"

Mason's blue eyes blazed. His thin lips opened, then closed in a tight line. When he did speak, he ignored Mildred and addressed Sylvia. "Sir James and I are directors in the same company. He and Lady Patricia have been more than kind to me when I've been in London. I must say I've been surprised to find how hospitable the English are, on the whole."

Sylvia wanted to answer, "Oh, they make a point now of entertaining important Americans; it's a sort of unofficial propaganda," but instead she said, "Patricia and I were at school in Paris together. I haven't seen her for several years, but my cousins run into her every now and then at Cannes. She used to be awfully pretty."

"She still is. And she has a good sense of humor, except about her salon. Sir James says that instead of having her drawing-room redecorated every year, she simply changes the style of her guests. When I first met her she was interested in some kind of yogism, and the place was overrun with men in turbans, and flat red cushions on the floor. But this last year I found she'd dropped all that and gone in for actors and playwrights. I believe she paints scenery and designs costumes for the stage."

Sylvia could not imagine why she found this conversation so comforting; she told herself that it was because Mason's blue eyes could coolly appraise even an earl's daughter, which was more than many of his compatriots could do.

"What about a two-ball foursome this afternoon?" Mason suggested suddenly, turning to Courtney.

"Splendid."

Sylvia wondered idly how many years Courtney would have to spend acquiescing in all of Mason's ideas, before he'd be able to afford having ideas of his own. She thought, "His position is very much like that of a courtier toward a king, in the days when kings had real power. Mason may not be a modern Napoleon, but certainly his satellites act as if he were. I wonder if Courtney will dare win from him at golf."

But Courtney and Mildred played a much better game than their opponents. When they were all talking it over in the motor going home, Courtney declared that he had never seen Sylvia in such bad form.

"Well, considering that you won ten dollars on every hole because of it, you oughtn't to complain." But she smiled as she fastened her fur coat more securely around her throat; she had enjoyed every moment on the course.

They stopped at the Braites' enormous white house. Mason helped Mildred out of the car, then stood at the door talking to her for a moment. As she looked up at him, her cheeks flushed deep rose from the wind and her fair hair blowing from underneath her red hat, Sylvia acknowledged her beauty.

"Be as nice to her as you can," Courtney whispered. "She practically admitted to me while we were playing that they're engaged. We're dining here tonight."

(Continued on Page 217)

Bird Notes for SANTA CLAUS

Bird notes have been pouring in at Santa Claus' headquarters

THERE has been great excitement in Fairyland recently, where Santa Claus has his headquarters. By the Fairyland Wireless from all parts of our country, bird notes have been pouring in upon Santa Claus.

Old Santa tells us that all the little feathered folk who live in homes have been trying to help him find out what will really make people happiest on Christmas, so they've been listening in on their dreams and this is what they report:

Consider the Grandfathers

"First of all, Santa, think of the grandfathers. People forget that they are really small boys grown

Grandfather is just a small boy grown gray

gray and their hearts still follow the band as it marches up the street. They would like nothing better than a merry-hearted little canary for a companion."

And Grandmothers

"You must have heard, even in Fairyland, of the revolt of the grandmothers. They simply refuse to grow old any more and sit in a chimney corner in a faded black dress. They are all dressed up in printed silks, Santa, sitting in the sun parlor waiting for you to bring them a gay little bird."

Father is a Problem!

"Really, Santa, lots of people think that fathers are only interested in making money, except when they play golf! But we know many of them that would like a canary as a 'joy-dispenser.'"

Don't Forget Mother

"Mother always wants something that will bring joy and cheerfulness into the home for everyone. And you know, Santa,

Mother wants something that brings joy to everyone

that canaries are past masters of the gentle art of making everybody happy."

Boys and Girls Come Next

"What a lot of fun the boys and girls in any home can get out of companionship with a living, singing bird! And it will lead them to understand and love all their 'little brothers' of the air."

Remember the Shut-ins

"But most of all, Santa, we want you to give special thought to the shut-ins—the sick people who will never walk again, the little crippled children who have to make-believe that they can run and play. Just think how a little bird could sing to them and amuse them

A bird is the best of all gifts for an invalid

How the children love a bird

through the long hours when busy people forget them. Surely a bird would be the happiest of all gifts for them!"

Important Note

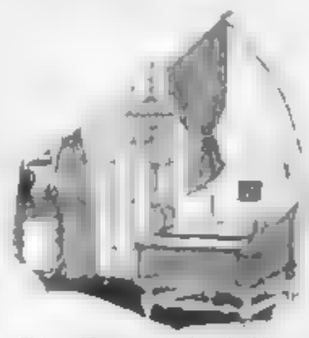
"And for all these birds, Santa, be sure to bring a Hendryx Bird Home. Then the gift will be perfect."

The Hendryx Bird Home is a gift of distinctive beauty

When giving a bird you will want to be sure to provide it with a charming Hendryx home. For more than half a century The Andrew B. Hendryx Company has built the finest and best bird homes from the standpoint of sanitary construction and decorative design.

Color Plays an Important Rôle in the Newest Bird Homes

For the Feathered Aristocrat among birds, nothing can be lovelier than the new Pyralin homes in green and ivory, or orange and black for the sun room or breakfast room; in smart black and white effects or pastel tints for the living room. Inexpensive Duco finished designs also come in effective colors.



The Hendryx Bird Home adds a smart decorative color note to your home

Just be sure that the Bird Home you select bears the name "Hendryx." Almost all bird stores, seed stores, florists, hardware, furniture or department stores will show you a variety of the newest designs, priced from $2.00 to $150.00—stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

In the Bird Store

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" trilled the Littlest Bird in his sweetest notes. "Why such excited 'Hear! hears!' laughed the Wise Old Bird. "You are not listening to a speech in Congress!" "Oh, but, didn't you hear what those children were saying? They have every one written letters to Santa Claus asking him to bring them a bird—in a Hendryx cage!"

This attractive design has just been reproduced in Pyralin in Black and White, Chinese Red and Ivory, Chinese Red and Black, and Green and Ivory—stands to match

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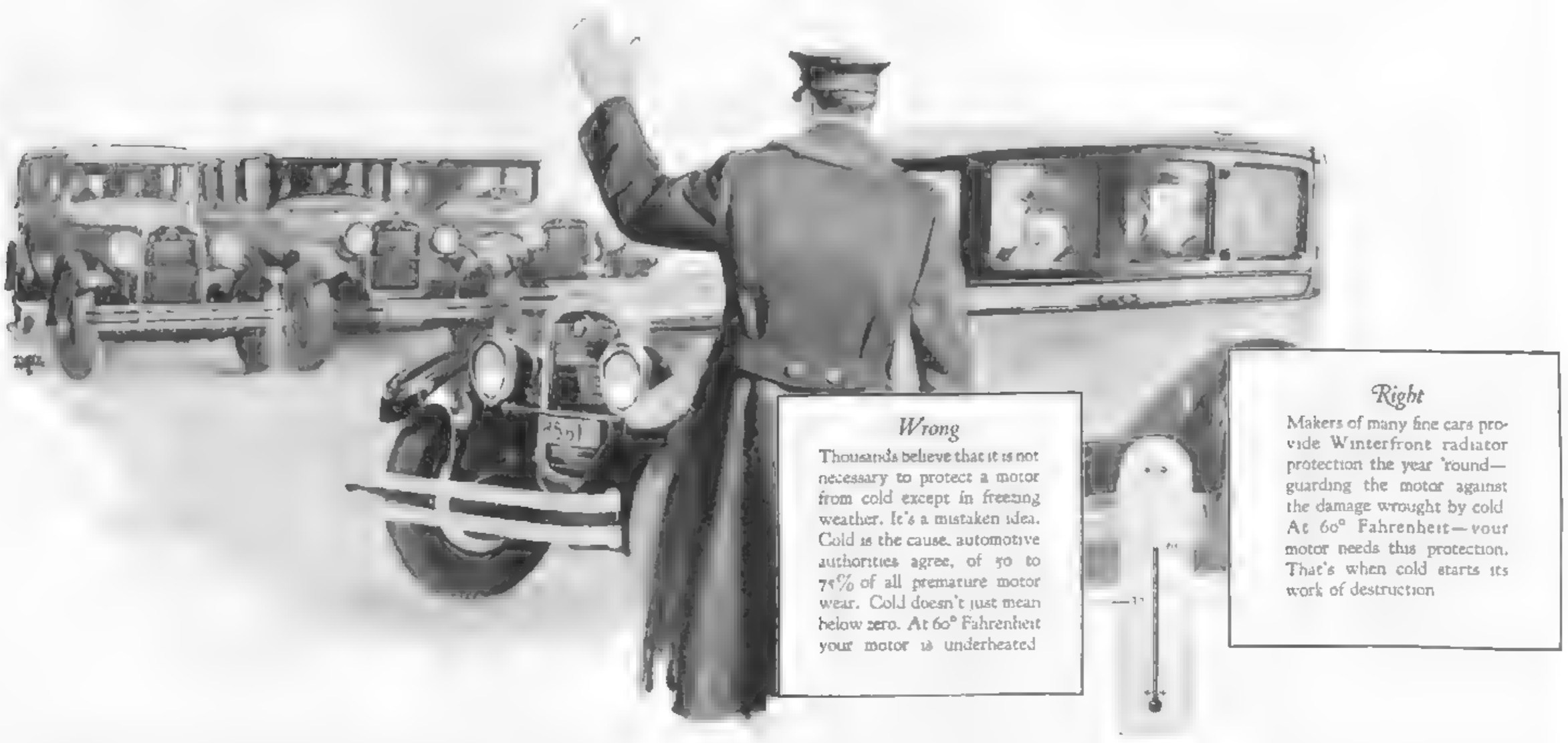
Since 1869

"The Feathered Philosopher" is one of the most interesting stories ever written about a bird. An illustrated copy will be sent you free. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., New Haven, Conn.

Winterfront Guards Your Motor Against the Ravages of Cold


Wrong
Thousands believe that it is not necessary to protect a motor from cold except in freezing weather. It's a mistaken idea. Cold is the cause, automotive authorities agree, of 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear. Cold doesn't just mean below zero. At 60° Fahrenheit your motor is underheated
Right
Makers of many fine cars provide Winterfront radiator protection the year 'round—guarding the motor against the damage wrought by cold At 60° Fahrenheit—your motor needs this protection. That's when cold starts its work of destruction

TODAY! *Correct this grave error that is costing car owners millions*

MILLIONS of cars—old and new Millions of motorists at the wheel—listening these cold mornings to coughing, sputtering, bucking motors—wondering why the smoothness of summer operation left these motors—almost over night.

Millions of "chokes" come to the rescue—flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Glass-like metal surfaces washed clean of the vital oil film of protection. Vital motor parts laid bare to grinding friction. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear

Punishment!

No motor built today, however perfect, can withstand months of such treatment. Skilled automotive engineers agree that 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear is the result of cold.

Your motor is a heat machine. It's heat energy that drives your car. And a heat machine must be hot—150 to 175 degrees for greatest efficiency.

Of these millions of cars—few ever attain this efficiency. And spring finds thousands in repair shops—paying for the damage wrought by cold.

Many automotive authorities agree it's the "warming up" period in chill and cold weather that causes greatest damage. The "'choke" period—when to get your motor operating smoothly, you drive miles with the "choke" out. Flooding your motor with raw gasoline is a costly "warming-up" process

Warm up, and stay warm with a Winterfront

With your car Winterfront equipped—the "warming-up" period is cut to seconds. You form the habit of using the "choke" as it should be used—*for starting and*

Your motor is kept always at the correct heat for highest efficiency—you experience greater gasoline economy—increased warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness and pep in your motor.

What Winterfront is and what it does

The Pines Automatic Winterfront is a thermostat controlled shutter that fits snugly over the radiator. The thermostat control fits flush with the radiator. Temperature changes are transmitted through the thermostat to the automatic shutters. Thus, when more heat is needed, the shutters close themselves. When less heat is required, they automatically open to the exact angle desired. There is nothing to get out of order—nothing for you to remember. Winterfront action is positive and automatic. In laboratory tests—Winterfronts have given the equivalent of 20 years of average service without a single failure to operate—*automatically*. Winterfront will improve the appearance of any car—and outlast the car itself.

Many fine cars equipped with Winterfront

Pines Automatic Winterfront is standard equipment on Packard "8," Pierce-Arrow, Peerless "8," Peerless De Luxe "6," Willys-Knight Big "6" and Wills Ste Claire Model T-"6." Makers of these fine cars have stopped the damage wrought by cold.

You can have this vital protection on your car for a fraction of what it will cost you to repair the damage cold will do. Insist on getting Pines Winterfront. It's the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market

Installed on your car in ten minutes

Winterfront is for sale by car and accessory dealers everywhere. *Your* dealer will equip your car in less than ten minutes—giving you the protection that is saving car owners millions.

Models for all cars priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; and Dodge, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and west. Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Blvd., Chicago.

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

(Continued from Page 214)

Sylvia's elation left her. She was silent on the way home; was she then to spend the rest of her life being nice to people she loathed? She heard Courtney and Mason discussing the stock market; something had dropped two points; something else had gone up. She felt tired.

When they reached the house they found Mrs. Day in the drawing-room, giving tea to the Misses Bradley. Sylvia had never felt so proud of her cousins as she did at this moment. They were the real thing; having made up their minds to accept their neighbors, they were proceeding to do it thoroughly. There were no half measures about them. They were talking now to Mrs. Day about her flowers; they had discovered her enthusiasm for gardening. She was beaming at them, and Sylvia listened to the conversation with relief. For she knew that they adhered to a code too rigorous and uncompromising for most of her generation. They regarded hospitality as a rite.

In spite of the fact that most of their association was in the fashionable world, they acted upon the principle that once you had entertained a guest in your house or had accepted his hospitality, you accepted him as one of your own kind, and you did not criticize him. They discriminated much more than the modern all-inclusive hostess, but they exercised their discrimination before they received people, and not afterward. It was their discrimination which had made their position so formidable.

Now, as the conversation turned from gardening to personalities, someone asked about a recent scandal. The elder Miss Bradley put down her teacup emphatically.

"The story is absurd! The girl is dining with us tomorrow night."

It was a complete vindication. Sylvia wanted to hug her cousin, who shared her knowledge that the story was, in fact, true But the girl's mother was one of Cousin Mathilda's oldest friends and that was enough.

A few minutes later when the name of another woman came up, Cousin Martha said briefly, "We do not know her." It was a complete denial of her social existence.

Sylvia acknowledged the ruthlessness of these verdicts based upon personal loyalty rather than strict justice, but she admired the strength with which they were upheld. She realized now, for instance, that if Mrs. Day were suddenly to pour her tea into the saucer and drink it, her cousins would never mention the fact. She wondered how many people she knew, of whom she could say the same.

Certainly there seemed to be no woman of that fiber at the Braites' dinner. Sylvia was irritated at being a guest there; she had always made it a point not to accept invitations from this crowd; she wanted to be able to disapprove of them with a clear conscience.

After dinner she was drawn into a game of poker, which she played badly enough at any time. Tonight her luck was even worse than usual; she sat at a round table covered with green baize, watching the four men and two other women put in their red, blue or white chips, joking with one another, calling for another highball or lighting a fresh cigarette, and she felt completely alien. Courtney was playing bridge in another room; Mason and Mildred had disappeared. Before the game ended Sylvia had lost two hundred dollars, which sum meant nothing to any of the others at the table, but which she felt, resentfully, was a large price for her to pay for so uncongenial an evening.

When at last they were saying good night, Mrs. Braite turned to Courtney and said, "Will you ask her, or shall I?"

"Oh, you, by all means."

"Well, we're coming down again in two weeks," she fingered her magnificent pearls; "and I do wish you'd join us for the week-end. Prince and Princess dell' Antibe are coming. I'd like to have you know them."

Her impressiveness was too much for Sylvia's irritated nerves. "I know them much too well now." She repented her rudeness immediately, and tried to soften it by adding, "I'm engaged then, as a matter of fact. But I hope you'll ask me again."

"Well, she won't!" Courtney said as he helped her into the closed car.

"I hope not." Her voice retained its icicle quality. "I don't see why you let me in for that, Court."

Mason stepped in after him, and the chauffeur slammed the limousine door.

They talked little on the way home; Courtney tried to hold her hand under the fur rug, but she jerked it away. She told the men good night in the hallway and went at once up to her room. When she came down the next morning the house seemed very still. The butler told her that Mrs. Day had gone to church in the village, and that the gentlemen were playing golf. Sylvia wandered outdoors.

"I hate people who say the air is like champagne," she thought; "but it is. It feels the way a nice yellow apple tastes." She walked down the path which led to a tennis court, unused now, with brown leaves drifting down on it faster than any gardener could rake them up. She heard the yelping of dogs from the distant kennels as she turned into a cart road. There was no doubt that this was the most beautiful time of year; the sky was turquoise in its blueness. Presently she came to an old stile and sat down, for she could not think connectedly while she was walking. But, although she had expected to arrive at some definite conclusion about the many things which were troubling her, the one thing which kept repeating itself over and over again in her mind was that after Mildred Lacey-Smith had married Mason she would never see them again—never! Even if it cost Courtney his job. She would never enter their door! Never!

In the distance she perceived the figure of a man walking rapidly down the road toward her. As he came nearer she saw that it was Courtney. She waved her hand in greeting.

"How did you know that I was here?"

"By looking everywhere else first. You're harder to find than a golf ball!" His hazel eyes were alight with triumph; he seemed filled with elation.

"Oh, Sylvia, listen! Just listen! It's even more than I dared hope for. It's the European job and a directorship too!"

Her smile reflected his. "I am so glad—so very glad!"

"It's victory at last! After all these years my ship has come in!"

She had never seen him in this mood before; he appeared taller and straighter, and he had an added air of self-confidence. He seemed another person from the man she had first known. She had enlisted under the banner of a lost cause, and now to her amazement she found herself on the winning side. In his moments of failure and discouragement he had been appealing; she had longed to comfort and help him. Now that he had achieved success she could no longer play this rôle, and she realized definitely that there was no other rôle she wanted to fill.

"It will be just the kind of life you'll like best, Court."

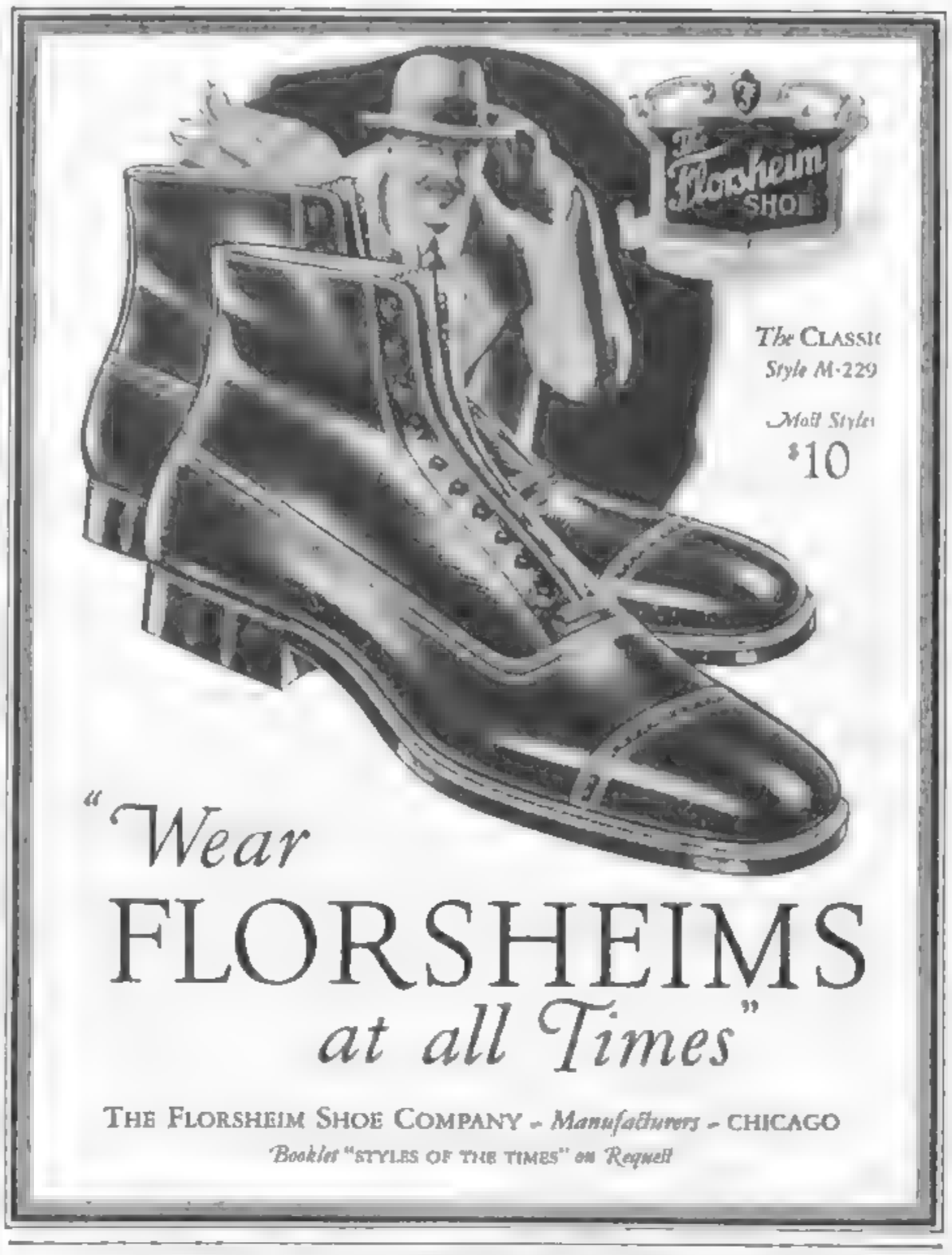
"And you too. You'll like it, won't you, Sylvia?"

"No." Her voice broke; she looked away from him, down the deserted road which seemed to lead nowhere. She saw in it and in the dry leaves which drifted down from the overhanging trees, a symbol of the severance of human ties. She was filled with the sadness of an irrevocable decision as she repeated, "No, Court."

"But I've only been waiting for something like this to ask you."

"I know. And I suspect that's just the trouble, my dear. If it had been the real thing—if we had cared enough—we wouldn't have waited for a few extra thousands a year."

"But, Sylvia, I wanted to share things with you—beautiful things—a country house ——"



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She interrupted him sharply. "Yes, I know. A country house and a place in town and a villa in Florida and motors and stables—just what all these other men and their wives want, in fact! You and I have contempt for them, and yet I wonder just what the difference between us is!"

She turned toward the house. "It's time for luncheon. We must go in."

Then after a moment her anger died. "I'm sorry, Court. And I really think it's wonderful that you've got this chance. I know you'll make a tremendous success of it."

"I don't know. Maybe Mason won't want me now. He acted as if he thought it was all settled that you—that you'd go too. He spoke about the entertaining end of it, for instance, and how well you'd do that. This may change his plans."

Her voice was very gentle. "That's absurd. You're the best man he could possibly get for the place and he knows it. For, in addition to all you know about the business side, you've traveled so much and have such a wide acquaintance in Europe and are so good at languages—not to mention your winnin' ways!" He smiled a little, so she went on, "I'll break the news to Mason in my most tactful manner. Leave it to me. . . . Oh, Court, I am really so glad you've got what you want!"

And although he turned toward her in a gesture of dissent, she saw with a feeling of disillusionment and relief that his eyes still retained their glow of victory.

At luncheon Sylvia was unusually gay; Mason had invited two business associates whom he had encountered during the morning, and she threw herself enthusiastically into the business of entertaining them. She sparkled.

As she saw their response her inner amusement increased. "Mason thinks I'm trying to show him what a help I'll be to Courtney. But just wait until I've seen his aunt after luncheon!"

She found herself involved in a bridge game, however, for Mason left the house, and she made a fourth with the three men. It was after six when she rapped on Mrs. Day's door.

"Come!" She removed the Sunday newspapers from the rocking-chair next the fire. "I was hoping you'd drop in for a little visit. I wish you weren't going to leave tomorrow."

"I wish so too. But I'm afraid I must."

Mrs. Day's dark eyes twinkled. "Well, I suppose you'll be busy making preparations. I hear you're going to Europe pretty soon."

Sylvia did not pretend to misunderstand. "No, I'm not going."

"Isn't he going to take the position?"

"Oh, yes, Courtney's delighted with it. And he will fill it beautifully. Only—only his going doesn't affect my plans."

"I see." Mrs. Day polished her eyeglasses with a clean white-linen handkerchief smelling of lavender. Then she definitely changed the subject. "I saw your cousins at church this morning and talked to them quite a little while as we were waiting for our cars. It seems they have a church fair here too. I'm going to make some of those old-fashioned blue-and-white quilts like my mother used—they seem to have come back into style again. And if I can get the cook and the kitchen maid and the butler out of the way, I'm going to go right down into the kitchen myself and make an angel cake."

"I'll come out and buy it." Sylvia rejoiced at the new enthusiasm in the other's manner. "You'll find my cousins good neighbors in their way."

Mrs. Day smiled. "Will you believe it they asked me this very morning if they could borrow something from me?"

"Borrow something? What?"

"A man for dinner tonight! I was just as surprised as you are. But it seems they're giving a pretty big dinner party and one of their guests dropped out at the last moment and they didn't know what to do—for all the world like someone at home not having a square of chocolate to finish their cake—so they wanted to know if I'd lend them one of our men. We hadn't planned anything special for tonight, so I told them of course I would. I guess they were interested in seeing my nephew again anyway."

"I'm sure they were." Sylvia got up. "I must go and dress."

Even a piping hot bath exuding the most fragrant scent of verbena salts did not allay her mood of depression. She brushed her hair straight back from her forehead, twisting it into a flat knot on her neck, and slipped on a medieval tea gown of gold-printed gray-blue velvet the color of her eyes. She wondered how she could manage to keep Mrs. Day in the room with Courtney and herself all during the evening.

When she went down only Mason was in the drawing-room. "Oh, you haven't gone yet?"

"I'm not going."

"But your aunt said she'd promised to lend my cousin a man for dinner."

"She loaned Courtney to them."

"Oh!"

His eyes had never seemed so blue; it occurred to her that he had stayed at home in order to try to make her change her mind.

He said, "Now that dress is perfect. That's the kind of dress the girl wore in the picture I copied your room from."

She said to herself, "You're wasting your time. I won't change. But go on. I like it."

The butler announced dinner.

"Aunt Mary's not coming down."

Presently they faced each other at a small table in the dining room.

He spoke again of Lady Patricia Radnor. "I remember seeing a photograph of you there." Before she could answer, he went on, "London would be a charming place to live, for anyone who had many friends there."

"Yes, that's one reason I think Courtney will do so well."

She tasted her soup with a feeling of having scored.

"You aren't going with him?"

She put her spoon down; she felt her cheeks flame. "No, I'm not! I told him so this morning, and I told your aunt so this afternoon. I had supposed you knew it."

"I just wanted to be sure. I'll tell you a secret now—one of those inside stories of big business that are never written up. I offered that job to Courtney largely on account of you."

She felt no elation. "I'm sorry. I'm sorrier than I can say. But it's such a good choice. He is so extraordinarily well fitted for it ——"

"You must let me finish. I don't mean that I offered him the place because I thought you'd be helpful. No doubt you would have been, but that wasn't the reason. On the assumption that he was going to marry you, I wanted him to go abroad so I wouldn't have to have you around."

She stared at him, not daring to understand. Then she said, "But—but when did you begin to feel that way?"

"Well, you see, I saw your picture a year ago at Lady Patricia's and it haunted me. Then I met someone else who looked just enough like it to make me think she might do. But it turned out to be like the thing you said the other night about the difference between real diamonds and paste. I made up my mind when I put your earrings into my pocket that I'd send you and Courtney as far away as I could. I even thought of opening a branch in Timbuktu."

"But, now—now that you know I'm not going?"

"Oh, he can have it anyway. All that's of no importance. . . . Sylvia—Sylvia, do you know how beautiful your name is? Darn that butler!"

The servant approached her with a silver vegetable dish. As she glanced at its contents she heard her voice, as if of its own volition, uttering the most implicitly romantic sentence of her life. She said, "I'd like to have my peas in a separate dish; and will you bring me a spoon?"

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One of the remarkable properties of

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A few of the many wholesome things you eat and drink containing glycerine and improved by its blandness:

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PERHAPS you've never realized how safely and thoroughly Radiator Glycerine will protect your car against freezing.

Most important is the fact that it will not evaporate. Properly service your car according to the instructions at the right, and you can be *certain* of cold weather protection, as long as your cooling system is free from leakage. Many motorists use Radiator Glycerine throughout the year for it stands the warm days without evaporating as well as the cold ones without freezing. Hence its great value where temperatures vary suddenly.

Few substances are as harmless as glycerine—it is often used in the foods you eat. So you know it can't harm the cooling system of your car. It has no objectionable odor and is non-corrosive when spilled on metal or lacquer finishes.

Radiator Glycerine adds a new sense of security to cold weather driving. As it won't evaporate, you can put it in *now* without fear of loss, if you will first be sure your car is made glycerine-tight. Then a sudden cold snap won't catch you unprepared. You will find, too, that your car will run better and you will enjoy the security of knowing that even at extremely low temperatures you will never have a freeze crack, for Glycerine solutions do not freeze solid like water.

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Radiator Glycerine frees you from the worry and bother of constantly replacing your anti-freeze solution—once your car is glycerine-tight. It will not evaporate.

To help you keep Radiator Glycerine in your Motor Car cooling system, *read these simple instructions*

ALTHOUGH the permanence of Radiator Glycerine makes it cheaper in the long run, its first cost is greater than that of other anti-freeze agents, so it is of prime importance to prevent its waste.

Above all, be sure the cooling system is tight. Remember glycerine takes advantage of minor leaks. Your garageman can easily flush all dirt and sediment from the cooling system, tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets, and pump packing so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak proof.

Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe. This allows solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

Remember only leakage or overflow can impair the permanence of glycerine's protection. No replacement for evaporation is necessary except an occasional replenishment of the *water* in the solution as in summer. You can prepare for cold weather with it in advance without fear of loss by evaporation.

Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine solutions vouched for by a reliable maker and be sure your car is carefully serviced according to the instructions. You can then drive your car in all kinds of weather free from all worry over the possibility of a frozen motor.

Be sure the cooling system is glycerine-tight—not just water-tight. This is an easy job for your garageman.

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DAY-FAN

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*Name*_____ *Address*_____ *State*_____ (address Dept. P5)

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 46)

in that section. Mostly they were at dinners where I was supposed to furnish humor for the delectation of the guests.

"Then came greater fame. I was invited to take part in the dinner program of a national organization meeting at Chicago. It was a mighty proud day for me when I boarded the train for the long ride with a speech that included about every good story I had ever told and every odd utterance I had ever evolved bottled up in my system. It was a notable dinner, hundreds of prominent men from all parts of the country before me. I followed a particularly dry and statistical speaker and never had a finer reception. Applause and shrieks of laughter punctuated the talk, and at the end of the program I was congratulated by half the guests and received two invitations to talk in other cities. Maybe you think I was not thrilled. The world seemed opening before me with roses along the path in endless profusion.

"The next morning at the athletic club a distinguished jurist from New York recognized me and suggested that we sit down and have a little visit. Seeking a secluded corner, he abruptly remarked: 'You are a mighty good speaker, young man. Do much of it?'

"I opened up and told him how I was sought for all over my state.

"'Take much of your time?'

"It was admitted that it did absorb a considerable portion of the days and most of the nights.

"'How's your law business?'

"Admitted again that it was only fair. Seemed as if I did not get the big cases.

"'Did you ever think,' he went on, 'how many of the men who laugh at your stories and applaud your smart cracks send you their cases? Big business does not turn to a humorist when it wants things done—ever think of that? These folks at last night's banquet included the heads of many of the largest firms of Chicago. They laughed at your remarks—but when they have a case in your city the chances are that they will send it to a firm that has no after-dinner speaker connected with it.'"

Applause Butters No Parsnips

"'I don't know why it is, but in the law business funny stuff and wise cracks do not mix with legal lore. It may go with merchandising, journalism, magazine writing or maybe banking, but not with law or medicine or the clerical profession. If you want to succeed as a lawyer, leave out the after-dinner entertainment; if you want to enjoy speaking, be content to remain a moderate success as an attorney, for you will not get the fees of the large concerns. I've tried it and I've watched it and I know. Pardon me for this impertinence in giving you advice, but I rather like you and thought you would understand my good intentions.'

"It rather stunned me, and I thought about his words all the way home. The journey was not nearly so exuberant as the one in the opposite direction. Somehow I believed he was right. I recalled one recent case. It involved large oil-field leases with millions at stake. A Detroit firm had the matter in hand, and I had met the two managers at a dinner where I spoke and had received their hearty applause. But they did not send the case to me—it went to a firm whose members were younger than I and who were stolid, hard-working lawyers without a spark of eloquence in anything they said. Then there was a banker in a neighboring city who had invited me to make the address at a dinner of his lunch club. I was entertained at his home, and he declared my talk was the wittiest and most entertaining ever given on the town site. When his bank had a lawsuit with a merchant just across the street from my office he made another lawyer his attorney. Maybe there was something in it.

"I took out my pocket engagement book and looked at the page for the next week: Monday, Rotary; Tuesday, Sorosis Club; Thursday, high-school chapel; Friday, to Lyons for Grocers' banquet; Saturday noon, Bankers' Association lunch. Fearing my resolution might fail, I wrote five telegrams canceling the engagements and sent them from the next station.

"Right there I quit. I refused to make after-dinner speeches, or, if I occasionally consented, they were without any attempt at mere humor—straightforward discussions that I hoped might forward the object of the occasion. But I make mighty few. My friends think I have talked myself out. I feel that I have untalked myself into a business career. Anyhow, my income tax shows that it is a business worth having."

Sticking to Business

Possibly his argument applies to the legal profession. The average town has in these days several general speaking programs a week. If the town is over 5000 population, it probably has at least three—the chamber of commerce and two lunch clubs, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, and so forth. For each of these there must be fifty-two speakers a year. The first year it is not difficult, but after the near-by territory has been combed for the best speakers and outstanding citizens who will consent to appear, the search for orators becomes hectic. The speaker who turns loose a joyous flood of humor is in demand over a wide territory.

Come to think of it, the most successful lawyer in my town was quiet almost to the point of taciturnity. He never made a public speech in the forty years of his business career—but he had one side or the other of every important case in the local court and was sought by every corporation having business in the county. The attorney who was the most fluent after-dinner speaker and who was constantly sought for because of his wit failed completely and finally went to Florida to try his luck in real estate.

These may have been exceptions. But with a somewhat wide acquaintance with after-dinner programs, the speakers who left the largest measure of confidence in their professional ability seem to have been those who talked business, who refrained from burdening their talks with "that reminds me of a story," who received more applause than laughter and who dealt in fact and argument rather than in witticism. Their effort may have been less hilariously received, but somehow there was more substance and a larger measure of faith in their broadness of vision.

My attorney friend had no intention of arguing against the professional man being an orator—there are too many striking examples of success both on the platform and at the bar. His theory, which he justified by his own experience, was that the lawyer who talks seriously of legal matters on which an attorney is presumed to be an authority, or the professional man of other calling who discusses topics from his own knowledge, recommends himself in the estimation of the business world. But when any of these move over into the field of wit and set up as the funny man of every occasion, there is an overshadowing of his professional ability by his success as an entertainer.

That foremost in the public mind should be the ability of a professional man in his profession, and that all other attention should be subsidiary to this idea, calls for careful planning of the program to be followed in the appearances on the platform. Wisdom advises that one should build up his business position in the community by such means as will impress most strongly his fitness for his work. My attorney friend is convinced that one way for the professional man in that direction is not the way of witty after-dinner fame.

—C. M. HARGER.

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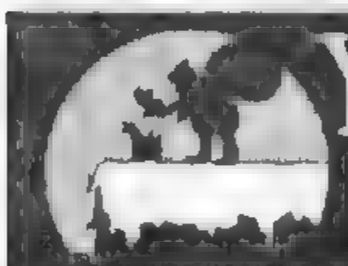

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MEN and women, young and old, in all walks of life, earn extra dollars every month as our neighborhood subscription representatives for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. The list below includes one of the many in every state who have found our plan easy, pleasant and profitable. Why not join them in making spare time money? No experience required.

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LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 7)

them down. There are dozens of photographs and oil paintings of any Red that ever got his man; court-room trials; every Pistol or saber that ever dropped a Czar or a Capitalist in his tracks. One sees all the episodes of the Dekabrists' trial. They were the ones to originate the idea of not letting the Czars sleep too well. It contains all the scenery and props in connection with the murder of Alexander II. Rows of special show cases contain bombs to fit any hand.

Rooms were made up to represent cells where revolutionists have been confined; room after room of somebody either being killed or somebody getting ready to kill somebody else. One room is devoted to Lenin, called Lenin's Corner, where all kinds of material in his private and political life is exhibited.

Now we went through there on a Sunday morning, and we couldent hardly wedge our way through. The man with us was an Englishman, but spoke good Russian, and he described to us what was going on. It was Teachers taking young children through and stopping and lecturing to them: "Here is Kzolxsvlozxusz. He had the best record of any of the late bomb heavers. It's through him you are enjoying this wonderful liberty that you are having today."

Of all the Museums, this Revolutionary one was the one that they were centering the attention of the smaller ones on. You did not see nearly as many looking at the beautiful paintings by the old masters as you did looking at the old guns that had their notches in the handles.

It seems the whole idea of Communism, or whatever they want to call it, is based on propaganda and blood. Their whole life and thought is to convince somebody else. It looks to me like if a thing is so good and is working so fine for you, you would kind of want to keep it to yourself. I would be afraid to let anybody in on it, and that generally seems to be about the usual brand of human nature everywhere. But the Communist has so many good things he just wants you to join in and help him use some of them.

They start at the cradle with them in Russia. They have a great many schools in Russia, which seem intended not so much to eliminate illiteracy as they are to teach propaganda. Political propaganda starts with their A B C's. Their statistics prove that they are now operating many more schools than in prewar days. There is no such thing as a private school allowed in Russia. They have agricultural schools for the peasant children in some places. They have craft schools which give professional education in different branches to over one hundred thousand people annually. There are 24 universities. The number of High School students is given as 160,000.

They are trying to foster art and culture, but all of it is of the Revolutionary type. If it is a painting, the main character has one foot on a capitalist's neck and is punching another capitalist in the jaw. But the main thing that dominates this whole thing is to spread propaganda. Talk about some of our states guarding what their schoolbooks contain—these children never get a chance to read anything only about how terrible everything is but Communism.

You can't go to a bookstore and buy any book you want. Every book that is sold in Russia has to be O. K.'d by the Soviet party. You can't buy outside newspapers, and every paper printed in Russia is under the supervision of the government. So you have got to learn their angle or you don't learn anything—there is nothing else for you to form an opinion about.

They have quite a few community playgrounds and there is bunches of them out there practicing all kinds of games. But they don't allow competition between different teams in Athaletic events. They don't have big intersectional games between different clubs or schools; they claim that is against true communism; that if you defeat your fellow man it might make him think he was not as good as you, and they don't want to leave that impression. If that was the way we looked at it over home, imagine how poor Harvard would feel. They would be so low down socially that they would be practically vacant.

Now while I am on this Athaletic stuff I better kinder call you over to one side and tip you off to a little bit of the life that is really very interesting, in fact kinder exciting, and to an outsider makes life worth while in Moscow. The river runs right through the town and, contrary to the general notion and looks of some of them, why, they do bathe—that is, some of them do; and when I say they bathe, I mean they bathe together. They don't let race, creed or sex interfere with them. And what I mean—they bathe right. They just wade in what you would call the Nude, or altogether. No one-piece bathing suits to hamper their movements.

If there is a bathing suit in Russia, somebody is using it for an overcoat. Why, there is only two pair of trunks in Russia, and they were being mended the weeks I was there. Well, when I saw that I just sit right down and cabled my old friend Mr. Ziegfeld: "Don't bring Follies to Russia. You would starve to death here." But you know the way they do it there—don't seem to be so much what we used to years ago call—what was that word? Oh, yes, "Immoral." Well, they just walk down there on the bank of the river and everybody skins off their clothes. They don't have much. Underwear is about as scattering there as bathing suits.

Now if it hadent been for this bathing existing I would have got out and seen a lot more places in Russia than I did. But I want to state positively that while I did not get to see all of Russia, I got to see all of some Russians.

Well, Cal, we have stood here on the bank long enough. We must hie ourselves away and see what else we can learn from the Muscovite Empire that America may profit by besides Negligee Bathing. Oh, yes, Aeroplanes! It just seems like I can't write you a letter without drawing your attention to the amount of flying that is being done in Europe. Now take Russia. Here is Russia, so poor that they don't even know where their next Revolution is coming from, and get this—what just one Society did to help their country out in the way of Aviation; a thing that they know is absolutely necessary. They enlisted two million members and got in contributions seven Million Rubles—that, in sensible money, is $3,000,000—organized 20 air clubs, set up over a thousand aeronautical Libraries and distributed millions of pamphlets of propaganda all on flying, opened up landing fields, bought 130 fighting planes and presented the government with seven equipped Air squadrons. Now this was all in addition to establishing Civil and Commercial routes.

This was not the Government. It was just one Society; and there is two others almost as big that have accomplished as much. And here is New York City, the second biggest city in the world, that hasent even got a place to land. You have to go halfway to Montauk Point and then drive back two hours in an Auto to get to New York after you get out of a Plane. And here is the humor of it—you can make a landing field on half the ground it takes to make a Golf course on.

So just look what those poor Russians are doing, and they are so poor they havent got a Golf Course to their back. That, by the way, is one thing that makes me sometimes think they will eventually pull

(Continued on Page 225)

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DREADNAUGHT TIRE CHAINS

FOR BALLOON, CORD AND TRUCK TIRES

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(Continued from Page 222)

through. Mind you, all these Commercial Air lines in Russia and all over Europe are subsidized by their Governments. Of course, at home the minute we holler for a subsidy for ships to keep our Flag on the ocean, why, up jumps some cocklebur Congressman and objects: "Where do you come in to give some Airplane Co. help, or some Steamship line? You don't do a thing for the Cafeteria Owners, and they are just as good Americans as anybody ever broke a tray of dishes for. What about the Farmer? Why don't you give him a subsidy? No, sir-ree, I am agin helping anybody till you help my constituents."

The subsidy to give most of our people is to take their Automobile away from them and give them the subsidy of an Alarm Clock. If America don't look out they will be caught in the next war with nothing but a Niblick and a Putter. Putting is all right, but it keeps you too close to the ground to be of much use in the real war of the future.

And if you think there ain't going to be no Next War you better see some of these Nations drilling and preparing, and they are not the people that will go to work and learn a trade that they are not going to work at. The next war you don't want to Look Out; you want to Look Up. When you look up and see a cloud during the next war to end wars, don't you be starting to admire its silvery lining till you find out how many Junkers and Fokkers are hiding behind it.

Course, Mr. President, these are only tips, and you needent play them unless you want too; but as that is what I am doing over here, why, I am giving you this for all it is worth. I am like the old Rooster when he brought out the Ostrich egg and showed to all the hens and said, "I am not criticizing, but I just want you to know what others are doing." Now that's an old Gag, but it has to be an old Gag to get over with you fellows. In talking and writing to Politicians you have to be like a Country preacher. You have to illustrate everything you want to drive home with a simple story that all of them can understand. So I just want you-all to know what even Russia is doing. Everybody is using their Air for something besides speeches but us.

Now while we are on wars, you might like to know about Russia's Army. They are without a doubt the seediest-looking layout I ever saw in my life. They look about like a Chamber of Commerce in Evening clothes lined up to meet Queen Marie. Their uniforms are made out of a very heavy grade of calico. They have what used to be a red stripe down the leg. Then their pants are stuck in those big old heavy, clumsy boots. So the pants, I imagine, are really just union suits if the Guy had his boots off. They are not drafted. They have some kind of an arrangement by which they make them think it is an honor to belong to the Red Army. It is composed of men and boys at first that cannot read or write. They get, so they told me, the most low and ignorant they have; then they teach them after they get them in. But he is taught along their lines—they don't want anybody that has his own ideas. So they do away with Illiteracy. The Soviet Literature says they teach them culture.

Well, I wouldent go as far as to claim that if I was them. But "culture" is their main word over there. Everything is supposed to improve their culture. Well, if it is improving their culture, why, culture must have started at a mighty low ebb originally.

The Red Army is instructed politically, as they figure, I guess, that in a war, if the worst comes to the worst, why, the Red Army can shoot a few Proletariat truths at the enemy, lay down a barrage of Everybody should divide up equal even if he ain't got anything. The present standing of the Army is admitted to be 600,000. But there is millions of the workers that are receiving Military training in addition to the army.

Course, you take those ignorant old Boys and give them some real training and they are going to be kinder hard to clean. War is a relief to them anyway.

Now the main question that I know strikes you is, Has Russia changed much and is it better off? Say, that is the one answer you can go and bet on. Russia hasent changed one bit. It's just Russia as it has been for hundreds of years and will be for the next hundreds of years. A hundred million people are out in the Country and small Villages, and are living just the same lives they lived under the Czar, and their existence wouldent be changed even if the Prohibition, the Populist, the Farmer-Labor or even the Democrats run Russia. It wouldent be nothing but Russia. People don't change under Governments; the Governments change, but the people remain the same.

Look at us! What does it matter who is in any four years? You got to get out and hustle for it or you don't get it, no matter what Government is in. And there is a country with over 90 per cent of their population Peasants, and they have to make a living from the soil. They work hard, don't have much; some years a little more than others; have to pay their taxes or their rent money as in the old days. Now the taxes are just as much as the rent share was in the old days with the landlords. So what difference does it make to them what kind of Government it is? In fact, they claim that they are not as well off now, because in these times they can't buy the things they want, like they used to be able to do, as they are not to be had.

This eighty or ninety million are no more Communists than you are; they don't know what it's all about. The country is run by the Communist Party, which has less than 600,000, and they rule this 130,000,000. They are allowed to elect men to send to the various councils of the Soviet. But get this—you see, the Communist strength is among the Industrial workers in the Cities; but they give him a Representative in the Government for what we will say is one for every 100 voters. But the Farmers or Peasants get only one for every 1000 voters. That's not the exact Representation, but it is the correct proportion.

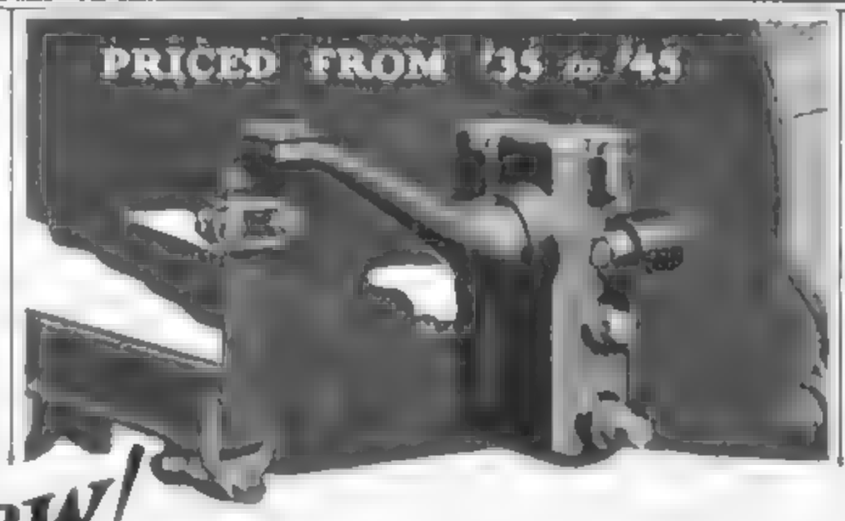
So where does your equality come in? They do that to sorter help overbalance the great majority of the Peasant vote. Russia under the Czar was very little different from what it is today; for instead of one Czar, why, there is at least a thousand now. Any of the big men in the Party holds practically Czaristic powers. Siberia is still working. It's just as cold on you to be sent there under the Soviets as it was under the Czar. The only way you can tell a Member of the Party from an ordinary Russian is the Soviet man will be in a car. They are all supposed to only receive $112 a month, which is supposed to be the salary of all Communists that do work for the Government. Well, some of them must be pretty good managers to get along as well as they do on that.

There is as much class distinction in Russia today as there is in Charleston, South Carolina. Why, I went to the races there, and the grand stand had all the men of the Party, and over in the center field stood the mob in the sun. Well, there was Bourgeois and Proletariat distinction for you.

Here is the queer thing to an outsider: They had the Revolution to run out the rich, and now the only one that can get in there is either some rich man or some of his Representatives that say they want to invest there.

They are very strict about who they let in, and yet any rich fellow they would meet at the line and escort them in. You see, it dident take them long to learn that somebody has got to pay the wages or they won't have anything to divide up.

You see, that is where Mussolini has outsmarted the Bolsheviks. They have spent all the money they could rake and scrape on Propaganda in other Countries, and here they were in Russia with the biggest and richest Country in the World to work with. They should have spent every cent of all this on just working and improving Russia, and getting it so it looked like something. That was what Mussolini has done. All his



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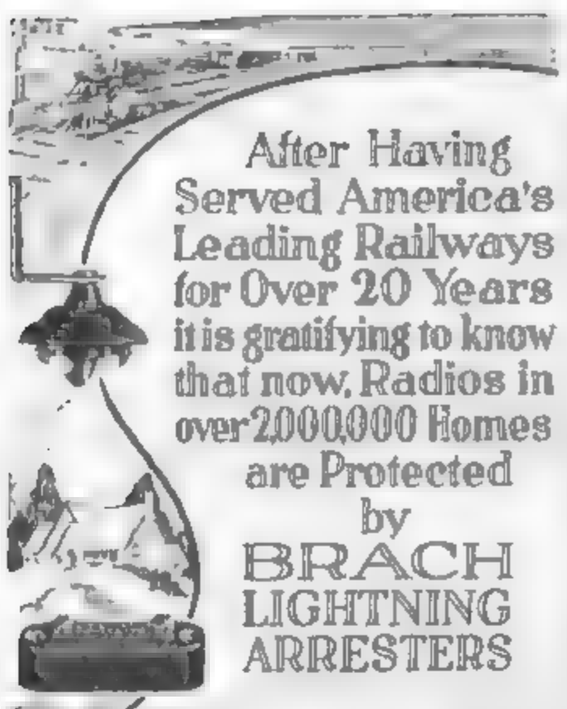

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Now his plan is what the Communists should have done. They have always wanted Communism. Now they have it, and they have it in the finest Country there is; so if they don't make a go of it, their plan must be wrong, and they will have nobody to blame but themselves. They have certainly had opportunity knocking at their door. What should they care about what Communism is doing in Chicago or London? Fix up Moscow and show the world what can be done under Communism and then let people come there and see, and they will get all the converts they need and never spend a dime on Propaganda. Instead of hiring a man to spread propaganda, hire him to spread some paint and soap and water around. Turn some of those museums into Bathhouses. Never mind showing us what Ivanof and Serof did. Show us what Annette Kellermann did. Never mind bearing down so much on culture; bear down on Industry.

You see, here is what makes it look kinder bad—these fellows took over a Country that was already a going concern; that dident have a cent of debt—that is, they repudiated all Russia's debts, as they claimed they had nothing to do with the contracting of them. Now the biggest expense of any country is its interest on its national debt. They confiscated everything, paid nobody for anything, have everything that the entire Country possessed. They claimed they dident want any salary for doing it, so that should have eliminated another big expense. They were supposed to be working for just the love of saving their fellow man.

Now if you can't take one that's handed to you like that, what chance have you got with it when there is nothing more to cop from anyone, and paying interest on a big indebtedness? You see, they confiscated Trains, Factories, Public Buildings and everything. Now those are wearing out and have to be repaired and rebuilt. What are they going to do? Nobody has anything else free for 'em. So, just offhand to an unobserving bonehead, it don't look like they have manipulated their affairs any too good.

These other so-called Capitalistic Nations after the war have kept up repairs and debts, and still look better off than Russia. Russia hasent paid it out in big salaries. Nobody has ever received in the way of working wages more than a mere living. But they changed their scheme around a dozen times since they been in, and they are liable to change it a dozen more, because none of them ain't what you would exactly call a-hitting just right. They have been messing with Russia for nearly nine years. It's a good thing that the 90,000,000 are not organized or there would be a change there overnight.

Communism will never get anywhere till they get that basic idea of Propaganda out of their head and replace it with some work. If they plowed as much as they Propagandered they would be richer than the Principality of Monaco. The trouble is they all got their theory's out of a book instead of any of them ever going to work and practicing them. I read the same books these Birds learned from, and that's the books of that guy Marx. Why, he was like one of these efficiency experts. He could explain to you how you could save a million dollars and he couldent save enough himself to eat on.

I read his life history. He never did a tap of work only write Propaganda, according to his own history. He couldent even make his own writings pay, much less his theories. He wrote for the dissatisfied, and the dissatisfied is the fellow who don't want to do any manual labor. He always wants to figure out where he and his friends can get something for nothing. They even suggest somebody dividing with them. You could take those 600,000 Communists over in Russia and take 600,000 rich Americans and you could put them all together and make the Americans divide up with them equally, and in six months the 600,000 Communists wouldent have a thing left but some long hair and a scheme to try to get back the half that the Americans was smart enough to take from them. While the Russians would be practicing their book theories, the Americans would be practicing just the ones that they know would work. If you have never been smart enough to make it yourself, you wouldent be smart enough to hang onto it after you got it.

I hate to keep dragging Mussolini in this, but it was his being in the Communist Party for all those years that he found out just which ones of their Theories were wrong. Communists have some good ideas, of course; but they got a lot that sound better than they work. So Mussolini has just used the good ones in Italy and thrown out all the others and replaced them with his own. So he really has Communism to thank for his success in learning what not to do. If this Stalin turns out to be a kind of a Mussolini, why, they may pull out; but somebody has got to handle that troop with a knout. They say Russia is supposed, by their law, to be run by everybody. Well, it looks it.

You know a Communist's whole Life work is based on complaint of how everything is being done. Well, when they are running everything themselves, why, that takes away their chief industry. They have nobody to blame it on. Even if he is satisfied with it, why, he is miserable because he has nothing to complain about. Same way with strikes and Revolutions. They would just rather stir up a strike somewhere than eat. So, naturally, in Russia with themselves, they feel rather restrained, for they are totally unable to indulge in their old favorite sport of going on strike and jumping up

on a box and inviting all the boys out with them. You know, that is their whole life, and that is why I don't believe they will ever be satisfied to run their own country, especially if everything runs smooth. You make one satisfied and he is no longer a Communist. So if they ever get their country running good they will defeat their own cause.

Now, mind you, I may be wrong about these people, for you can never tell about a Russian. They all may be just having the best time in the World over there and enjoying it all fine. You know, that is one thing about the Russian—he thrives on adversity. He is never as happy in his life as when he is miserable. So he may just be setting pretty, for he is certainly miserable. It may be just the land for a Comrade to want to hibernate in.

Some days in there it would really look to me like they were trying to do something, and were going to get somewhere; and the next day you would see stuff that would make you think, "What has all these millions of innocent, peace-loving people done that through no fault of their own they should be thrown into a mess like this, with no immediate prospects of relief?" So I am going to be honest with you—I don't know whether to kiss 'em or kill 'em.

But now we are going to get down to the real thing as to whether they can really last or not, and that is religion. The Russians, I guess from what little I have read, were about the most whole-hearted religious people anywhere. They are at heart just big, simple, kind-hearted, God-fearing people. Practically all of them were devout members of the Russian Orthodox Church. Some of the most wonderful Churches in the World are in Russia. Now here is something that everybody don't know—that the basic foundation of the Communist Party is to be a nonbeliever—in other words, they are all Atheists.

You can't belong to the Party and belong to any Church, no matter what Church All the Jewish members of the Party have to be nonbelievers. Before you can get into the Party, it takes a couple of years or more, and this Atheist test is the one that is hardest. They try to lead these Russians to believe that all their troubles all these years have been directly traceable to their religion; that if they throw over their devout religion everything will be all right. They point out that the Czar and all those that oppressed them were members of that Church, and that if a God existed, why hadent He done something to help them?

Now nobody is making any Alibi for the Czar or any of his old Gang, for from what I could learn in Russia from everybody I talked with, not only the Bolsheviks but others on the other side, who had been in there for years, the Czar was pretty small Potatoes. He wasent intentionally bad, but he was just weak. They all seemed to think the Czarina had quite a bit of backbone, and if he had had her nerve Russia might have had a different story today. Course, you have to admit that fanatical religion driven to a certain point is almost as bad as none at all, but not quite.

Now they will tell you that the worship of Leninism is their religion. Lenin preached Revolution, Blood and Murder in everything I ever read of his. Now they may dig 'em up a religion out of that, but it's too soon after his death really to tell just how great he was. History has to ramble along a good many years after a man puts some policies into effect till you can tell just how they turned out.

Why, some fellow may come along in Russia at any time with a whole new set of plans that beat Lenin's all to pieces, and he would be the Big Man. So where would all your Lenin worship be then? You know, there is a lot of big men die, but most of them are not so big that they won't all be buried. Now Lenin may come through right on through the ages, but at the present time they are kinder forcing him on the people. The Government has erected more Statues and Busts to Lenine than there is

(Continued on Page 230

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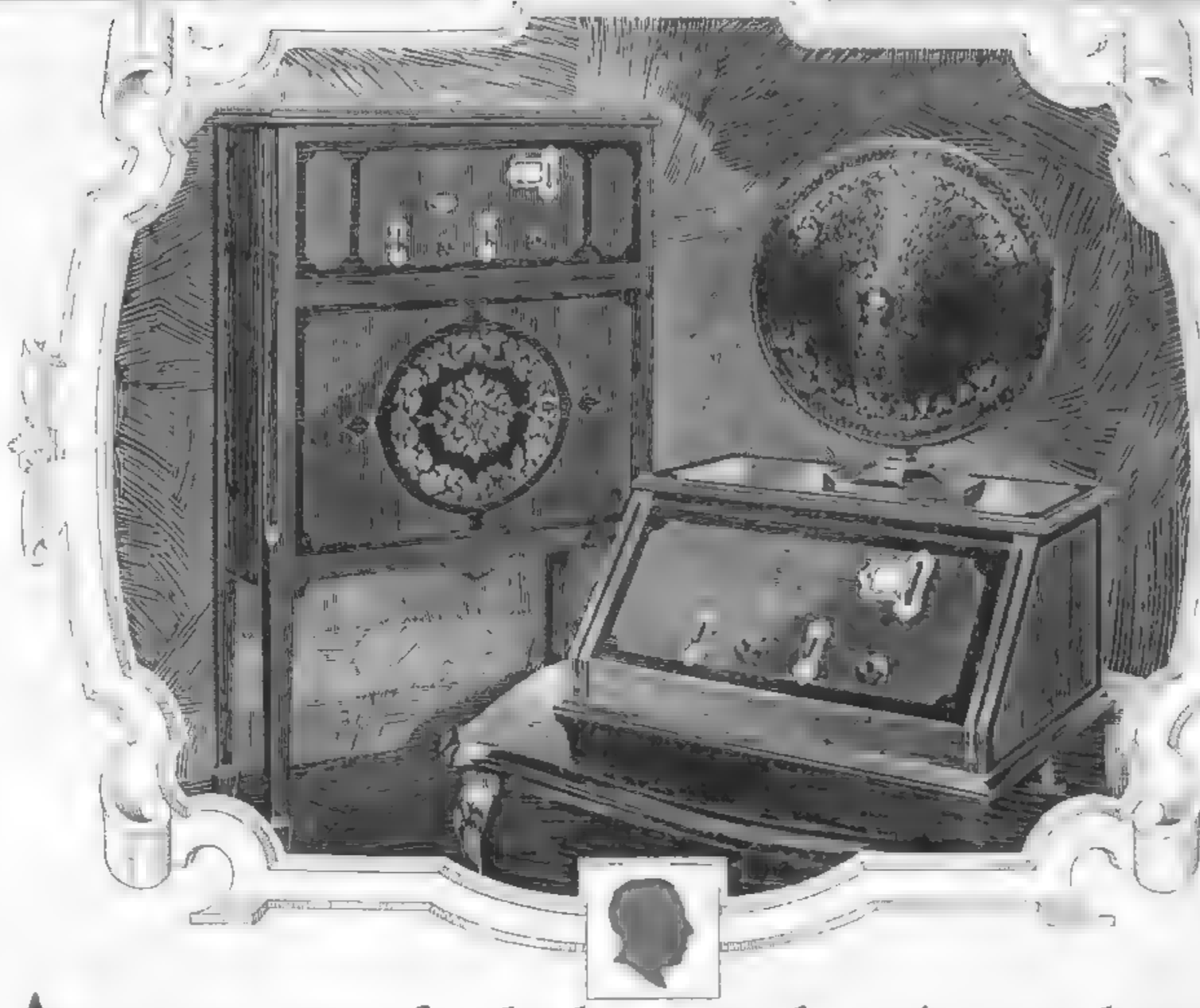

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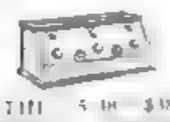

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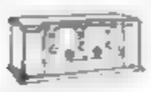

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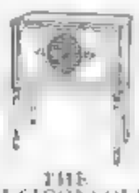

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(Continued from Page 226)

flivvers in America. Everywhere you go—every room in every public building has a bust of Lenin. They make the children speak of him as Uncle Lenine. Now it's always best to let the people pick out their own Hero. Don't try to force one on them; it's liable to have the opposite effect sometimes.

Mind you, you can't condemn everybody just because they started a Revolution. We grabbed what little batch of liberty we used to have through a revolution, and lots of other Nations have revolutions to thank today. But I don't think anyone that just made a business of proposing them for a steady diet would be the one to pray too and try and live like.

We all know a lot of things that would be good for our Country, but we wouldent want to go so far as propose that everybody start shooting each other till we got them. A fellow shouldent have to kill anybody just to prove they are right.

I can't understand by what reckoning they think everybody connected with running the Country should be a nonbeliever. Just what quality does that add to Government? I don't care what you believe in, but you certainly got a right to that belief, and you shouldent have to give it up to take part in the Government of your Native Land. If the Bolsheviks say that religion was holding the people back from progress, why, let it hold them back. Progress ain't selling that high. If it is, it ain't worth it. Do anything in this world but monkey with somebody else's religion. What reasoning or conceit makes anyone think theirs is right? These present religions are liable to knock on the door up above and find that there is not a Soul been admitted that ever saw an Automobile or a train. You may be told:

"Oh, no; you so-called educated people thought you knew so much, and lived so much better down there, and tried to make all others believe in yours instead of their own religion. They were the ones that were right. Yet they dident try to impose theirs on you. I am sorry. Good day."

It's better to let people die ignorant and poor, believing in what they have always believed in, than to die prosperous and smart, half believing in something new and doubtful.

There never was a nation founded and maintained without some kind of belief in something. Nobody knows what the outcome in Russia will be or how long this Government will last. But if they do get by for quite a while on everything else, they picked the only one thing I know of to suppress that is absolutely necessary to run a Country on, and that is Religion. Never mind what kind; but it's got to be something or you will fall at the finish.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr. Rogers. The next will appear in an early issue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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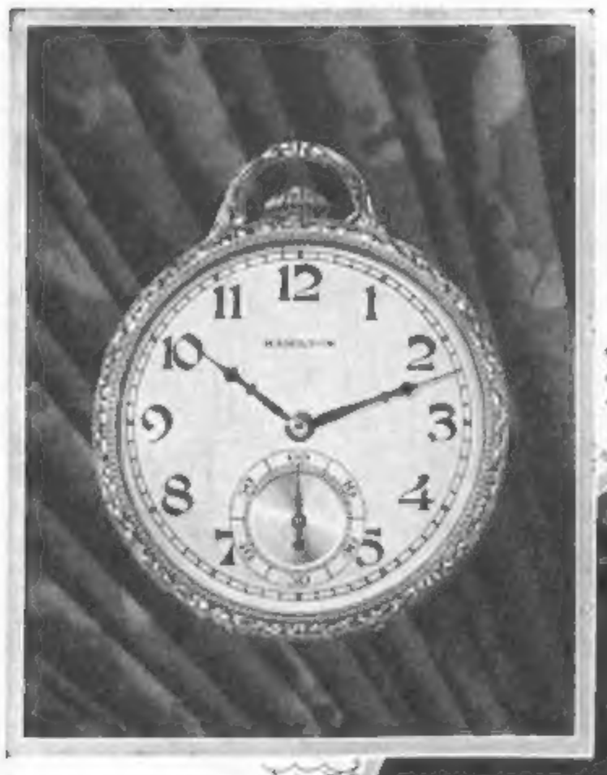
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



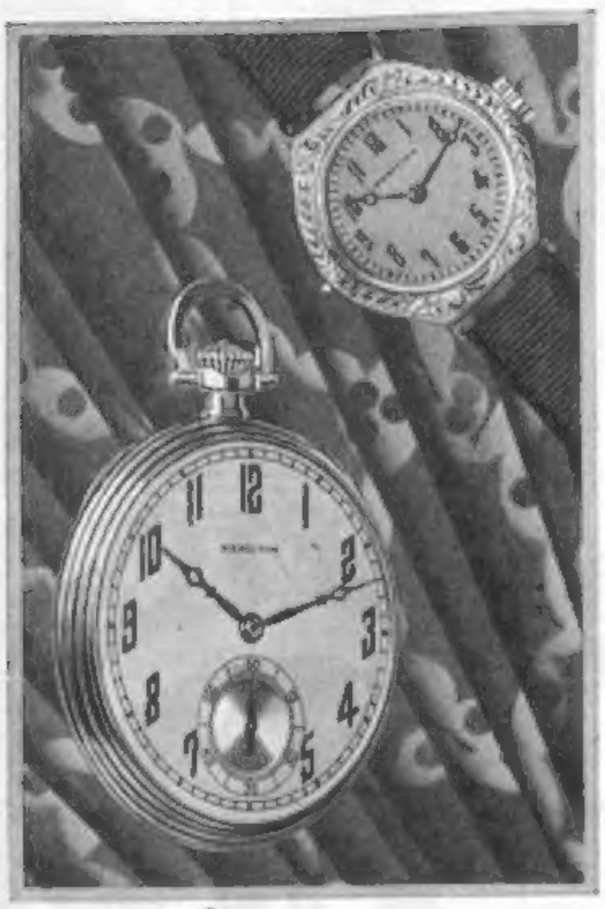
The pocket model shown beneath is the Hamilton Masterpiece of 18k white or green gold—$250. The strap watch for men is the Plain Cushion model 14k filled gold, green or white—$50; 14k green or white gold—$75.

The Irving—engraved case, 14k gold filled, green or white, 17-jewel, 3-position adjusted movement, $65. Same case design—the Hawthorne—in 14k gold, green or white, $100.

The Buchanan—a watch of Hamilton accuracy and beauty for $50—in a chased case of green or white filled gold, 17-jewel adjusted movement.

The *Gift* of Gifts...A WATCH

The watch to give....a Hamilton



CHRISTMAS time is gift time—and your one desire is to give gifts of worth and permanence. When you select a fine watch—a Hamilton—your gift problem is solved. For the Hamilton is the choice of those who are satisfied only with the best.

Beneath the dignified beauty of the Hamilton is a mechanical excellence that has earned its way into the hearts of the Railroad Men of America, who must, above all things, have accuracy in their watches.

Walk into one of the good jewelry stores of your city and choose from the various Hamilton models, at prices ranging from $48 to $685. In these models are combined Hamilton's high standards of accuracy with the art of the craftsman in precious metals.

We have prepared two booklets that a great many people have found useful—"The Care of Your Watch" and "The Timekeeper." They will be gladly sent to you upon request. Address Hamilton Watch Company, 850 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Penna., U. S. A.

The Tonneau wrist model for women at prices from $48 to $60. The pocket model for men is the Frodsham, priced at $60 to $150.

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

The Square strap watch for men—prices from $35 to $85. The pocket model is the Lafayette—14k gold, green or white—$100 to $172.

ARMSTRONG
TABLE STOVE
Cooks 3 things at once

THE Armstrong Table Stove, now in nearly half a million homes, is the supremely welcome Christmas Gift for the friend or relative who *enjoys* table cookery. It will be appreciated and used for years.

Cooks three things at once—boils, broils, fries, steams, bakes, toasts, and makes waffles too—right at the table.

Genuine Stainless Steel in vital parts prolongs its life and usefulness—increases its beauty.

You can tell it's an Armstrong by the white enamel heating chamber. It will never tarnish and is as easy to clean as a china dish.

Dealers all over the country are ready to show it with or without Waffle Iron Attachment. Buy yours today.

Price $12.50
Waffle Iron $4 extra

A Gift that Reminds Thrice Daily of a Husband's Thoughtfulness

IF you wish to thrill with joy and pride and renew happiness for years to come—put the Armstrong Automatic Range in her kitchen. Give her this faithful servant which starts the cooking, maintains temperature, and shuts off, even though she may be miles away. She is no longer a slave to the stove. This beautiful gift changes cooking from a *task* to an *art!*

A delight to the eye with gleaming white enamel exterior and immaculate oven of *genuine* Stainless Steel. The oven will literally last a lifetime. Made from *genuine* Stainless Steel, it is as immune to rust, corrosion, and scale as your Stainless Steel cutlery.

So appropriate for the modern kitchen too—so compact! With even greater cooking capacity than an ordinary range, it requires hardly half the space.

Here is a range of patented design—purposely built for electric cookery—it is not a mere gas range wired for electricity.

Easy to sweep under because *it has no legs*. No hiding places for dirt; digs no holes in the linoleum. Just the right height for most convenient use of oven.

Perfect heat insulation keeps a cool kitchen and conserves current. You can put your hand on the outside while the oven maintains baking heat.

Yes, this is the ideal gift for her. Have it installed by Christmas Day—you can pay for it later on easy terms. Send the coupon for booklet and name of dealer who can show you this Wonder Range.

P. S. Wives:—No harm in placing this advertisement where he will be sure to see it. A gentle hint at Christmas time is never amiss.

ENJOY *the* HOURS
ELECTRIC COOKERY SAVES

THE Armstrong Automatic Range can be trusted to begin, carry on, and finish cooking without watching. Your wife is free to go out all afternoon, merely "telling" the oven when to start, how hot to get, and when to shut off.

Gone is the drudgery of washing blackened pots and pans, for electric cookery saves hours in scouring kitchen utensils. There is no flame to blacken or burn the bottoms.

Genuine Stainless Steel for oven lining and other vital parts saves hours in cleaning. Rust-proof, scale-proof, and corrosion-proof—the inside of the Armstrong Automatic is just as easy to keep clean and sanitary as the spotless white enamel outside.

Give her these extra hours to enjoy in healthful pleasures—with her children, her books, her friends.

THE ARMSTRONG MANUFACTURING CO., HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

Armstrong
ELECTRIC
AUTOMATIC RANGE
STAINLESS
with STAINLESS STEEL *oven*

USE THIS COUPON

THE ARMSTRONG MANUFACTURING CO., 50 Seventh Ave., Huntington, W. Va.

I would like further information on (check here) ☐ Armstrong Electric Automatic Range ☐ Armstrong Electric Table Stove

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the
AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH

'twould make *Pirates* of us all

You wonder why?

In creamy consistency "melt in your mouth" texture—wonderful flavor—Pet Milk gives to pumpkin pies, to custard and to fruit-cream pies, an excellence that nothing else can give.

Because Pet Milk contains more than twice as much butterfat, and other milk solids, as ordinary milk;—Because it is sterilized—always fresh and sweet and clean;—Because it is homogenized—the cream always in the milk—These are the reasons why Pet Milk gives substance and flavor in pies—in all your cooking—that nothing else will give.

Pet Milk, undiluted, serves in place of cream—at less than half the cost. It can be diluted to suit every milk need—and costs less than ordinary milk. Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

Fluffy Pumpkin Pie

2 cups canned or steamed pumpkin	¼ teaspoon nutmeg
⅔ cup brown sugar	⅛ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon	1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ginger	2 eggs
	¾ cup Pet Milk
	½ cup water

Line a pie pan with plain pastry. To pumpkin add brown sugar, cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, cloves and salt. Beat egg yolks slightly and add Pet Milk and water. Combine with the pumpkin mixture and just before turning into pie pan fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Sprinkle extra brown sugar over the top and bake in quick oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, then reduce to moderate oven (350° F.) and bake until firm, about 20 minutes.

Our new book contains many useful suggestions—how to get more milk in the diet—how to get children to drink more milk—formula for infant feeding—over one hundred recipes. We will send it free on request.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Today...Your Baker makes them all!

Cinnamon rolls . . . coffee cakes . . . raisin breads . . . English muffins . . . special breads, rolls, cakes and pastries for every meal

For afternoon tea . . . for bridge . . . luncheons . . . and supper parties . . . or for everyday breakfast, lunch and dinner—now you have dozens of delightful breads, rolls, cakes and pastries to choose from. Correct ones for each occasion.

Today your baker makes them all for you. As rich and spicy and as fresh as if they had just come out of your own oven. For he makes them the way you would at home. Of the same fine ingredients. With the same care. You know they are pure and wholesome.

Precious new leisure for women

What a saving in time and effort! No more standing breathless over a heated oven. No chance of last'minute failures. Just a phone call; a short trip round the corner; or delivered at your door. You're supplied in a minute. Exactly what you want—in whatever amount you desire.

Eventually

Why Not Now?

It is this type of baker that has led more than ten million women to change their baking habits almost overnight. They have learned—by trial and comparison—that bakers' products are as pure and wholesome and satisfying as the best they can make at home. And they are economical.

* * *

More than 15,000 bakers in the United States and 10,000 in foreign countries use Gold Medal Flour. Because it "acts" the same perfect way in all their baking. At least 50% of baking success depends upon the way a flour "acts" in the oven. But the average flour may not always act the right way. Although the same chemically, a flour often differs in baking results.

The one sure way a miller can tell how his flour will act, is to bake with it himself first. That is why we bake from samples of each run of Gold Medal Flour at each mill—in one of our Test Bakeshops every hour in the day. In this way each batch proves its uniformity and stability—before it leaves the mill. Bakers who use Gold Medal Flour are sure of serving you the same high quality products each day.

A special word to bakers

If you are not receiving the Gold Medal Bakers' Service, write for details or ask the Gold Medal man. This is free. Many hundreds of bakers use it regularly. It is worth looking into. No obligation.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY CO.: GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS. MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL

Oven-tested

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